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CASKEY'S BOOK.

LECTURES ON GREAT SUBJECTS, SELECTED FROM THE NUMEROUS EFFORTS OF THAT POWERFUL ORATOR AND NOBLE VETERAN OF THE CROSS,

THOMAS W. CASKEY.

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1063 B

EDITED BY

CHAPLAIN G. G. MULLINS, U. S. A.

"He that battles for the Truth, fights not for country — but for the world!"

"And now the ax is laid unto the root of the trees: therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire."

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Copyrighted, 1884,
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TO MY WIFE

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

AS A TOKEN OF THE

AUTHOR'S APPRECIATION OF HER MANY CHRISTIAN VIRTUES.

TO HER PRECIOUS SYMPATHY,

HER PATIENCE, FORTITUDE AND EVER BRIGHT-EYED FAITH —

MORE THAN TO ALL ELSE ON EARTH —

IS HE GRATEFULLY INDEBTED FOR WHATEVER OF GOOD HE HAS

DONE; FOR WHATEVER OF GOOD HE NOW IS —

AND FOR ALL THE GOOD

HE HOPES TO SHARE WITH HER AT LAST

FOREVER IN HEAVEN.

PREFACE.

In this age of book-making, without end, perhaps, it is due to the public and to the author that a reason be given for this production.

Some fifteen years ago he was urged by friends and brethren to leave in less perishable form than spoken words some of his thoughts, which they esteemed worth preservation.

Among these friends was the lamented Pres. T. Fanning, of Tennessee, who obtained a promise from the writer to bring out a book, before crossing over the cold river.

The promise was renewed from time to time to other partial brethren. But years rolled by, and the author still delayed — distrusting his ability to put any thoughts on paper which would interest readers, and help the cause he loved. Such was the estimate he himself placed upon his fugitive pieces, sermons, and addresses, that he never preserved a vestige of any of them.

At last, stirred up and constrained by scores of brethren, I have found courage and patience to write out my book.

Could the reader know of the long days of mental and bodily toil, the sleepless night hours spent in its anxious

preparation, the author would be given sympathy and congratulation, and not frog-blooded croaking criticism.

This is the child of my old age — please handle it tenderly!

I desire to express deep gratitude to my Editor; but he won't let me.

He has shown a lively interest in the work from even before its commencement, and has carefully performed the labor of reviewing and correcting my somewhat rough manuscript.

My imperfect graduation at "Anvil College" left me very liable to make mistakes in my composition. These characteristics were not necessary to my individual identity; and the Chaplain was detailed to muster them out. Upon him, too, was imposed the task of naming the baby; and he insisted upon calling it simply "Caskey's Book." Well, that is just what it is, and nothing more.

To other good brethren, too numerous to mention, who gave aid and sympathy, I tender thanks of a grateful heart.

And now I am embarrassed. To hundreds of subscribers for this book, explanation and apology must be offered for falling a little short in the number of pages promised.

If you knew what pain in my hand I had to endure while penning the manuscript, you could not censure me for not holding out longer.

However, I give you something you did not bargain for — a handsome picture of myself! So many friends asked for the "old familiar face," that I consented to incur the additional expense.

To them the face will compensate for the lack of pages — unless beauty has lost its power to charm.

To other subscribers I would say, examine the book, without looking at the picture, and if you decide that it is not worth the money — why, send it back, and I will refund. If you look at the picture, I won't do it — as you would then be getting something for nothing!

If you have a vivid fancy, and will close your eye, as much beauty as you desire will beam forth from the face. If your imagination is not brilliant, it is your misfortune, and not my fault. Don't try it with your eyes open!

And now, in bidding "Good-bye!" to my book, a feeling of sadness o'er my spirit steals. I fondly hope that it may be read; and that it will yield pleasure and profit to the readers.

T. W. Caskey.

Greenville, Texas, May, 1884. A. D.

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CHAPTER I.

T. W. CASKEY, FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

THE grandparents of the subject of the following sketch emigrated from Ireland a few years before the Revolutionary struggle. His grandfather was a tiller of the soil, until his adopted country called him to arms, which he bore through the entire struggle with credit to himself and freedom to his country. He then laid down his arms and resumed his occupation as a tiller of the soil. They had four sons and one daughter — George, Thomas, Samuel, Robert, and Elizabeth, born in Lancaster district, South Carolina, where they first settled.

Their sons were all over six feet high, and all followed their father's occupation. After the death of their parents, at the advanced age of ninety-seven and ninety-eight, the sons and daughter moved from South Carolina to Maury County, Tennessee, about the year 1810. They were all industrious, respectable, and well-to-do farmers; raised their children to habits of industry and economy, and closed their lives in peace.

Their children were scattered in different States. Thomas, the father of Elder Caskey, the second son of his parents, was born in Lancaster district, South Carolina, in the year 1789. At the age of twenty he married Miss Mary Coffee in the year 1809. They had four children — three sons and one daughter — Hugh C., John M., Susan L., Thomas W. The elder son, Hugh C., was born in South Carolina in 1810, when his father moved to Tennessee and settled in Maury

County, in which and the adjoining county, Williamson, he spent his long and useful life. His leading characteristics were integrity and industry, economy and deep-toned piety. He was a man of strong native mind, and strong well-built, healthy body. He was six feet two inches in height. He was an elder in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church for more than forty years. By his industry he reared his children in comfort, and accumulated a competency sufficient to render his old age comfortable. He died in the full assurance of faith, in 1873.

The mother of Elder Caskey was a daughter of Hugh M. and Margaret Coffee. Their parents came from Ireland. They had three children — Hugh M., Jr., Susan and Mary, the mother of Mr. Caskey. They also moved from South Carolina to Tennessee; lived and died in Maury County. Their lives were marked by industry, frugality, honesty, and integrity of character. They passed away at an advanced age.

Their son Hugh, when quite a young man, left his father's home to try his fortune in Louisiana, where he accumulated wealth, acquired considerable reputation in political life, and was a leading man in all enterprises for the good of his state and county. He was lost on the ill-fated "Princess," in 1859, at the age of sixty-five. He died childless. Susan married Mr. Samuel Stephenson in Maury County, Tennessee. They had three children one son and two daughters. She discharged her duties of sister, wife and mother faithfully, and then fell asleep at the age of sixty-five. Mary, mother of Elder Caskey, was said to be a lady of beauty and talent. She died in giving birth to Thomas W., her youngest son, who was born in Maury County, near what is now Spring Hill, on the 12th of January, 1816. Hugh C., the eldest son mentioned above, left his father's home when he was

twenty years old, at the request of his uncle H. M. Coffee, then living on his plantation in Louisiana, opposite the Grand Gulf, Mississippi, for whom he superintended for several years. By industry, energy, and perseverance, he accumulated a handsome property; was twice married, having one child by each wife — a daughter by the first, and a son by the last. He died on his plantation near Lake Providence, Louisiana in 1845. The second son, John M., lived and died in the same county in which he was born; learned the blacksmith trade, which he followed through his life. At the age of twenty-two he married Miss Vinie Moore, and had two children — one son and one daughter — both of whom are dead. He died in 1850. Susan married Mr. J. B. Childress in 1832, by whom she had four children — one son and three daughters. Her husband died of consumption in 1840, leaving her to support her four children, the youngest, her son James, being two years old. With her needle she clothed, fed, and educated them. Her daughters all married well; only one of them now living. Her son James B., by more than ordinary talent, energy, and enterprise, worked his way up from post-office boy to places of position and power in business life. He at one time filled the position of clerk of the Supreme Court of Tennessee — salary ten thousand dollars per annum — was exceedingly popular, and his prospects were bright for political as well as financial success. But the same fell destroyer that laid his father in the grave, blighted his prospects and destroyed his usefulness. He still lingers on the shore of time. Two sisters of his have already crossed "over the river."

The early boyhood days of Elder Caskey were spent as boyhood days usually are in a country community, on a quiet farm, working with his father and two older brothers

through the day, and hunting coons and opossums by night, excepting the winter months, when the nights, till nine o'clock, were spent in clearing ground and burning brush. His school-boy days were few and far between. He was an apt pupil, learning rapidly. A leading element in his nature was that of humor, an inordinate love of fun. Many were the threshings he received from the pedagogue for pranks played on him and his fellow-students. That and his fondness for playing with the little girls, caused him all the trouble he ever had at school. When eight years old he went to school for six months — about three months at odd times between the age of eight and fifteen; and also six months after the age of fifteen. The school was three miles from his father's, which distance he walked morning and evening. He cultivated one acre of cotton to pay his tuition. This closes his educational career so far as teachers were concerned. At the age of sixteen he desired to learn the blacksmith trade, and was apprenticed to John W. Miller, who treated him kindly and gave him plenty of hard work over the anvil from daylight till nine o'clock at night. When apprentices worked after nine o'clock they were entitled by law to one dime per hour. He made many dimes to spend for confectionery, working often till eleven and twelve, then gratifying his love of fun for an hour or two by changing signs, etc. Having served three years, part of the time with Miller, who had the misfortune to loose one of his eyes and had to quit his trade, he then finished the trade with his brother-in-law, J. B. Childress. That business being over-done, he determined to abandon his native State and try his fortune in the "Sunny South."

He tied up his wardrobe in a little bundle, bade good-by to family and friends and took his way on foot to Mississippi. He stopped at what is now called Holly Springs, in August,

1835. He purchased a shop and tools within three miles of Tallahoma. Having to wait one month for possession, he concluded to try his hand at driving oxen, for which he received twelve dollars per month. When he reached that destination he had fifty cents in his pocket. Carrying on his trade after getting possession of his shop, for three months, he then sold out, bought a horse, saddle and bridle and wended his way westward, following the star of empire, reaching Fort Gibson, Claiborne County, Mississippi, and being reduced to fifty cents again, he was compelled to look out for employment; sought and obtained what was called an overseer's berth. Not being pleased with the treatment of the negroes, at the end of two years he became disgusted with the calling, and abandoned it while getting a thousand dollars per annum. He then returned to his former occupation.

In December, 1837, he was married to Lucy Jones, an orphan of whose ancestry but little is known. She was an educated and accomplished lady; she instilled into his mind a desire to improve his mental and moral condition. Shortly after this Mr. Caskey united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which his wife was a member. Manifesting some speaking ability, his friends desired him to become a preacher in that church.

This, added to the influence of his wife, caused him to apply himself to study. Keeping up the old custom of working from daylight till nine o'clock at night, from October till April; from nine to eleven o'clock he devoted to study by the light of a pine-knot fire. He thoroughly digested the next day what he read by night; he studied English grammar, logic, rhetoric, natural, mental and moral philosophy, ancient and modern history; these constituted his first general reading.

In 1840, while studying for the Methodist ministry, he became dissatisfied with their doctrine and discipline, examined the Scripture for himself, and at last joined the Christian Church. Here commenced his ministerial life — working in his shop through the week and preaching on Sunday.

He had two sons, William A., born October 26, 1838, and Hugh Thomas, born March 8, 1841. The latter was killed by a fall from a horse in 1844. The older son, William, was educated at Newton College, Wilkinson County, Mississippi, and at Bethany College, Virginia: and was a young man of great promise; studied medicine, and while attending lectures in New Orleans contracted typhus fever from a dissecting-room; returned to his father's home at Jackson, Mississippi, and closed his eyes in death March 4, 1859, in hope of a glorious resurrection.

On the 29th of October, 1843, his beloved wife was laid to rest in her grave. After this bereavement he abandoned his trade and devoted himself to evangelizing, principally in Mississippi and Alabama. The churches were few and far between, but they remunerated him sufficiently to keep soul and body together, and great success attended his labors.

On the 14th of April, 1845, he was married to Mrs. Harriet E. Ferguson, near Gainesville, Sumter County, Alabama. She was the daughter of Elijah and Mary Foreman, and had two children by her first husband: William E. and Madison Z. W. E. Ferguson is now merchandising at Bayou Goula, Louisiana, M. Z. is a planter on the Mississippi, residing in Jackson, Mississippi. Mr. Caskey's present wife has borne him six children, four sons and two daughters, to-wit: B. Wells, born February 8, 1847, in Alabama; Julia M., born May 17, 1850, at Palo Alto, Mississippi; M. Pickett, born June 7, 1852, at Palo Alto,

Mississippi; Charlie C., born October 29, 1854, at Jackson, Mississippi; Temple Withers, born August 13, 1856, and Lillie L., born October 20, 1858. The first and last died in infancy. Julia was educated at Franklin College, under President T. Fanning, near Nashville. She graduated with the first honors, read an original essay on "The Mission of the Women of the South," which production evinced great originality and vigor of thought, was severely criticised by the press of the North, and was highly eulogized by the Southern press. It was delivered soon after the war and touched on issues now dead and buried. She is an accomplished and talented lady, happily married to Mr. E. H. Crenshaw, a resident of Sherman, Texas. On September 11, 1880, was born to them a son, whom they called Caskey, in honor of his grandfather, and for the name which had always been borne by men of integrity and honor. His three sons are all over six feet high, with well formed bodies, sound minds and good morals. They have so far followed their father's advice, who has tried public life in nearly all its phases, and, although successful in all, he advised his sons to choose private life and the occupation of farming. M. Picket is farming with his half brother in Mississippi; Charles C., near Whitesboro, Texas; Temple Withers, near Fort Worth, living with his parents.

From the time of marriage of Elder Caskey in 1845, he continuedto preach in Alabama and Mississippi, living in the former State, till 1849. He built up large churches at Gainsville, Clinton, and Mount Hebron, Alabama.

In 1849 he moved to Chickasaw County, Mississippi, and settled near Palo Alto, where there was a church of twenty-six members. When he left in 1854, the membership had been increased to upward of three hundred. It was one of the wealthiest and most intelligent communities in the State.

He labored in that section of country for five years, built up churches, aided by other preachers at Houston, Prairie Mount, Crawfordsville, Cotton Gin Fort, and other smaller congregations. These were the most successful years of his ministry. His powers of declamation were far superior then to what they now are. His exhortations were warm and pathetic.

Brought forward by the churches to sustain and defend the cause which he plead, he was forced into theological discussions. He cultivated his logical powers at the expense of his rhetorical powers. In this way he became a cool, close, terse logician, instead of a warm impassioned declaimer. He has conducted fifty-six debates, four to to seven days and nights in length, and has debated with the best minds of the different denominations. Only a few need to be mentioned, as it would be tedious to the reader to run over the whole list with its details: the apostles Tyler and Thomas of the Mormon Church, Sandsing of the Baptist, at Palo Alto, Mississippi; J. L. Chapman, of the Methodist; twice with William Harrison, author of *Theophilus Walton*, at Crawfordsville; D. E. Burns, a Baptist, at Utica, Mississippi; A. B. Fly, a Methodist, at Paducah, Kentucky; D. B. Ray, editor of the Baptist *Battle Flag;* John Burns, Universalist, editor of the *Religious Herald;* three times with William Price, Methodist, at Fort Worth, Cleburne and Dallas, Texas; with W. J. Brown, a Cumberland Presbyterian minister of Mount Vernon, Missouri; twice with Elder Sledge, a Baptist, at Woodbury and Alvarado, Texas.

These debates were nearly all arranged by the churches and their preachers, and Elder Caskey was selected as one of the champions. After leaving Palo Alto in 1854, he had charge of the following churches: Jackson, Mississippi, six years;

Memphis, Tennessee, two years — salary twenty-five hundred dollars; Paducah, Kentucky, two years — salary twenty-five hundred dollars. He traveled two years as State evangelist. In 1875, he moved to Texas, and had charge of the Sherman Church three years. From 1866 to 1875 his planting interests were superintended by his stepson, W. E. Ferguson, who was in partnership with him. His family resided on the farm, with the exception of one year.

The disorganized condition of labor, the fluctuations in the cotton market, visitations from the cotton worm, the payment of money wages to the laborers — their employes, eat up the plantation, all that was made on it, and about ten thousand dollars thrown in. His plantation was about ten miles from Jackson. Thus was he left about as poor as when first he started in life.

In 1870 by a resolution of the State Board of his church (in Mississippi), he was requested to go North and East to get aid in providing the preachers and the educators for the benefit of the freedman of the South, she being prostrated in her resources. He lectured in New York, Philadelphia, Worcester, Massachusetts, Syracuse and other minor points presenting the condition and claims of the freedmen. The lectures were highly spoken of by the press.

After the election of Mr. Lincoln in 1860, the Bell and Breckenridge parties selected a committee of fifteen non-politicians to consider what should be done. Mr. Caskey was chosen on that committee. After a free and full interchange of views, the committee appointed Judge Wiley P. Harris and Mr. Caskey to embody their views in the form of resolutions, to be submitted to a mass meeting to be called on the next night in the State House. The resolutions were read in the mass meeting, discussed and unanimously adopted by both parties. The resistance movement was in-

augurated. Parties then divided on secession by separate State action, or secession by co-operation of States. He took the rostrum in favor of the former and met many of the ablest speakers on the opposite side in debate. The State was carried in favor of secession by separate State action, by an unanimous vote in convention save one.

War was declared, Mr. Caskey was appointed chaplain of the 18th Mississippi Regiment of Volunteers in June, 1861, was in the first battle of Manassas, and against the wishes of officers and men shouldered a Colt's rifle — a double-cylinder sixteen-shooter — and went into the fight. During the battle a fragment of a brigade became demoralized, broke ranks and fled. Mounting a horse, the elder overtook them, headed them in a narrow pass, rallied them at the muzzle of a revolver, made an appeal to their patriotism, and carried them back into line. He faithfully discharged his duty to the sick and the wounded, attended to his prayer-meeting and preaching, but the trouble was to keep him out of the fights. He was called by the army, "The Fighting Parson." He remained in the army of the Potomac until December, when he was sent home on furlough connected with government business.

The Legislature of the State being in session, and having before them a hospital bill, he was invited by both houses to address them on the subject, which he did. The bill was passed; an appropriation of a hundred thousand dollars was made to enable the State to aid in taking care of the sick and wounded by organizing State hospitals. The Governor appointed him hospital agent of the Army of the West. The State University buildings were turned over to him for a hospital, in which he organized and conducted one of the best hospitals in either government. The capacity was sufficient to accommodate a thousand; the furniture, bedding

and much of the provision and clothing were supplied by donation from Memphis, New Orleans and other points; also from the ladies' aid societies. There were fourteen picked surgeons, selected by Dr. Isom, post surgeon, and himself. Volunteer ward-masters, stewards, nurses, cooks and washers, of such as could not bear arms, with nearly one hundred negroes, which cost nothing, performed the work.

Under his management the whole machinery ran like clock-work. It was more like a well-kept hotel than a hospital. Having expended about twenty thousand dollars of the money of the State; with the prospect of having soon to fall back, some conflict having arisen between Confederate and State authority, he had his assets inventoried by a commission appointed by the two and sold out to the Confederacy for twenty-three thousand dollars.

The State militia being called to arms, his duties were transferred by the Governor to the State troops. His duties were to appoint surgeons, to supply medicines, houses or hospital tents and supplies generally. In this service, he used some twenty-five thousand dollars. He regards this as the most useful year of his life.

The militia being disbanded, he again took the field as chaplain of General Wirt Adair's cavalry brigade. In January preceding the close of the war, his negroes having all left except two women and six children (four being orphans), he closed out his farming operations, moved his family to Meridian, that his wife might be with her youngest son, then acting as express agent at that place. His health failing he was transferred from field to post duty, where he was left when the bottom dropped out of the Confederate tub — with a wife and four children, two negro women and

six negro children, fifteen dollars in gold and a cow, with an abundance of Confederate money — all his earthly possessions having walked off, or been converted into Confederate money — his house and lot in Jackson, worth four thousand dollars, horses, mules, cattle and hogs, and the last crop raised on his plantation all, all in Confederate bonds. So ends his war record.

He has been connected with Masonry, Odd Fellowship and the various temperance organizations; with the first and last since 1840, not affiliating with the Odd Fellows for the last twenty years. He took the degrees in Masonry from Entered Apprentice to Knight Templar, presided as Most Excellent High Priest of Jackson Royal Arch Chapter No. 6 for eight years, and as Eminent Commander of Mississippi Commandery No. 1 six years. Neither of these, however, was opened during the war. He filled the office of Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge and Chapter of the State several times; was Deputy Eminent Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery of the State of Mississippi. Since the war he has had but little affiliation with Masonry; has been a lecturer on temperance since 1840 down to the present time.

The wife of Mr. Caskey has been truly a helpmate for him, bearing patiently the burdens of a preacher's wife. The rearing of his children was mainly left to her, he being absent most of his time from home. Well and nobly did she perform her task. She was born in Chester district, South Carolina, June 7, 1814. The leading element in her nature is self-sacrifice for the good of husband, children and friends, and for the cause of which her husband had spent his life. He has been often heard to say in public that for all the good he may have done, for all he is or hopes to be in this world, or the world to come, he is indebted to those

two pure-hearted and noble-minded women, one of whom sleeps in her grave; the other, still walking the journey of life by his side, cheering him onward in the path of duty.

Mr. Caskey now fills the pulpit of the Christian Church at Fort Worth, Texas. The building is of native rock, eighty feet long by forty wide and forty feet high. The auditorium has an arched ceiling twenty-three feet high. The basement is the same in length and width as the auditorium; membership, two hundred and fifty.

Mr. Caskey's towering form accords well with the building. He is six feet three inches in height, slightly bowed with age. His features are long and pointed, with a low massive forehead. His blue eyes are animated and penetrating. His face when in repose, bears the calm expression as though the light of eternity had already settled there. His enunciation is clear, and his voice is easily heard by the most distant of his audience. His style in the pulpit is animated, his gestures always appropriate and sometimes dramatic; he walks to and fro in the pulpit while speaking. As a pulpit orator, logician, deep-thinker, skillful debater, Mr. Caskey stands confessedly at the head among his fellow-preachers in the South. Without exordium he plunges at once into his subject, battling against dogmas with a force of argument that, like the mountain torrent, carries every thing before it, demolishing "theologies" in a manner, though often caustic, yet not exciting the anger or resistance of their advocates. A great metaphysician, always speaking with the deliberation and confidence of one conscious of reserved power, often seeming to play with his subject. He is also the gentle shepherd, leading the young of his flock into the green pastures and beside the still waters of eternal life. Though loving his people, he has a fixed aversion to the humdrum custom of pastoral visiting to the healthy and

wealthy. He regards it as demoralizing and useless, while he may often be seen wending his way, with a well filled basket on his arm, to the homes of the sick and poor. He is a man of the old-fashioned type of honesty. Twice he surrendered all he had without reserve to the liquidation of debts.

In 1878, his salary being too small, he began the practice of law, was eminently successful as a criminal lawyer, but on the increase of his salary, immediately resumed his ministerial labors. Mr. Caskey is a Christian and gentleman, and enjoys the confidence of all who know him."

CHAPTER II.

INFIDELITY — WHAT IS IT?

THE Bible, is it true or false — divine or human? God-made, or man-made? Does it contain the thoughts of the infinite mind, or the cunning of priestcraft? These are questions over which the Christian and the infidel minds of the world have struggled in all ages of human history; and over which they will continue to struggle till Jesus comes.

That the Bible is a wonderful book is undenied and undeniable. A book of facts and fables; of prophecies and promises; of poetry and politics; of law and gospel; in promise, in prophecy, in type and shadow. It talks of God, of man, of angels, and demons; of a life given and lost; of a life beginning and ending; and a life that shall nevermore end. It lays its fingers on the first bounding pulse of newborn time and rocks the baby world in its cradle; it feels the last feeble pulse of dying time and lays its hand upon its pale and furrowed brow. It follows man from the garden to the grave; from the grave to glory! But time would fail to tell all the wonderful things contained therein. I intend in this lecture to examine two of the strongest arguments offered against the divine authority of the Scriptures, by the leaders of the infidel world.

First: They urge that *the book cannot be understood*, and therefore is not God-made. Since it claims to contain directions how to live and die, and how to get home to Heaven at last, all minds ought to be able to comprehend its contents.

The premises are admitted, so far as regards man's inability to understand the book. But, the conclusion is denied. Had the infidel world possessed the great brain power it has ever boasted, it might have found reasons high as Heaven and deep as hell why THE BOOK could not ever be completely comprehended by any mind. Had they thought of the fact that the book was intended to engage the best thought powers of the most giant-minded of earth-born sons, not only for a limited time, but all along the pathway of life; that it was for all ages, peoples, kindreds, tribes and tongues; to be read, studied and thought on by the last of Adam's dying race; that there must of necessity be heights of thought over which an angel wing has never passed, and depths too profound to be fathomed by any plumb-line woven in the loom of time. Suppose some master mind grasp it all at the age of forty years; could understand it all; or, as infidelity would have it, climb its highest heights, and reach its profoundest depths, by the time he came to the age of accountability. And, it is said, because this cannot be done, then the book is not divine. Then, what must he do with his mental machinery the remaining days and years of a long life? He hands over his perfect knowledge to the remainder of the world's thinkers, and they have naught of which to think, nothing to learn — mental stagnation. In plain English, this infidel objection would have the great God turn the world of mind over to listless play and out to grass! This is about as good as could be expected from the imagined God of such minds as conjured up such an argument against the Bible. This pet argument of theirs is a sharp two-edged sword; and it is about time they were learning that in handling it they have cut off their own fingers.

They are blind, and, Sampson-like, have pulled down their

own temple upon themselves. No man, they say, can understand this book. Admitted! All books made by man can be understood by men; because, man-made, they can surely be understood, as well by the reader as by the author. But here is a book that has never been fully comprehended; therefore it is not man-made. If this does not bring the blush of shame to the cheek of those who rely upon such an argument, then they have more cheek than I ever thought they had, and I have always given them a tolerably wide margin. Thus dispose we of argument number one.

Their second argument is drawn from the discrepancies in detail; particularly in regard to the resurrection of Christ — contradictions, as they call them. If they had looked closely into the design of these apparent contradictions, they might have saved themselves the shame of ever making the thing, and of calling it an argument.

Those apparent contradictions were put in the book for a two-fold purpose.

First: To enable man to do as he please; to be a Christian, or an infidel; to preserve intact the free agency of man, and leave him the power of choice; to consult his heart as well as his head; to preserve the value of faith. God could have made the evidence concerning His Son coercive; so conclusive that all doubt would be instantly driven from all minds. That moment the value of faith would be no more! Man's freedom destroyed, God disowned, and the world forever lost! For how could man be saved from sin, and in Heaven saved, by what he could not help believing, or doing? How could an involuntary faith honor God, or bless man? If the book be true, the hour is coming when all doubts will vanish like mist before the morning sun; when the eyes of an awakened world shall look upon the Son of God as He is. For every eye shall see him; every ear shall

hear his voice; every knee shall bend before him, and every tongue confess that Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father! But who so insane, even among infidels, as to think that any hearts will be purified on that great and notable day of the Lord? By knowledge thrust upon them, and knowledge, too, which they would give worlds not to know? Another reason, perhaps, was to prevent the corrupt heart and perverted mind of the infidel world from constructing an argument that would have more brains in it than has ever fallen to the lot of the whole family, from Tom Paine up or down. If there were perfect agreement among them in all *minutiæ*, in every detail, it would not require a lawyer of second-rate legal talent to blight the character of all the witnesses, and to throw the case out of court, and from before the jury, — unless — he were blessed with an infidel jury. Such jury, of course, would do as they always have done, or tried to do — subvert all law, and overturn all rules of evidence. Suppose proof stronger than holy writ, perfect agreement, word for word and letter for letter, even to the dotting of an I or the crossing of a T; proof beyond even infidel doubt that there was no collusion, no previous agreement among the witnesses. Why, a dozen, or a hundred of the best men in the world dare not risk their reputation for truth and veracity, by deposing before any court in the way that infidels would have these witnesses testify for Christ. These discrepancies prove that the witnesses were honest: The infidel plan would prove fraud.

Having destroyed the two main pillars upholding the scaffold on which the attacking enemy stands; having spiked their second gun and turned their first against themselves, and having thrown a hot bomb-shell into their camp, I now proceed to offer two arguments in favor of the Christian hypothesis — that the Bible is of God. I will deal fairly as

regards the number; and if infidels will dispose of my arguments, as I have of theirs, I promise to renounce the Bible and turn infidel (if I can), and if not, then the next thing to it, and that is — nothing!

My first argument is, that the Bible is the only book in the world that can be read with pleasure and profit, from boyhood's bright and sunny hours all through life, even on through winter's dark and dreary years. The more it is read the stronger grows the desire to read it. Like the accumulation of wealth, the more a man gets the more he wants. The grandest minds that ever thought have studied its glory-gilded pages, and after fancying that they fully understood some particular text have been greatly surprised to find, perhaps on the hundredth reading, some new truth never recognized by them before. There crops out some beautiful sunbeam flashing with glory, and the wonder is that it had never been seen before.

All books made by men pall upon the taste, and will not bear an oft repeated reading. This book, and this alone, will bear reading on and on, ever and forever! Till the reader's spirit sinks to rest, there are still new lessons for study; and we die realizing that we have not learned it all. If the father could hand over to his son all that he has learned, and the son begin where the father left off, and he to his son transmit all that both had learned, and they on from sire to son down the line of generations and ages — the last Bible student, after gathering in to himself all that they had learned, would find some thoughts that none of them had ever discovered. The Bible has been in the hands of the people for ages, and yet I venture to say that more religious light has poured forth on church and world in the last half century than did for the thousand years preceding. Fortunately our salvation from sin here, and our salvation in

heaven, the home of God and the dwelling-place of angels, does not depend, as the infidel urges, upon our understanding the whole book; for then none could be saved. There are a few plain, surface truths, easily understood by the humblest, responsible mind, which contain the power of God to save men; truths to enlighten the mind, purify the heart and guide the footsteps to glory and to God at last. Those heights and depths of which we speak as being unmeasured and unmeasurable do not bound and measure the power necessary to save; but they contain God's power to hold human mind to himself. No mind gets beyond his control, and reaches a point where it can truthfully say I have learned all of God that is to be learned from his Word. As well might the scientist, who makes the works of God in nature his study, say I have found it all; have discovered the last secret that the great creative God has hidden deep down in the bosom of earth, or up among the shining stars.

My second argument is drawn from the biographical sketches of persons occupying conspicuous places on its pages. I fearlessly affirm that they are the only true biographies to be found in all or any of the books of this or any other age; that they and they alone contain the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. All biographies are written by men that love or hate; and a man writing under the influence of either of these motives, uncontrolled by a power over and above himself, can no more write the unvarnished truth about the person loved or hated than he can raise the dead. That could be done only by the removal of the law of death; the other by the reversal or suspension of the immutable, eternal laws of love and hatred.

We select but two characters, one from the Old Testament and the other from the New. From the Old, a prophet, king David, the shepherd's son, who at the time

he kept his father's flocks, was a man after God's own heart. The sweet singer of Israel, of whom it may be said as Byron's eulogist said of the great poet, "*He tuned his harp, and nations heard entranced.*" This biographer, his devoted friend and loyal subject, paints him as large as life, and as black with crime as the foulest fiend of night, and hangs him out on the canvas of time to be looked at, to be pitied, blamed, contemned and hated. He paints in colors, that glow and never fade, the dark and bloody tragedy which stained the name of king and friend, and fixed on him a foul deed unsurpassed in the annals of crime. He did not offer the poor palliation or extenuation that might, and doubtless would have been offered, had not a power controlled his words or pen, mightier than his own volition. He would have told us that David was educated under the universal doctrine of the divine right of kings; that he had a right to all persons, lives, liberty and property within his realm. God did not permit him to do even this much. He had to record it all just as it was; and now I or some other defender of the Bible against the wicked assaults of an infidel age, can hurl this biographical sketch against their Gibraltar. Since others seem to have failed, I now send it, with all its crushing force, into their citadel. And I say to infidels, they must duplicate this, or admit that it is not human — and is divine. If it can be duplicated, I give up the Bible; if not, it must be accepted as divine; or the infidel should acknowledge his idiocy and seek a dwelling place in an asylum.

I select from the New Testament the great Apostle Peter, to whom was committed the keys of the kingdom — "*First Pope of Rome*" (provided Rome does not tell a great fib). His biography was penned by Luke, a brother preacher, and, of course, possessed of a warm fellow feeling. A

common cause, and common trials and sufferings, would all prompt Luke to put the most favorable construction on all that Peter said and did. But instead of this, Luke clothes him with cowardice as with a mantle, with falsehood as with a garment, and with profanity that would make any man that is not a proficient in the art of cursing, ashamed of his bungling work. I have never heard or read of but one class of characters who I thought had graduated with the first honors of that college, and they are the Popes of Rome! And as poor Peter made his debut in that line when he denied his Lord, they, of course, have among their unwritten tradition the language used by their first Pope! This may account for their excelling all others in this particular line.

You will please pardon this digression, and return with me to the facts in the case. Luke photographs Peter just as he stood; offers no excuse, no palliation whatever. Did he do this of his own free will and accord? The man who thinks he did is not to be reasoned with.

In contrast with these sacred biographies, we select two that are purely human. The subject, Napoleon Bonaparte; the biographers, Abbott and Sir Walter Scott. One writing under the influence of intense love, the other under the influence of hatred relentless as death. Both writers were great and good men, and did not mean to wrong the mighty dead, about whom they wrote. But, they were men, and wrote as men ever write. They had no divine power encompassing them and controlling their volition; no power to prevent the laws of love and hate from governing thoughts, feelings and words.

As to the intellectual man and his military genius, even hatred could not question or conceal it; as to the main facts in his history, neither love nor hatred could change them.

Hence some points of agreement between the writers. That he shook a continent with his martial tread; that the rapidity of his movements and concentration of his forces astounded the battle-scarred heroes of his age; that he deluged France and other countries with blood, enriched their soil with human gore, and whitened their hills and vales with bleaching bones of bravest men; baptized the continent in the tears of widows and orphans; ascended a throne built upon pyramids of the dead! These are facts that yield not either to love or hate. Both are compelled to accept them. But when the Argus eyes of love scan these fields of carnage, blood, and death; and give to us and ages yet to come the reasons, the motives prompting the actions of this great destroyer of human lives, the most horrid butcheries and foulest crimes are excused and sanctified by assigning motives that would honor an angel and glorify humanity. Love hides from view all that hate would uncover. Ask him if his hero, his demi-god, ever thought of self, toiled for self, fought for self, slew for self, caused woman's tears to stream for self? And love indignantly answers, No!! Was Napoleon ambitious? Why, the fires of personal ambition never even smouldered in his great kingly heart! He had an ambition, it is true, but it was sanctified; an ambition for the progress and success of great, grand and glorious principles, that were to revolutionize the world, and, politically, regenerate the universe! A man of the grandest conceptions, of the loftiest thoughts, of the purest motives, of the most unselfish nature! This is the photograph of the man, as painted by the hand of admiration, friendship and love. It is a bright and noble picture, without one ugly spot. Pity it is but a caricature, as are all paintings of human lives, done by human hands, to a greater or less degree — according to the temperament of the writer, the intensity of

his love, or his hatred. If I could measure them in a given case, I could tell to a certainty just how far the biographer would wander from the path of naked truth, and just what allowance to make for his divergences, which he can no more avoid than he can create a world Who so silly as to believe the utterances of the fond mother, when with lovelit eyes she o'er the cradle bends, and in rapture looks upon her first born? To her it is "a thing of beauty and a joy (maybe) forever." No such babe was ever born before! To others, perhaps, a badly gotten up specimen of infantile humanity.

Let us now turn to the other and darker side of the picture of this world-renowned hero, and see what sad havoc hatred can and must make of its beauty and glory. Sir Walter Scott was great — greater than Abbot, equally honest, and tried as hard to see the man as he was. Scott was an Englishman, and Napoleon his national foe; he hated as only great minds and hearts can hate. He waved his wand of hate o'er the beautiful picture painted by extravagant love, and all its beauty fled. Now haggard deformity looks out from the canvas, a hideous monster without one redeeming trait. The baleful fires of an unholy, personal ambition cast their lurid glare all over his life. At but one shrine he ever bowed the knee, at but one altar he worshiped, and that was — self! Before this everything else was swept away — religion, friendship, sympathy, and love. Nothing was music to his ears unless the sounds advanced his rapid strides towards the conquest of Europe, the goal of his unhallowed ambition. Light was painful to his eyes, unless its rays shone upon thrones to be filled by him. Nothing sweet to his taste unless it smacked of blood — blood shed to bring him to places higher, and to power greater. No holy emotion ever stirred his corrupt, ambitious heart. No unselfish thought could live a single moment in his worse

than demon mind. Hatred dwarfed his mountain virtues into mole-hills, and lifted his mole-hill vices into mountain peaks. This is the dark side of the picture; love paints an angel — hatred, a demon.

Poor frail man! This is the best that he can do, unless he can learn to look without love or hate; unless he can annihilate those eternal laws, or never undertake the task. What, then may be asked, are we to do for biographies of our departed loved ones? — have none? No, no! Have them, by all means; but do not fool yourselves by believing that you have ever gotten a true picture. We have now looked at the bright and the dark side of the picture, as painted by Hatred and Love, and must pronounce them human and false. We have gazed upon the two painted by the hand of God, giving both sides — the beauty and the deformity, the good and the evil; and must pronounce the work divine! I cannot close this humble effort of mine in defense of the Book of God without a passing notice of one of the last, most bitter, most unfair, relentless, foul and untruthful of all the foes the Bible ever had, at least as far as I have ever read. And I would here mercifully suggest to Ingersoll that when he butted his crazy head against Moses, he came much nearer having nothing left but a brainless skull than he did hurting Moses! Moses felt him no more than the ox of the fable felt the gnat on his horn; and I incline to think that Ingersoll felt about as felt the gnat, when he wanted to create the impression that he had much to do in kicking up the dust, perched on the horn of the ox. "What a dust," said the gnat, "we create! Great big I and the ox!" "What a dust," exclaims Ingersoll, "I and Moses have kicked up!" I will inform the buzzing, mighty insect, this doughty champion of infidelity, for his future good, that I have been laboring, perhaps, more years than

Ingersoll has lived, to take the crown from Moses' brow to place it on the brow of Christ — and have failed! Not because Moses was not willing to abandon throne and crown to his rightful Sovereign. He thought that his resignation of legislative authority was handed in and took effect upon the Mount of Transfiguration, when the Lord his God did what Moses said he would do — raise up from among their brethren a prophet like unto him, whom they should hear in all things; and whosoever among them would not hear that prophet should be cut off from his people. But the pulpit, the bench, the bar, the statesmen of Congress and the legislative assemblies of States, the church, the world, will not let Moses go! They all hold on to him both in their religion and their laws — hold on despite Moses and Christ both. The people of Christ will not let Moses vacate in favor of their and his Lord. Some Mr. Hop-over-my-thumbs, in a thing called a branch of the church, want the church and the world to think that they are something extra, that they are specially called and sent to preach, and away they go to Moses and quote: "No man taketh this honor to himself unless he is called of God, as was Aaron" Another wants a gaping crowd to think that he is great and good, and knowing they would not very soon find it out from head or heart or life, wraps his body in a flowing gown, in broad day, as a woman does at night; knowing the silly crowd will respect the robe, if not what is inside of it; for is not the robe forever sanctified, because commanded by Moses and by Aaron worn? They want a baby membership, and knowing that the Great Law-Giver says nothing in His statute book on the subject, away they go to Moses, *via* Abraham, to the church there in Abraham's house. Because they find the precious babe there, and infer it was put there by circumcision; and then run on down to Sinai and Moses, and infer

identity; then from Sinai to Calvary, and infer that the Jewish and Christian church are one and the same; and then close up the chapter of inferences by bringing baptism in the room of circumcision. Well, the fact is, the two are so much alike, in all particulars that go to establish the identity of two things, that we are disposed to pardon the poor preachers for the mistake they make. They resemble each other as to time; at eight days old; whenever you please, and if you don't please, at all! Note persons or agents by whom done, father, brother, mother, friend — but preachers alone can baptize! I presume this grows out of the fact that it is a non-essential, and that no others will dirty their hands with it. On whom performed, — males only; but now males and females. It might be a question of some interest to find out how the second can come in room of the first, when the first took in only half, and the worst half at that! I confess, had they inferred the women in, and the men out, I would have felt more admiration for their taste in church making. Again, they want sprinkling of water, and as none is found in the law of Christ, to Moses they must go. The Catholics and Episcopalians want priests, and as the New Testament is silent as the grave about an order of priesthood, away to Moses they go. They want to bring a sinner to Christ, and he must tramp around by Sinai; for they pervert the declaration of Paul when he says: "The law was our schoolmaster, to bring us (Jews) to Christ!" They want a law to protect the Lord's day from desecration, as they imagine; but since Jesus forgot to say what ought and what ought not to be done on His day — that is, so far as the world are concerned — they must come to His aid, and away they go to Moses and Sinai, dethroning Jesus as lawgiver even over His own day and His own household, and enthroning Moses. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Why?

CHAPTER III.

"WHO DO MEN SAY THAT I THE SON OF MAN AM?"

THIS question was asked by our Lord of his disciples, Matt. xvi:13, on one occasion; on another he said to the Pharisees, "What think ye of Christ, whose Son is he?" As I am making an effort to do what has never been attempted before, to sustain the doctrine of miracles and the Bible by proof from the inner instead of the outer circle, to sustain them from the internal instead of the external, — to fasten upon the infidel world the fact that they are believers in miracles, according to their own admissions. To prove that Jesus is the Christ; that he is all he claimed to be, independent of all prophecies, all apostles, and from that about which there is no disagreement — that he is a miraculous personage — more than man. This being my purpose, of course I must be permitted to gather up proof wherever found. I presume it will be safe to say that for a man to say, or do that which no other man can say, or do, or comprehend after it is done, is something more than mere man can do. Those questions are miraculous. The world was four thousand years old, and they were never asked before. Eighteen hundred years have passed away, and they have not been repeated, and they never will be. Why did not the uniform laws of mind suggest to some other man this question, strange, original, unique, without a predecessor, without a successor? And can you comprehend why it was ever asked? A man born in Bethlehem of Judea, reared up

among his kindred, and in the midst of his own countrymen, rises up, at the age of thirty years, and gravely asks the question: "Who am I?"

What law of mind was overturned when this thought entered his mind? Surely not the law under the influence of which all other thoughts of other men had been born, else the question would have been as old as man, and often asked.

And just here another miracle crops out. He was the only man that could the question ask — without a ready answer given — an answer in perfect accord with all Jewish prophecy, history and facts, as well as with all other history — a satisfactory answer. The only party who ever essayed an answer, except when by inspiration given, covered themselves with shame by a glaring failure. "What think ye of Christ, whose son is he?" They promptly reply "The son of David." "How then does David in spirit call him Lord?" Defeated, overwhelmed, they were silenced, and from that time forth no man dare ask him a question; that is, in regard to himself. You notice how they differ among themselves; both friends and foes alike. Why did no man ask this question before; and why has no man asked it since; and why does no man ask it now; and why will no man ever ask it again? To these questions but one answer can be given, and that answer plucks up infidelity by the roots. The secret of the answer is the questions *were not asked by a mere man.* The questions propounded by all others have been under the government of usual mental and moral laws. Men had and have no power to hold them in abeyance, to contravene and set them aside. I press the question, Why does not some infidel now rise among his kindred and duplicate this question, and show at least that he is an advanced thinker? I will tell you the reasons why. These eternal laws of his nature won't let him. In iron

fetters he is bound, and can't do it. He sees the smile of pity, or contempt, of the wise; hears the scoff of the fools, and affrighted, flies from the floods of ridicule that would roll their billows over him, did he dare ask — Who am I?

Leaving these miraculous questions and the equally miraculous fact that no one could answer them, we next notice the miraculous claim set up by him, and on this claim suspends the whole controversy.

He said, "I am the equal of God!" This is either true or false; if true, the question rests. If false, it is equally miraculous as if true. The world was four thousand years old when this falsehood was told, and was full of lies from the days of Cain on down the stream of time. Men in all ages and all countries had exhausted their mental powers in manufacturing all sorts of lies, that would lift themselves above their fellows; that would bring them wealth, place, fame or power, both in civilized and savage life. Now I ask the infidel why no one had ever thought to tell this lie? All forms of imposition had been palmed off on a credulous world that human genius could invent; why was this form never assumed before? Truly conscientious scruples will not be urged. Will it be said that no one had ever thought to put on this garb of imposition? Then all I have to say is that if I were an infidel I would walk out of that household in profound disgust. I would deny that I belonged to a family four thousand years old, not one of whom had the wisdom to measure the power, influence, wealth, fame, veneration, adoration and love that the man could gather unto himself, who could get the world, or even a portion of it, to believe that he was the equal of the great and incomprehensible God; deny that he belonged to a household in whose veins flowed no hero blood; that they were, if not all pitiful fools in failing to measure its unlimited power, a set of short-

sighted, contemptible cowards in not boldly putting it on. Why waste their time, their lives, their breath, in telling, and struggling over smaller and meaner lies that could be told by almost any fool, and leave this one that had more sublimity, majesty, might, power and glory in it than all human lies combined; why leave it to this poor, obscure, friendless, almost unknown Galilean, whose very birthplace was a subject of dispute, and his calling a reproach to many — to rise up in their midst, and shame them all by doing that which they had never done. He is building up for himself an empire that will survive when time shall die; an empire whose existence shall sweep through the eternal years of God.

Another question I here propound to the infidel — as you are bound to admit, either their silliness or their cowardice, for the first four thousand years what about the last eighteen hundred? The so-called lie was told, the claim set up; it became the property of the world; it has gone upon the wings of the wind, and ridden the ocean's wave; has nearly swept the circle of the earth, why has it not been repeated? Why does it yet stand out unique, inimitable? and why will it thus ever stand — for it will never be repeated.

All lies told by man, can by men be repeated. Here is "one lie" that never has been and never will be told again, because it was not told by man.

I have two propositions to make to the infidel; you may select any human lie you please, from out the mass of lies with which the world is filled, ecclesiastic, mythological, political, etc.; and if I fail to duplicate it, I promise to proclaim myself a poor mistaken fool. Second, if you will duplicate this one under discussion, then I will own myself hopelessly vanquished. You can find false Christs, but never find when one of them claimed that heaven was his native

dwelling place; that he came out of the bosom of the father; that he was the equal of the father.

Is it not as clear as light that when this claim was made, some law eternal, that had governed minds and hearts of men, was overturned? that power miraculous came in over and above all law, by which an act was done, that can not now be done by any, or by all the world combined? I give the reason as infidelity cannot without upsetting their fabric; it is not because man is not bad enough; not because he fails to measure the power contained therein; not because he does not appreciate what the claim would do for him with all who accepted it as true; not because he does not know how it is done; for he sees, and clearly sees how it was done, when done, where done, — the person by whom done, the success which crowned the doing, and the glory that followed after. All men know that whosoever can clothe himself with Godhood grasps a power, for which kings and priests have always sought, but never found.

Divest this son of Mary of the power this claim, stamped by infidelity as a falsehood, clothes him with; and one other claim, that he died for us, and he is divested of all the moral power he ever had over the minds and hearts of men.

With them, he drew to himself and to his God the mightiest minds that ever thought, the greatest hearts that ever loved.

We press the question, why has no ambitious son of earth put on this garb of imposition? The answer is, he cannot! According to scoffing infidelity there is one, and only one lie that cannot be told again; one and only one form of imposition that cannot be, has not been, and is not now practiced by men. This is because, when God created man, he deeply interwove into his nature the inability, placed it forever beyond finite power. However low a man may fall,

however base he becomes, when he thinks of setting up this august claim, every feeling of his nature, every emotion of his soul revolts, shrinks affrighted back, and the effort dies.

This person, Jesus, did it, and he is more than man.

When we contrast the lies that man can tell with this, and measure the heights — loftiest heights to which uninspired human ambition can ascend, — the heavens are not higher above the earth than his claim above theirs. I select but one, and the biggest one that human tongue can tell, "The infallibility of the Pope and his vicegerency for Christ." He claims the keys of the kingdom; others claim them too! He claims though that Christ is the builder of the kingdom. He claims infallability, but claims it through Christ. He claims the keys of the gloomy gates of purgatory, but says that Christ builded up the walls. So the contrast between this highest form of vaulting human ambition and that of the divine is about the difference that existed between Jim and me in the days ante-bellum. I gave to Jim the keys of the crib. The crib and corn were mine, and I am bound to say that I found negro nature not much better than Papal nature. He would swell round and get puffed up because no calf could get an ear of corn without the consent of his sable highness. So no poor Catholic calf can get a crumb from the master's table unless fed out to him. When Jim would feel too great, I had a way of letting down his high stilted dignity. I wish the good Lord would try it on the Pope. The only reason why he don't, I think, is because he has nothing to do with him. What would any of you give to rule over the kingdom ruled over by him, the Christ? to control the thoughts, the lives, the actions of as many men; to sway the scepter he wields! What would you give to have depend on you for spiritual life millions of souls with a love that never ends; to be looked upon as God's

equal in all his incomprehensible and infinite attributes! Give your souls? Why, some claim none; and to them it would be exceedingly cheap. Lives there a man on this green earth who believes that he has a soul to be eternally damned, who would not tell a thousand lies for a tithe of this influence and power? Well, gentlemen, Infidels who talk so glibly of falsehood, the way is open, and has been since Jesus said, "I am the equal of God." This is the only path left open for man's ambitious feet to tread; this the only form of imposition that has not been, now is, and will be practiced; this the only lie that has not been told and retold; this the only way open for a grand success. Are the infidel world going to stand idly by, as they have done in the ages past, and let this poor, obscure, lonely man, stand without a rival, without a peer; and admit that he did that which has not and cannot be done by any of them, and thereby admit their own inferiority? Why do not some of them try it now? He did it, and the result, in part at least, is before you. If you will look at the chances of your success, as compared with his, you may, perhaps, be induced to try it even now, and save yourselves everlasting disgrace. A failure, however, would not be half so disgraceful as no effort. What are your chances to-day to succeed? Are not all your surroundings more favorable than were his? You perhaps are rich; he was poor! So poor, indeed, he had not where to lay his weary head; poorer than the birds of the air or the foxes of the hills. You perhaps were born in a palace; he was cradled in a manger. Your family influence may gather within its circle crowned heads and mitred brows. You have friends whose influence could strongly advance your claims if you only had the nerve to set it up. You are a graduate of some high college of learning, and understand the sciences, and could bring vast mental resources to aid

you in the enterprise. He had no influential friends. The few he had were a disgrace to him in the world's estimation. Learning he had none. If ever in the history of time man engaged in an enterprise that seemed utterly hopeless, without a single fact or circumstance on which a sane man could hang a hope of success, this was that enterprise. He sets out to build an institution and, according to infidelity, makes a lie the starting point. Commences his work among the Jews, and his first utterance, if false, daringly degrades and blasphemes their God — the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Strange, too, he makes his own death the chief corner stone of his kingdom. He must die before the building can be begun, and then who are to carry out his plans and how? The whole is to be left in the hands of twelve ignorant fishermen, and the first work to be done by them is to crush out the religious education, training, and feeling of their lives; to throttle their own religion, that of their fathers, and of their nation. The material left in their hands, out of which this new temple was to be constructed, was of a mixed and most antagonistic character. The prejudiced, stiff-necked, proud, and imperious Jews, who had for fifteen hundred years regarded themselves the only elect of God, as the only people whom he could or whom he ever intended to bless; who hated the Gentiles, and called them dogs; hated the Samaritans no less bitterly — and their hatred was reciprocated with interest by these people.

Out of this antagonizing and discordant material must this temple be erected; must this building rise! This heterogeneous mass of material must be brought together, moulded, fashioned and builded; brought from the Jewish temple, from Mount Gerizim, from the idol temples of the Gentile world, each bringing with him his prejudices and his race hatred.

The principles that were to bind and cement them together, struck down all pride, national and personal, drove out all self and self reliance, pandered to no unhallowed elements in fallen human nature. And yet, with these materials and from these sources, these men went to work, and grandly, wonderfully did they succeed. Bound together as a band of brethren, forgetting all nationalities, castes, distinctions and differences, they met together, worshiped together, builded together for a habitation of the Holy Spirit, the body of Christ. That they did succeed is an undenied historic fact, succeeded in the face of, and in defiance to an opposition against which no other undertaking ever did succeed; succeeded against the learning, the talent, the religion of the world; against the political and ecclesiastic powers; against thrones and crowns; against kings and priests — accomplishing more with that one "preposterous lie" than all the combined hosts of infidelity ever accomplished, with all its boasted truths. They built up churches on this foundation all over the land of Judea, in Samaria, and in the uttermost parts of the civilized world; not only growing with a rapidity unprecedented, but improving the moral status of their converts, correcting the irregularities of their lives; controlling their thoughts, their hearts and their actions. Such was their exalted character, their worst foes were bound to admit, with admiration, the purity and nobility of their lives.

Now, upon the infidel assumption that the Christian plea is false, what a stupendous miracle we have! That the men and women who enshrined in their hearts this "imposter," this "prince of pretenders," grew pure and holy just in the ratio of their faith in him, and that their happiness increased with their increasing faith and love, when the reverse should have been the result. Had not some mighty power inter-

posed, over-riding all laws of cause and effect, they ought to have assimilated him they loved and have become like him; and while they could not have attained to the height or depth of the crime; while it was impossible for any of them to tell the "monstrous lie" they ought. and would have come as near him as they could by telling all others that came within their reach. Their morals, following such a guide, ought to have become so corrupt that they would have been a stench in the nostrils of the vilest heathen in the land. We still press the question: Why not imitate "this man" now?

As before stated, you will hardly urge conscientious scruples, judging from the morality of the family and their utter disregard of truth. I can deliberately say that I never read an infidel author; that I cannot convict of falsehood from his own words. The only other reason that can be given is fear of failure. But this did not deter Him! Is He greater than you all? Had He more courage than you? He blazed out the path and walked therein; and you, pitiful coward, tremble to follow in His footsteps, and yet you claim to stand among the advanced thinkers! But, you say, he lived in a credulous age when the people were full of superstition and were easily humbugged. True enough, and so do you live in such an age. "But we are living in an age of light and progress!" True, and superstition has progressed as rapidly as anything else. "We live in the nineteenth century, and a thousand scientific suns are pouring their light upon our paths." Yes, and a thousand more will rise and shine, and yet the mists of superstition will blind our eyes, and its sombre cloud overshadow us. I have read the superstitions of ancient and modern times; wandered back into the dim and shadowy labyrinths of the earliest mythology, and if I have ever found a people more

superstitious than the American people, I have forgotten their name. If I have found an age surpassing the boasted nineteenth century, I fail to call it up. True, our superstitions are not as gross as theirs; nevertheless they are just as much superstitions. Now, you may select any superstition from out the past, and I will select one from the present, and if mine does not weigh down yours, then I give up the point. I select one from "the Church" — so called — taught in colleges, believed by great minds, and loved by great hearts, carrying on its face the seal of infallibility — I allude to the Roman dogma of transubstantiation, which means, quoting from the Council of Trent, and practiced by the priesthood, that by the use of three words, a wafer made of the flour ground at the mill is converted into the body, soul, blood, and divinity of Jesus Christ! On what proof does this enormous blasphemy rest? We must measure the proof so that we can measure the depth of the credulity. Their first proof is found in Matthew, xxvi:26. "And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed and brake it, and gave to his disciples; and said take eat, this is my body. And he took the cup and gave thanks and gave it to them, saying: Drink ye all of it." I believe there is no difference in regard to the rules of interpretation to be applied to the Bible, and to all other books, viz.: That words are to be taken in their plain common sense, literal meaning, unless inseparable obstacles intervene, which of necessity drive us to the metaphorical; something in the nature of the case, in the history of the facts, that precludes the literal meaning. This declaration of Christ is either literal or figurative. Rome says, literal; Protestantism says, figurative. We now point out some of the difficulties that Rome must meet and overcome, or give up her literal interpretation.

The first is, she has two bodies instead of one, the body of

flesh, holding in its hands the body of bread; the living holding the dead: If the bread body was the one broken, then they eat a dead body, and depend on that to give them life; if it was not the dead, then they have no body at all. For two reasons: First, the living body was not then broken, and if the word broken is literal, it never was broken! "Not a bone of him," said the prophet, "shall be broken."

The second difficulty grows out of the fact that two things were to be done by the disciples, two separate and distinct things, differing in all essentials — eating and drinking. They were to eat the bread, and drink the wine. When they can prove that two things can be done by doing one; then and not till then can they save their literal interpretation.

A third is, the monstrous absurdity of eating blood not coagulated, not cooked, eating soul, eating divinity! Each communicant has the body of Christ in his body, and yet is no larger than he was before. Has the soul of Christ in him; and were I left to decide the case, I would decide, that instead of his having two souls, after this cannibal feast of flesh and blood; he is soulless. He has eaten the divinity of Christ, yet he is a greater sinner than he was before.

Fourth, transubstantiation makes Christ eat himself! "I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine till I drink it anew with you — in my Father's Kingdom." When in his Father's Kingdom, he converted the bread into his body, soul, blood and divinity, he devoured himself!

Fifth, it clothes the priest with creative power, and makes him the equal of God. God, by the word of his power created the heavens and the earth. The priest with a wafer as a basis creates the divinity of Christ, and that is his Godhood. Creates his body, his soul and his blood, for the bread contained neither until the priest did his work!

Sixth, it compels man to repudiate all his senses —

the only avenues through which all knowledge and faith come. True, he depends upon the sense of sight, when he reads, "This is my body." But suppose I deny that it so reads, how does he prove it? By the sense of sight! But, the same witness looks at the bread and says, bread, not flesh. The witness has contradicted himself, and must be ruled out of court. The rule adopted by all, for the correction of any one of the senses, when we suspect that we are misled, is to bring other of the senses to our aid. The eye having deceived us, either in regard to the reading or the bread, we call to our aid, the touch, the taste, the smell, the hearing. These all say, bread! Then we appeal to science — and chemistry says, bread! And yet you are called upon to deny the combined evidence of all the senses, and believe, or say you believe, that it is flesh, blood, soul, divinity — or be damned! If damnation is not too bad I would rather bear it and save my senses, than to be saved without them! Allow a priest to pocket all my senses, and put an interpretation on the Bible, at war with them all, at war with all the facts, all the history; at war with reason, common sense, and science!!

Seventh. It makes the worship of devils better than the worship of God. Paul says in his letter to the Corinthians, x:20. "The Gentiles sacrifice to devils. They are partakers of the table of devils. And drink the cup of devils." How did they do this? They offered to devils the flesh of animals, and then ate it in honor of devils. What do Catholics? They offer to God the flesh of his son, and eat it to honor him! The heathen drank the blood of sacrificed animals; the Catholic drinks the blood of Christ. If the heathen had lost all his sense as the Catholic has on this subject, and got a priest of the devil to have *transubstantiated* for them, it would have been a stroke of economy. They

could then have fed upon the devil and saved their meat. The Catholic programme is much the cheapest. All they need is a wafer about as big as a quarter of a dollar and the priest creates the balance!

Eighth. It precludes the possibility of commemorating the Savior's death. "Do this in remembrance of me." Eat a body in remembrance of a body! Eat bread in remembance of bread! drink wine in remembrance of wine! We can partake of one thing in memory of another, but to partake of the same thing in memory of itself, is more than insanity run mad.

Ninth, and last. It places God's Son in a condition that humiliation may be heaped upon Him, such as never entered the minds of His most malignant foes; such as befell Him under my own observation. A drunken priest, "transubstantiated," and at the same time he had more whiskey in his stomach than grace in his heart. He fed his flock on the bread and drank all the wine himself. It did not agree with him.—Imagine the rest.

Do you ask for more superstition than this? Do you still call for greater gullibility, for profounder ignorance? Is there in all the annals of time anything that can compare with it? Perhaps the length and breadth, the chaos with darkness brooding over its depths of superstition, is shown in this more than in any other absurd dogma. It enables a man to accept what he knows is false. The person who can accept as true that a wafer of baked flour is flesh, would have no difficulty in accepting it as true that a rock is soft, that rain is dry; or that man is a ray of moonshine. We fondly hope to hear no more infidel flings against the religion of Christ, and its grand success accounted for by arraying before us the credulity of the times in which it had its birth; for, deep as the sea of credulity may then have been, a deeper one rolls its black billows around you now.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MIRACULOUS CHARACTER OF CHRIST, FROM THE TRINITARIAN AND UNITARIAN STANDPOINTS.

THE only miraculous feature of the subject we shall now note, is the efforts made by these two parties to solve the problem in regard to who He is! And is this not a miracle, that He has been before the world for eighteen hundred years, and no agreement reached as yet in regard to who He is? Is there any other one named among the sons of men, about whom a fierce controversy has gone on, even among his best friends, until it produced not only alienation of feeling, but bitter persecutions? Such controversy culminated in rending the body of Christ in twain, giving birth to the two religious parties before mentioned. True, they agree, and always have agreed, that he is the Son of God. Not being content with this, they must go, or try to go a step further, and find out in what sense is He God's Son; what is the precise relationship expressed, when this is applied to God and Christ.

We briefly note their failures, and the reasons why they failed. Athanasius said, "He is very God." Arious said, "He is a man." Calvin reiterated the same, and so did poor Servetus, which cost him his life — unfortunately for the cause of truth and of Christianity. Each party, instead of seeking for a standpoint from which they could discover the truth or their own ignorance, inscribed upon their ban-

ners, "Trinitarianism," "Unitarianism," and at once rallied around their creeds all available proof texts; the one gathering around the Christ all texts where equality, oneness and sameness of attributes are claimed for Christ; the other, all in which inequality, inferiority, subordination, are expressed or seemingly implied.

In this way they gave infidelity a chance to come between and deliver its worst and heaviest blows against the Book from which the contending parties got their proof to support theories so antagonistic. But, leaving for the present this phase of the subject, which will come up again when we meet the infidel objections based upon alleged contradiction, concerning Christ, we now give the reason why neither Calvin, nor Servetus, nor any other man, living or dead, ever did, or ever will understand that, about which they have written, prayed, preached, and have been persecuted.

The controversy has not been, as before stated, whether He is the Son of God or not; but in what sense is He His Son? Is it not passing strange that among all the great thinkers of the past and of the present, not one ever discovered a single surface truth, which would have saved them from much harrassing thought, much unpleasant and unprofitable controversy, themselves from shame, and some of them from crime, and the garments of the church from being stained with blood. That surface truth ought to be well known by all good thinkers.

We have in our world only two ideas of sonship; and there is not wisdom enough to make a third! Both parties agree that the person in controversy is not a son by natural generation; not a son by adoption. They agree that He is Son. Having but these two ideas of sonship, and we, not able to create a third, ought thinkers not to have known that they might as well have been found trying to measure eternity

with a tape line, as to find out what they sought? I am my Father's son by generation; I am the son of my wife's father by law; I fully understand these relations. But here is a man who is son neither by the one nor the other; and yet, I must understand that which even God could not reveal; or if he could, I could not understand it, unless he gave me a third idea of sonship. Peter himself, to whom God revealed the grand truth, that Jesus is His Son, never understood in what sense! Peter never troubled his apostolic head to find out; never tried to explain; nor did any one of the twelve; nor the Apostle to the Gentile world. They were content with that which was revealed, *He is the Son of God.* Happy would it have been for church and world had all been content to stop where apostles stopped.

I wish now to make an humble effort to relieve the doctrine of the Trinity, so-called in the creeds, from a heavy burden it has always had to bear, — the burden of mystery, — of incomprehensibility. Why it should have been so regarded by all the ancient fathers and early writers, all the modern ones too, is not the question now before us. To my mind there is not in all the teachings of the Holy Book a more easily understood truth. It is a surface truth, a truth that permeates all modes of being, from the incomprehensible God, down through all ranks of created intelligences.

I digress for a moment. I remember the hours of intense thought on the subject in years long gone by; the hundreds of pages read! All the books read, began or ended with the declaration, that it was an incomprehensible mystery not to be understood.

Strange, passing strange, that it never occurred to them to let it alone. Why start the poor reader out on a path that had no end? Why cause him to waste his time and thought on that which he could no more comprehend at the

end than at the beginning? If a mystery, then it belongs to God and not to us. The last I read was from the pen of the great Dr. Watson, of the M. E. Church, more than thirty years ago. I threw his book across the room in profound disgust, and have read nothing on it of man's writing since, and never shall. Pardon this digression, and we will return to the subject.

Much of the mist, fog and confusion that has shrouded the subject has grown out of an unfortunate selection of words. In Trinitarian parlance, we have three persons in one God-head — Father, Son and Holy Ghost. I use the same jargon of words, and apply them to man. All the angels in heaven could get no idea from them. Three persons in one man-head, father, son and cousin!!

Suppose they had said, three persons — one nature. This would have expressed the truth, and no mind would have become confused. This brings us back to the plainness and simplicity of the truth of Trinitarianism. I use another scholastic phrase, "Trinity in unity, and unity in Trinity." True, but not happily expressed. Leaving the language of the schools, let us express the thoughts in the words of plain common sense, and then we will get the Biblical idea: UNITY IN NATURE; DIVISIBILITY IN PERSON; THREE PERSONS — ONE NATURE. Is not this true in regard to all beings in the heavens above or the earth beneath? And where is the great mystery that ghost-hunting theologians have conjured up from the vasty deep of the see of Rome, that will not down at their bidding. For, really, this is the first cup of the wine of her fornication that she pressed to lips of the nations. They drank, and have been staggering to and fro, from that day to the present. There are four natures taught in the Scriptures. There are two elements that enter into all of them. Each of the natures has its name or

names. First, the divine; second, the human; third, the angelic; fourth, the demoniacal. The names of the first are God, "I Am," "Jehovah;" the second is "Man," generically; the third, "Angel;" fourth, "Devil." The nature is a unit; it is one, and indivisible. Wherever divine nature is found, that is God, not man, angel nor devil.

Jesus Christ is divine — therefore God; so is the Holy Spirit. Suppose there were but one person whose nature is divine, then what would we have? Two unities, one nature, one person. But suppose there are then three persons. Then we have one nature, three persons. But suppose there were ten. Then there would be ten persons, and still but the one God — the one divine nature, the name of which is God! Is it any more mysterious that there should be three persons with an uncreated nature, than that there should be three men with a created nature? Three persons, one divine nature; and that nature called God, is, to my mind, just as plain as three men, one human nature, and that nature called man. And yet, such is the blinding influence of education, that even our preachers, who have more Biblical knowledge than all the religious world combined, had a long and an unpleasant controversy over it, and finally compromised by agreeing to say nothing about it, or to simply say what the Scriptures said, without note or comment.

I do not profess to understand the divine nature, nor do I understand angel or devil nature. Nor do I enter at all upon the proof that Jesus Christ is God. Admitting it to be true, all I aim at is to rid the subject of this incubus. Having done this, I am now ready to notice the use infidelity has made of the conflict between those theories, after briefly noticing an effort on the part of some to evade the Trinitarian hypothesis, by adopting an emanation theory —

That God created that which was known in the beginning as Word, and as Spirit, and imparted to them His own nature. If this were true, we would still have Trinitarianism. For, the nature imparted, or emanating, is as much God as that from which it emanated. We have, then, two persons with a two-fold nature, a created and an uncreated. The uncreated is God; as much so after the emanation, or the impartation as before. Still the one nature, the one God and three persons. Why should this, even if true, be regarded as such a great mystery? Is it any more strange and incomprehensible that God should impart His entire nature to Son and to Holy Spirit, than that He should create us so that we impart our whole compound nature to our children!

And now to the difficulties and carpings of infidelity. I shall not ramble over the large array of proof texts, used on both sides of the subject; but select a few that present the sharpest and clearest cut apparent conflict; or as infidelity says, palpable contradictions; and I think I will show that they are not only true, but that there is not even the shadow of contradiction. "I am the equal of the Father," "The Father is greater than I," "I and the Father are one," "The Father sent me." In these texts quoted from both sides we have unity, divisibilty, equality, and inferiority. Infidelity, and Christianity too, in some of their teachings, seem to ignore the fact that this miraculous personage, about whom this controversy originated and has been carried on, is a compound being; two natures blended — the divine and the human — God, Man; God manifest in the flesh. Divest him, as Unitarianism does, of his divinity, and the wisdom of the world can't harmonize the Scripture teachings on the subject. The contradictions are clear, positive, and unmistakable. Divest him, as the Gnostics did, and some Hyper-

Trinitarians have almost done, of his humanity, and the result is the same.

Christ not only has two natures, but had, and has an official relationship. A statement made by himself, or the Holy Spirit through an apostle, when properly applied is true and will never be contradicted by any other declaration, when applied to that part of his nature to which it should and must be applied, without doing injustice and wrong to the writer or speaker. "I and the Father are one." Apply this to his personality, and you not only make the declaration absurd and false, but you make a fool of yourself! One in nature. Apply it to his divine nature, where it belongs; and then hold up your hands, not in feigned horror and wonder at the Book, but at your own stupidity. "The Father is greater than I." Apply this to his divine nature, and you but repeat the same folly. The divine writers in giving to us the character of this wonderful personage, must portray a twofold nature, with their attributes. The wisdom of God — the ignorance of man; the strength of God and the weakness of man. And we poor ignorant creatures of a day have made sad havoc of the truths uttered by misappropriating them, in our intemperate zeal, to sustain a dogma, or to get rid of our duty to believe the record that God has given of his Son.

Now, I propose to affirm of the President of these United States, and of myself, just what Christ affirmed of his Father and Himself. The President and I are one; I am the equal of the President; the President is greater than I. Some friend writes my biography, and makes these statements — all of which are true. The book falls into the hands of these advanced thinkers, these infidels, who have all the religious sense that is left, who have harped upon and gloated over these boasted contradictions and absurdities.

They seize with avidity upon the book; they hold the author up to be condemned and ridiculed, "Why, the writer perpetrates the monstrously absurd proposition, that the President and Caskey are one person." Now, you have done it, have you not? Could you hope to find a reader in the walks of men that you could hope to induce to believe that the writer was thinking of personality, or thinking there ever would be a man in the world outside an asylum that would think he meant any such thing? The President and I are one in nature; he is a man, and so am I. Officially, he is greater than I; as to rights and privileges political, we are equal. So of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit — one, and equal in nature, different in person, differing officially, Christ took on himself our nature. In other words, the divine nature allied itself to human nature and dwelt among the dead. He humbled himself and became obedient to the death of the Cross; and for this humiliation God hath highly exalted him at his own right hand in the heavens. He was made lower than the angels, not in nature, as some teach who have elevated angel nature above human, and sing, "I want to be an angel," but in being subjected to the humblest social position, to the most extreme poverty, to the most humiliating treatment by his foes, and not allowed to open his mouth in his defense. "For as a lamb is dumb before its shearers, so opened he not his mouth. In his humiliation his judgment was taken away; and who shall declare his generation. For his life is cut off from the earth." It reached the depths of humiliation and dishonor in the grave, where his body slept, and in hades, where his soul dwelt.

We shall here close the lecture, fondly hoping that other minds will be aided in their thoughts on the subject, and that the infidel reader may see that he has sinned against God and self in the use he has made of the mistakes of the parties in the controversy.

CHAPTER V.

CHRIST IN PROPHECY.

"Of which salvation the prophets have inquired, and searched diligently." — I. Peter, i: 10.

IN looking at this wonderful personage from the prophetic standpoint, the first question of importance to be settled is, whether these men spoke as moved by the Holy Ghost, or are their utterances, as infidelity claims, but the utterance of their own uninspired thoughts? If by the Holy Spirit, then, of course, they are miraculous. Some uniform law in abeyance was held when they put forth these declarations, which the Bible calls prophecies. If not inspired, they are still equally miraculous. The proof of this is found in the character of the things said by them concerning Christ: Found in the number, variety and diversity of statements — more particularly in the fact that no prophetic mind, when thinking of Christ, ever lingered along the medium plane of thought. The uniform law of mind is, that we advance step by step, embracing in our mental processes all the intermediate steps until we reach the extreme. This mental law was set aside by the prophets, and a power above all law winged their thoughts from one extreme to the other. The visions of Christ that passed in panorama before them, the metaphors used to present him to the world, all partake of this miraculous feature. And these extremes was what perplexed their mind so that they could not, and did not, understand their own prophecies; therefore did they

"search diligently" to find out what, or what manner of time, and what manner of person it was of whom they talked. But all was hid from them — and even from angels hid; for we are told that they earnestly desired to look into these things. It was not for them, but for us. The prophets were not making revelations for themselves, nor to themselves. God placed in the hands of his prophets a telescope by which they penetrated the mist and fog that enveloped coming ages; and glorious visions of this mysterious person were unveiled to them. They try to tell us what they saw — wonders which they did not understand, but which in part we do.

These prophecies form the first link in the chain of divine evidence by which the Christ to human hearts is bound. To a few of them we now attend. The prophet directs his telescope upon an out-spreading forest, and amidst its great trees and waving shrubs he sees a couchant lion — the king of beasts of prey — at whose blood-curdling roar meaner beasts seek their dark hiding-places. The prophet says, I see him now; he is the Lion of the tribe of Judah!

Not satisfied with this, he looks again, and in a different direction. Now on his vision rises a pasture green, and thereon a lamb — the most timid of all the animal creation; so timid that when first it bent its little head to slake its thirst from the running brook it was frightened at its own shadow, and on fleet foot fled away. The two extremes are reached. No intermediate link in the animal chain is touched. Will the infidel permit me to ask him, Under what mental law were these minds acting; what could have suggested to them the idea of presenting a person under two metaphors so diverse? Can anything resembling this be found in all the past or present in the flights of fancy, or wild conceits of imagination run mad? The prophet next points his telescope

to the starry heavens, and two metaphors are suggested. I see him now. He is the Sun of Righteousness that rises over the moral darkness of the world with healing in his wings. Again he appears as a twinkling star, and the prophet exclaims, He is the star of Bethlehem — the bright and morning star that heralds the dawn of a day so brilliant it shall chase all night away from the land of shadows and of death. The extremes again are reached — from the sun to a star! Then he looks to the vegetable kingdom. Here the coming one is the blooming rose of Sharon, blushing in the beauty of God. And now, he is a root out of dry ground, without form or comeliness — no glory — nothing attractive in its appearance. Are you surprised that the prophet's mind was perplexed over these strange visions, and that he did earnestly inquire what they meant? He gazed upon his countenance, scarred and marred. There is no form nor comeliness in him that we should desire him; his visage is more marred than the visage of any other man. Such was his repulsive appearance that the prophet seems to grow sick at heart, and turns away, for he says: "We hid, as it were, our faces from him!" From this he looks out upon a vision of beauty such as eye had never seen before, and in joy he exclaims: "He is the fairest among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely!" The pass is from extreme to extreme; from sickening deformity to beauty in astonishing perfection. Two other visions rise up before the prophet, and he thinks he understands it now, at least in part. "Who is this that from Edom comes with garments died in blood? that travels in the greatness of his strength? whose warrior tread bespeaks him victor on blood-stained fields?" While still gazing with trembling awe upon this hero in crimson-stained apparel the vision disappears, and in its place there stands *The Prince of Peace!*

He sees him when in his humiliation his judgment was taken away and there was none to declare his generation. For his life was cut off from the earth. He sees him when in the form of a servant; when he became obedient to the death of the Cross; when, in the grave, he sleeps; when he awakes, puts his hands on the pillars of death and hell, and they crumble beneath his touch. He sees him stand before God when the sentence of Pilate's bar is reversed, amidst the acclamations of angel hosts!

From the grave to glory the prophet follows him in all these changes and extremes.

This same miraculous thread runs through the teachings of Christ and his apostles. The Savior says, "I am the bread of life." "I am the living water of which, if a man drink, he shall thirst no more!" Both Christ and the prophets talk of him as the foundation stone — the chief corner-stone — the key-stone of the grand spiritual temple — the cap-stone that holds together the spanning archway — the stone by the builders rejected, but chosen of God, and dear to us.

It was those extremes that were constantly mingling in Christ that perplexed the minds not only of prophets, but also of his disciples. During the years of his personal ministry this kept them in constant doubt whether he was God or man. When the angry waves rolled high and the vessel plunged, like the wounded, maddened horse on the battle-field; when his voice was heard commanding the winds and the troubled waves, "Be still!" then they thought he was God, but, when he hungered, and slept, and grew weary they thought he was but a man. When, by the grave of the sleeping brother of Mary and Martha, he stood and wept, they thought him a man; but when in a loud voice he said to the dead, "Lazarus, come forth!" and the dead obeyed

his awful command, then they said, surely he is nothing less than God! And thus their minds were tossed from divinity to humanity; and they were compelled to wait a time with patience until the proof of his Godhood grew stronger; until more light was given and their doubts were forever set at rest.

But, to return to the prophecies: I grant that many of them are seemingly unmeaning and no lessons teach us until we acquaint ourselves in some degree with the symbolism of the Bible. All symbols are unmeaning to the uninstructed. But to the initiated — the enlightened — they are full of meaning. They address themselves to the eye — one of the most important avenues to the mind. You enter, for instance, a Masonic lodge. The walls are covered with symbols. In the east the letter G is suspended, the all-seeing eye, the lamb, the square, the compass, the sprig of acacia. What is all this to you, unless you are among the sons of light? And what impressions are made upon your mind? Nothing taught, nothing understood! No emotions stirred, except, perhaps, a little curiosity — a little wonder, as you ask, what do all these signs and symbols mean? To the initiated there is by each an important lesson taught. Each symbol has a tongue of silent eloquence. God is the author of symbolism. Persons may be symbolized, so may places and events. Indeed, its language is world-wide. In order to get you to appreciate and understand the importance of symbols, and to prepare our minds and hearts to receive the lessons taught in prophetic symbolism, I select the Lord's supper: The bread and wine are symbols of a body broken and of flowing blood. They represent a person and an event. And God has so constituted our minds that we cannot stop mental processes by an act of volition. When we think of one thing, we are compelled to think of another;

when we perform a certain act it gives birth to a certain thought, and that thought to an emotion. So we can not break the consecrated loaf in memory of a broken body without thinking of Christ, whose body was broken; and we can not think of Christ's dying love for us, without an emotion of love for Christ. Thus by the simple act of breaking bread, the whole mental and moral natures of man are set in motion. Christ is enshrined in the loving hearts of all who keep the sacred feast. This is the end to be accomplished, and these the means employed. This purpose has engaged the highest thoughts and greatest actions of our loving heavenly Father. The consideration of some of the divine efforts to enthrone the Son in human hearts, will bring us back to the design of prophetic symbols. First. we have Christ in promise. Second. Christ in type. Third. Christ in prophecy. Fourth. Christ in fact. Fifth. Christ in history. Sixth. Christ in monumental or commemorative institutions.

In promise—"The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head;" and to Abraham—"In thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed;" in type, the offering of Isaac on the altar of sacrifice. Abraham through type saw the Son of God suffer death on the same mount. God had placed his Son in Abraham's heart through this type. Jesus says, "Abraham saw my day and was glad." We have two types at the Jewish altar of sacrifices: the sacrificial and the scape goat. The sins of the nation were confessed, and by the hands of the high priest transferred to the head of the victim; the blow descended, the head was severed, the blood flowed, death ensued, the atonement made. This taught in type that Christ, the antitype, would bear our sins in his own body. He was not only to bear our sins and sorrows, but they were to be borne away forever. In this type

there was a yearly remembrance of sins. After his sacrifice for sins, there was to be no more remembrance of sins. Hence the incompleteness of the type and the necessity of another. And thus the Lamb of God bears all our sins away. In the idolatrous and darkened land of Egypt, where the paschal lamb was slain and a nation saved by blood, and on which we dwell not now, but hasten on to the prophetic symbols. All these symbols, like the types over which we have passed, are God's called and sent preachers. All but the continued and marvelously varied efforts of God to place his Son upon the thrones of all hearts and keep him there. When we consider that wonderful piece of mechanism, and consider with the Psalmist, how fearfully and wonderfully we are made, and the great diversities of mind, heart, and temperament, together with the multiplied and different methods of access and control, and then look at what the Bible says that God has done, for silly man to reach the conclusion that it is a human invention; that any human would ever have thought of those types and adumbrations; would ever have dreamed of clothing the person whom they desired to dwell in us with those. There is a knowledge of man's nature and weakness and wants that the combined wisdom of the world now, with all the accumulated wisdom of ages, could not devise a plan to meet. The truth is, that neither church nor world have had sense enough to comprehend it, after it has been arranged by the divine mind and spread out before them. Hence their failure to understand and appreciate the prophetic symbols and their design. We have already stated that they are God's called and sent preachers of his Son to the world. The sun mounts his golden pulpit in the east at early morn and eloquently proclaims Christ till evening shades appear. Who that has read and thought of the prophecy can look out upon the golden

god of day and see him brightly shine, and not think of Christ? God has identified the name of Jesus with the sun by throwing His light around and clothing him with it as with a garment. He is the sun of righteousness. Then through the eye the Savior comes when on the sun we look. But amen is said and his pulpit vacated; but not for long. Till forth comes the starry hosts of preachers bright. The text of each is Christ. Each twinkling orb proclaims the hand that made us is divine, and that hand is Christ's. We cannot look up at the shining stars and not think of Christ any more than we can break the bread and not think of his broken body, provided we have studied the one lesson as well as we have the other. He is the Star of Bethlehem — the bright and morning star. But dark clouds may gather o'er us, and their silvery-threaded rays be obscured. True enough; but we will not long be left without a preacher, for the clouds will soon open their eyes, which, are brimful of accumulating tears, and weep them out on the thirsty earth, rejoicing the heart of man and beast, reviving the drooping and withering flowers, cooling the heated bosom of mother earth, refreshing the furrows of the new-plowed field and causing them to laugh in gladness. But better for our souls than all this, they make us think of Christ. "I am the water of life." Every drop of water that falls from an overhanging cloud, that surges in the deep, deep sea when her waves are lifted up and tempest-tossed, that rushes in the rivers, that gurgles in the running brooks, or ripples in the singing rills, preaches. If we hear the rush and roar of mighty waters, he reaches mind and heart through the ear. If we look upon the placid lake or tossing billows, then he comes through the eye. The very stones beneath our feet, on which we thoughtlessly tread, preach to us. He is the foundation stone; the rock of

offenses; the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. We eat our daily bread, for which we give thanks. I wonder if the Christian world gets nothing more of the bread than does the horse or hog that eats the husks. If not, I fear that they have not been listening to this called and sent preacher, or have not understood his sermon, but have been hearing some other who claimed to be called; have not studied prophetic lore. There is to him who understands this sermon by the bread preacher a spiritual as well as physical feast. He eats his bread and feeds on Christ. I am the bread. We put to our thirsty lips the cooling cup to quench our thirst. God intended that his children should get more out of the sparkling water than this, and therefore he indissolubly bound the name of his Son with that element. But if we choose not to study his symbols and use the means he has given to make us think of Christ, and we fail to get a spiritual draught with the brimming cup of water, and choose to let the thirsty ox our equal be, the fault is ours, and not his. We hold in our hand the blushing rose, admire its beauty and inhale its aroma, and through senses of sight and smell, Christ enters our thoughts and feelings. He is the rose of Sharon. We look on deformity and think of him. He is a root out of dry ground, no form or comeliness in him. On beauteous face and form we look, and think of him, the fairest among ten thousand. We hear the roar of the lion, or the bleating of the lamb; we see the form of the fierce forest king, or the timid, fleeing lamb, and through the eye and ear the blessed Jesus comes. The infinite wisdom of this programme will be more manifest when we consider the different classes of character with all their divine, mental and moral idiosyncrasies, habits of thought, education, natural proclivities, etc. Whatever every person in heaven, or upon the earth seeks access to, their hearts seek

to dwell in and control; must know all the avenues of ingress and the best means to employ. We have two classes of character in the world — both, of course, wrong by nature and worse wrong by vicious education — each, perhaps, following a natural proclivity. There are all the intermediates between these extremes, of which we take no note at present. Both of these classes can be reached and brought to Christ, and be made partakers to some extent of the divine nature. But they must be approached through means adapted to them as they are not as they ought to be. The extremes are the aristocrat and the agrarian — the one always looking up, the other down. The aristocrat despises poverty, looks down on manual toil, draws a distinction world-wide between a cartman and Congressman, judges a man not from what he is but from what his ancestry were, asks not about his head, his heart, or his life. But did he come from the Old Dominion, and is he a descendant from or a member of the first families of Virginia? It has never been my fortune to meet with any other. They have a profound regard for nobility, and would freely spend time and money in toadying to the Prince of Wales, who has not more mind than Solomon, and whose morals would do no credit to a tramp. But he is the son of a queen. From this pernicious soil the upas plant has sprung, grown, bloomed, and borne the fruit of death — death to morals, death to person and death to purse — death to States; and, if it was not held in check, would be death to this Republic. It crept into the church of the living God and changed its entire organization. In the church there was no official greatness. Even the idea could not be found, did not exist. Men in the church, finding they could not greatness attain through their brain and heart power, went to work and created offices unknown, got Bible into them, and wrapped themselves in the mantle of great-

ness, for who could fail to venerate the vicegerent of Christ? Who withhold respect from a successor of the apostles? Who fail to regard a bishop above all others? Is he a wiser man? Is he a better man? Does he more work than others? Does he sacrifice more for Christ than others? No. Then why respect him more? 'Tis purely official, and is of the devil, and we are educated to respect the robe of office, even if worn by the devil. Hence, corrupt popes and wicked bishops have been revered and obeyed by the membership of this human invention called churches. This class gave birth to the pernicious idea that has wrought untold evils and injuries. The idea of menial labor, that certain kinds of work are degrading; that a first-class gentleman could not engage therein, measuring the man by that which he did, as if man's standing was to be graded and classified by his occupation. In other words, his calling must confer respectability upon him. God's rule is, the man should confer dignity on what he does; but I presume the commodity grew so beautifully less that the rule had to be reversed. The reader will pardon me for dwelling so long on this great and blighting curse. I have suffered intensely from it. It drove me from the loved State of my adoption; it sent to untimely and dishonored graves many of my then young friends that I loved for their fathers' sake. They had been reared in the lap of luxury — sons and daughters of wealth — been taught to look down with a feeling of pity or contempt on certain sorts of work, particularly that of driving a wagon to city or town, and selling out the loads. This was a work done by the negro and those that the aristocratic negroes called poor white trash — the backwoods toilers and tillers of the soil. That class of whites stood with them about on a par with the slave. They did not have sense enough then, nor have they yet, to separate the thing done from the doer,—

chained the doer and the thing done together — and their pride revolted. They were ashamed to work, too proud to beg, and afraid to steal. There was but one other avenue open, and that was office, big or little. To get office, the colored vote had to be won. To do this, the voter had to be button-holed on the streets, treated in the saloons. For a Southern-raised man to do this he lost his self-respect, and then all was lost. Down he went. I look back at the wrecked lives, and my heart grows sad. I was the first man who lived and moved among, labored for, and was recognized as belonging to what was then known as the upper circle, that ever drove a wagon-load of cotton into the city of Jackson, Miss. That was in 1866. As I was going out home I met Dr. Louis, a Baptist preacher, going in with two bales of cotton. There were few men then that had the nerve to do it. Such was public sentiment. They have learned some since then, but not all yet.

Having said this much in regard to this unfortunately educated class, we come back to the question of how they are to be approached: Shall Christ be presented to them as the manger-born babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes, in the obscure village of Bethlehem? Their pride of place, of birth, and his poor surroundings, revolts. Shall he come to them as the humble, unknown boy, working at his reputed father's trade? They look with contempt on his calling. Shall he come as the poverty-smitten one, so poor he has not where to lay his head? Shall he come in the form of the lowly servant, washing the feet of his disciples? Their pride cries out against the social position and the menial service. He cannot reach them through these manifestations of his person and actions; but he can and does enter their hearts, and dwells therein. But he comes as King of Kings and Lord of Lords. He comes with crowned head

and mitred brow. He comes in robes of light and beauty, not with the robe of mockery, won at Pilate's bar; not with the crown of thorns; not the hiss, the scorn and derision of his multitude of foes; but with the glad acclaim of angel hosts. He comes as the heir of boundless wealth — the heir of all worlds. Coming thus, he knocks and admittance gains. We turn to the other class, whose hearts he never could reach with this side of his miraculous character. They hate kings, despise nobility, abuse all greatness, have a profound contempt for splendor, pomp, and show. The more wealth a man has, the farther he is removed from them. They are great levelers, but level down. When this reaches its climax, it is Nihilism. The nearest way to their badly-trained hearts, is to be poorer than they. From the depths of lowliness and humbleness you must knock, or no admittance gain. They in humility will bend o'er the sleeping poverty-wrapped babe, and press a loving kiss upon his infant lips. The manger is in harmony with their tastes. His complaint that the foxes and birds are wealthier than he, finds a ready response in their hearts, and they gather in at the side of his poverty, humiliation, and abandonment. They look, while the other class turn from these and accept him in his majesty, greatness, grandeur, wealth, and power. If this be not true will any one give a reason for his poverty — his humiliation. He could have died for our sins as well without as with. But the important question to each and all is, not how he entered, but has he? and does he dwell there by faith? A brief recapitulation of prophetic symbols, and we close the lecture. God through these has hung out the Christ from the heavens above. We look at the beautiful star-gemmed skies, and these speak of Christ; on the earth, he is beneath our feet and all around us. The rocks on which we tread, the water we drink, the bread we eat, the

rose, the lily of the valley, wherever we may be, wherever go, whatever do, we are in the midst of reminders of Him who loves us — beneath our feet and o'er our heads, and all around — all the symbols of this wonderful person of whom the prophets spoke.

CHAPTER VI.

CHRIST FROM THE DIVINE, THE HUMAN, AND THE DEMONIACAL STANDPOINTS.

THE Book teaches us that God desired the death of his Son, that man desired his death, and devils desired it. Either this is true or false. We ask not now whether it is of divine arrangement or a human invention. We simply assert what will not be denied, that the Bible so teaches. It is just as miraculous from the one standpoint as the other. If any human mind conceived the idea of traveling back over four thousand years to the beginning, when time was young, and of introducing God as setting out on this enterprise, and following it down through the ages, in every movement made on the chess-board of the world, then it was a miracle. Abel's blood-stained altar is a strange, wonderful thing — that first type of Christ. The plan of God to redeem the world from sin through the death of his Son was prefigured from the first. True, it was not then understood as it is now by us. We follow this aim in all the Bible says that God did; in his dealings with his chosen people; in all the famines, plagues, and pestilences, captivities, bondages, and deliverances; in the promises made to Abraham; in all God did with his nation, and with other nations. Everywhere, on every hand along the march of sacred history, we witness evidence of slow, steady, manifold preparation for one great end. Then in due time, and just at the right time, the desire of men and of devils devel-

ops. If man fixed this programme, then he held in utter abeyance all the laws that have governed mind since God gave to man the power of thought. What could have suggested the idea of making this being a subject of types, promises, prophecies — arraying against him three worlds: heaven, earth, and hell? His own Father; his own brethren; his own nation, and his own world? Is there anything in all the histories, in all the fables, that has even a resemblance to a single feature of this wonderful statement of the case? The man who thinks it a human invention is really too easily gulled to make a decent Christian.

We next inquire into the reasons why his death was thus eagerly and anxiously sought by all the parties named; what the motives prompting each to act the part he or they took in this strange and terrible tragedy. Each moving from his own standpoint; each influenced by different feelings, purposes and desires; coming together at but one angle; having nothing in common except the desire to accomplish his death, we first inquire into the desires and motives seeming to influence the great God. As revealed to us by the apostles, God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that he through him might save the world. When God's image wandered off; when man became alienated in heart and rebellious in action; when he covered himself with sin, as with a garment; when he was dying, and was without God and without hope, one of two things had to be done: Help must come or God be dishonored, and man be forever lost. Creation must be blotted out and a failure admitted, or help must be laid upon one mighty and able to undo the incalculable injury done. In all the vast resources within reach of divine infinite wisdom; among all the powers, persons, agencies, instrumentalities, there could but one be found. The great book containing the destiny of the world is sealed,

and who can break the seals and read therefrom? The Lion of the tribe of Judah prevailed! Let us look for a moment at the dilemma: God had to deal with not what might have been, nor with what ought to have been, but with what was — with existing facts.

Man is alienated; that alienation must be destroyed. Man loves me not; his love must be gained. Man loves sin; the love of sin must be destroyed. Man's footsteps are wandering far away from his Father's house; they must be turned back. But how? How win back lost love? *Through the omnipotent power of love.* How manifest or make known that love? Through the strongest token or proof that can be found with God, angels, or men. And what is that highest and strongest? That God or man should give his son to die for his enemies, or his friends either. How destroy the love of sin? Through death for sin. Speak to a sinning world from the lips of a bleeding corpse, and tell them, this is what your sins have done! Could any other means have been used? Would God have given up his only Son to die, the just for the unjust that he might bring us to God? Could any other have brought us to God? Those who so think, and regard it as matter of choice with God, as they are compelled to do by their foolish and wicked creeds, make God a more horrid monster than the poet makes vice. Give up your Son to save your world or give up your world! Give him up, or draw the dark curtain of night and annihilation over and around your image forever. Let the race be blotted out, or fill your new-made world with its teeming millions in all its ages. Let them enjoy the life they have, and furnish them the means, through the use of which they may enjoy an unending life of uninterrupted bliss in your presence forever and ever. One or the other must be done, or one of the chief attributes of God would have

fled his throne forever—*Justice*. And so God decided, so acted!

His great fatherly-God love for us engendered the desire to bless and save, even at so great a sacrifice. Up to this time, God had worked alone through his own chosen agencies. But now the fullness of time had come; the time for other actors to appear upon the stage and play their own chosen parts. God performs his part, and brings his Son into the world, born of a woman; born under the law; born in a manger, in Bethlehem of Judea. His birth was not unexpected. The Jews were looking for the advent of some extraordinary personage in fulfillment of their misunderstood prophecies. The Gentiles, through the teaching of the Jews concerning their looked-for Shiloh, were on the tip-toe of expectation. So both Christian and infidel writers tell us. As soon as the sign of his birth is seen, another actor appears. How different in his feelings, motives, and purposes from that of the first. Instead of love, hate. Instead of philanthropy world-wide, intense selfishness, not desiring to benefit or bless any. His is the political standpoint. As soon as he sees the bright beaming light of the beautiful Bethlehem star, the fires of fierce hatred blaze up in his selfish and corrupt heart. Nothing but blood and death can extinguish them. Cæsar's crown is in danger, and Cæsar's throne may be shaken. But that is not what troubles him. Herod may have to vacate, unless he convinces his master that he is watchful, vigilant, and unscrupulous in guarding his throne from threatened danger. So, with murder in his heart that ought to shock a devil, he adds if possible to its turpitude by throwing the mantle of sanctity around it, and deceiving wise and good men. He made them believe that he desired to be among the first of earth's great names to do homage to the new-born wonder. He

loaded them with the costliest offerings his wealth could purchase, telling them that when they found the young king, and reported, he would still a richer offering bring. These wise men went forth in good faith: in faith laid their precious gifts at the Prince's feet. Being warned of God in a dream, they never made their report. The child was sent into Egypt, beyond the reach of this monster in human form. His wrath then was so great that he sent out his minions and slew all the male children from two years old and under. Such was his desire for the death of Jesus that he filled the households with weeping over helpless infants slain. The Jews, his own people, began to move at a later day, after he entered upon his Father's work; after he began to teach and preach, since he taught not as the scribes, they moved from the ecclesiastical standpoint.

Their hatred was, perhaps, even more bitter than that of the politicians. He denounced their revered traditions; said they had made void the law of God by them; proclaimed woe upon the expositors of Mosaic law; called their priesthood whited sepulchres without, within full of rottenness and dead men's bones; ran contrasts between what was then law, and what would be Gospel; began to talk of another vineyard, another sheepfold, clearly indicating, by parables and teachings without parables, that a great change was beginning to dawn; that old things were about to pass away. He clearly taught it as he dare do, without endangering his whole plan; clear enough for them to realize that Judaism was in danger. Hence their hatred and their united effort to put him down. At first they did not contemplate violence. They resorted to all other means that a wily and unscrupulous priesthood could invent. Slander, misrepresentation, efforts to entrap, appeals to long-standing prejudices of birth-place, and calling. They exclaimed,

"Can any good come out of Nazereth?" "Is not this the son of Joseph, the carpenter?" "He eats with publicans and sinners." But why enumerate? This old sectarian programme has been gone over and over again, till it has become stale. All this failing, they thought, "Our altars, sacrifices, laws, priesthood, rites, and ceremonies must be saved; our religion must be perpetuated; and if this man throws himself in its way and attempts its overthrow, then he must die!" Here, for the present, we leave this party and attend to the third.

The devil is really not as much to blame as the Jew religionist, or the Gentile politician, nor was he so great a fool. While it is true that the success of Jesus would eventually destroy the religion of the one and the politics of the other, he would give them both what was infinitely better than either. But if the devil's kingdom were overturned, he would be left in a helpless condition. He moves from his own standpoint of hate, and moves to save his kingdom. He scorns the idea, if it entered his mind at all, of seeking aid. Like a skillful general, he sought his battle-field, his own time and place. His place, the wilderness; his time, the end of a forty days' fast. He, like the other, did not at first seek the life of the Son of Man. If he could seduce him from the path of duty and get him in his power, as he did the first Adam; if he could turn him aside from his mission of salvation; get him to abandon God and serve the devil, then his empire would be freed from danger. When Christ was greatly anhungered, and enfeebled by unbroken fast, the devil made his cowardly assault. "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." It is written: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." The tempter is foiled, the temptation a failure!

The devil then taketh him up to the pinnacle of the temple, and says: "If thou be the Son of God cast thyself down." And to strengthen the temptation, he underprops it with the Sacred Scriptures — misquoted — a favorite practice of the devil. The Savior says again: "It is written, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God," or, "Thou shalt not put thy God to the proof." Defeated again, and his chosen weapon turned against himself, he then taketh Jesus into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and saith unto him: "All these shall be thine if thou wilt fall down and worship me." This is by far the strongest of the three temptations offered, into the philosophy of which we enter not at present. And yet there is a compliment in the offer that ought not to be passed without notice — a compliment worthy so great a personage as great as the prince of the power of the air to give. This is a conflict of no ordinary character, viewed from any standpoint. The actors are sovereigns — one of heaven, the other of earth and hell; one ruling over good men and angels, the other over bad men and devils. The object for which they contend is also worthy the contending parties: It is for a world — of the living and of the dead. Shall the devil retain what is his, and what he has and holds, or shall all be wrested from his grasp? He has a kingdom in this world; he has the kingdom of the dead, and carries the keys that lock up both body and soul. Shall his enemy — Christ — prevail against him, win his subjects to himself, and then gather their bodies out of their graves and the souls out of hades? These are the issues involved. The devil owned the kingdoms of the world, and their glory was his, because his subjects owned it, and he owned them. "Ye are the children of the devil," said the great Teacher. They were his

by right of conquest and by voluntary servitude. God created Adam, and gave him the world as his heritage. The devil overcame him, and got possession of him and the world. His title is, therefore, in legal parlance, a *bona fide* and indisputable title. Crowned heads that sat upon thrones were but his minions to do his will. And they were all against the Lord and his Christ. It was, therefore, no idle boast of his when he made the offer, and I doubt not he would have complied with his promise. This brings us to the compliment paid to Christ, and a left-handed one to all his subjects. "All these will I give to thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me."—treating them as though they were so many cattle, sheep, or oxen, belonging to him. And so small was the estimate placed upon them that he would trade off their devotion, their services, themselves, and all they had for the allegiance, the worship of this single, lonely, and friendless man.

That the blessed Lord felt the influence of this temptation none can doubt, for Paul says, "He was tempted in all points, as we are tempted." This is the strongest and most alluring form in which temptation could possibly present itself to the mind of man, or of devil, for you may rest assured that it was, in his estimation, the most potent within the grasp of his satanic mind. Having twice failed, and this being the last, and his all being at stake, we would expect him to park his heaviest artillery and make his last, grandest charge. That is just what he did, and he signally failed. "It is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." The devil then gave up the contest, and acknowledged defeat by leaving the field of conflict. Then, and not till then, aid supernatural came. Angels came and ministered unto him. As a man, relying upon human weapons and strength, he the

victory had gained. There now seems to be for a time a cessation of hostilities — a sort of armistice. The Gentiles could make no further demonstrations, for he was loyal to Cæsar. The Jews could not yet find just cause for hostile action. Time passes; light increases; knowledge begins to run to and fro; the priesthood begin to lose their hold upon the consciences of the people. The iron bands of old traditions are being broken. Jewish wrath is kindled at last into a consuming flame. Their most cherished visions of future national glory, through this long looked for Shiloh, were proving visions indeed. Their delusive dreams were being rudely broken, both for national and religious perpetuity, and scattered to the four winds. And now the dark and damning thought of murder takes full possession of their minds and hearts, and had it not been for the fact that the power of life and death had passed from their hands, short work would have been made. "By our law," they said, "he ought to die, and what need have we of further witness?" But they were compelled to form a partnership with their hated enemy, Rome; and as empires are involved, the empires of life and of death, a political empire and an ecclesiastical empire, the Jewish kingdom, Gentile kingdom, and the devil's kingdom — the devil not feeling disposed to let other parties do this grand work for him when he had such vast and stupendous interests involved — desirous of sharing in the results that they thought would follow, must come in and play his part in the bloody tragedy. In order to do this he is compelled to lower his dignity and admit that which he never had admitted — that he could not succeed alone. Another and awful letting down of dignity, from which I don't think he has recovered up to the present time, and never will, was the characters with whom the partnership had to be formed. Of all the despicable, hate-

ful, wicked, corrupt things in human form, that fills an honest heart with a loathing unutterable, is a corrupt priest and a corrupt politician, and these were the two classes with which the combination must be made. The tripartite treaty was agreed upon and the line of action marked out, the part of each assigned. The ecclesiastician was to arraign and charge, the politician was to try and condemn and execute, the devil was to take his body dead and put it in the grave, lock up his soul in hades, with the souls of all of Adam's race, except Enoch and Elijah. He even had the body of Moses.

After the partnership is entered into there is concert of action up to the desired end. Jesus is dead; each has done his allotted part, and done it well; malice is gratified; hatred satisfied; revenge glutted. There was a grand jubilee in Judaism. We have forever silenced the voice of him who denounced our priests, traditions, and customs. And in hell there was a grander and greater, because of the interests involved. Methinks the jubilee was equal to that sung by the immortal blind bard when Lucifer was hurled from the battlements of heaven down to hell. Milton says when his banner was upraised on a flag-staff larger than a Norwegian pine, and its dark folds unfurled over the sulphurous lake, from the expelled hosts, who underneath it stood, a shout went up so loud that it burst asunder the concave of hell, and frightened old Chaos, a thousand leagues beyond. But the rejoicings in both were short, only till the third day! There is a body missing from among the dead; the sepulchre is empty! The devil is as much surprised as Jew or Gentile. Worse than that for him, he visits hades and finds the soul has fled! The prophecy is fulfilled, "Thou wilt not suffer his soul to remain in hades, nor his body to see corruption." The devil then realized the fact that the very means he had

used to prevent the ruin of his empire were the ones that had overturned it. The death for which he had toiled so long and hard was the power by which his kingdom was to be destroyed, and through which his own most faithful subjects were to be drawn to God. To add to his deep mortification was the knowledge that he had been co-operating with God; that he was accomplishing the end for which God had sent his Son into the world. God could have accomplished his object without the aid of Jew, Gentile, or devil. Christ could have died for the sins of the world, and nothing have been done by any of them. For all that they did, did not really take away his life. He laid it down and took it up again. But, as their corrupt hearts prompted them to lend their help, and as they had their own ends to reach, and assumed that they knew just how to do it, God permitted each and all of them to pursue his own course. And when man finds that his wisest plans are brought to nought; that when he undertakes to defeat God, brings his highest wisdom into action, lays deep his plans, and laboriously carries them out, at last finds that he has signally failed; finds that every move he made, every step he took, was working out the opposite of what he desired, and was really accomplishing the desires of the enemy. This ought to teach men, and devils too, not to fight against God! The Jews learned and realized that the death of Christ, instead of perpetuating their nationality, would be the means of its utter annihilation; instead of perpetuating their religion, it was the only means that could have destroyed it. When they laid their hands on him, to put him to death, they laid their hands on the pillars on which their two temples stood. They crumbled beneath their touch, and in ruins they lay, and lie yet, and so must ever be. The devil realized that the day would come when not a body could be found in a

grave, and not a soul in hades; that his own hand had overturned his own empire of death. He fully measured the extent of damage done; he as clearly saw as John on Patmos saw, a world of dead, small and great, stand before God; he heard the sound of the resurrection trump as it mingled with the noise of the Apocalyptic thunders; he heard the breaking in pieces of this old rock-ribbed world; he heard the voice of him, who called worlds from nought, when he bids the dead come forth; he saw them come! From the coral reefs of the deep, deep sea, the unshrouded, the uncoffined dead come; from the bosom of the earth they come! He heard the joyous shouts of ransomed hosts, redeemed by blood, as they sing in the everlasting city of the Great King, our Lord.

CHAPTER VII.

CHRIST VIEWED AS THE GREAT SACRIFICE.

AT the threshold of our subject we meet with two miracles: First. The very idea of sacrifice — from whence came it? What human mind would ever have conceived the thought of setting right his wrongs by sacrifice? What possible benefit could it be to himself to burn his tobacco, as some poor Indians do; to pour out his oil or wine; to offer his flour or his fruits? What benefit to the being, real or imaginary, to whom they are sacrificed? He surely has no use for them. He neither chews, smokes, eats, nor drinks. Reason would say, it is a senseless and wicked waste.

The second miracle is, the sacrifice that takes away sin, is blood — spilled blood — from which our nature shrinks, unless perverted and hardened. The more refined, cultivated, and pure we become, the more revolting is the shed blood of man. That any human mind should originate the idea that it could get rid of sins by making an innocent lamb, kid, or bird bleed instead of man, is a mental and moral impossibility. That man would conceive the thought of selecting that which is the most repulsive to all the gentler and nobler elements of our nature, and make it the medium of approach to God, is absolutely too absurd to be discussed with patience. What would reason say? If you wish to drive man from me, pour blood on his path, that will fill him with horror!

We are brought nigh by the blood of Christ, says the Holy Book, and without the shedding of blood, there is no remis-

sion. Who declares this? God! Where did the idea of sacrifices originate? In the mind of God. And then we prove there is a God, for the idea is in the world. Man could not create it, therefore it must have come from God. The doctrine of miracles immovably stands, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. I am not unfamiliar with the argument used by infidelity denying this doctrine of miracles, and contending that it is human in origin. Its universality is urged in objection; that bloody sacrifices existed farther back than travels the memory of man; that it is almost world-wide; prevails in savage, as well as civilized religion. There are three ways of accounting for this fact: First. By the old dogma of innate ideas, long ago exploded, and no thinker left to honor its dead corpse. The second is, that man invented it, and it was communicated from him to others, and that on tradition's sea it floated — on tradition's waves it was borne to all ages and nations. This philosophically accounts for its universality, but by no means proves the origin. Advocates of this theory strangely forget to tell us what man originated it, and when and where was it done, in what book was it written, and who wrote it.

Is not this a stupendous draft upon the credulity of the world? To believe such a proposition would be to attain to the truly miraculous, or to sink to idiocy. I think I have already shown that man could not originate the thought.

Our Book gives you its origin and its author. It goes away back to the birth of time and gives us the beginning of all sacrifices.

You may deny the inspiration of Moses, and contend that he only recorded the traditions of the Jews. Well, suppose this is true; we follow back tradition's stream through the patriarchal age, and it brings us up against Abel's altar and his bleeding lamb; to the rejection of Cain's offering, be-

cause there was no faith and no blood; to all the sacrifices of time on to the days of Abraham. There were no differences in the sacrifices of the people, but they so far departed from God that he had to separate Abraham from among them. He must cut Abraham off and hedge him in, and keep up through him and his seed a line of faithful worshipers; must keep the idea of one living God from being lost forever, they not retaining God in their minds, for when they knew him, Paul tells us, that they glorified him not as God; their foolish hearts became so darkened that they concluded that he was like beasts and birds and creeping things. They engaged in the work of god-making, and as the stream could not rise above the fountain, the best gods they had were bad human passions deified. Their mental and moral status is measured by their conceptions as embodied in the forms of their gods. At first they were in the forms of men, then the highest types of animals. Growing more blind and corrupt, the forms of animals, birds, fishes, and creeping things were exhausted. Then the inventive powers of genius is engaged in combining forms, and out of a variety of animals, constructed a monstrosity. This reached the climax — they could no farther go. They still retained the idea of sacrifices; clear when they first parted from Abraham, but growing misty and confused when left to themselves.

By looking at Butler's Ancient Geography and map, you will discover that those near the channels through which Jewish tradition flowed were less depraved and blind than those who wandered farther off. Their gods were not so vile, nor so numerous. Their gods, being a combination of human and animal passions, of course were a compound of all conceivable villainies, rascalities, and meanness. There is not an honest, just, wise, humane, or

decent god in all mythology; and among their goddesses they claim but one, and she is not above suspicion. Cruel, revengeful, unjust, vindictive, full of hatred and lust — owing to the character of their gods — their sacrifices became as much perverted as their gods. They were offered for a purpose dishonorable to their meanest god and disgraceful to those who changed the design to suit the nature of their gods. They were, and are, offered to appease the wrath of their gods; to get them to be gracious. I remark in passing, in this disgrace Rome and all Protestantism largely share.

They had their scale of gods and their scale of sacrifices. The anger of an inferior god could be appeased with an inferior sacrifice. As we ascend the scale, the sacrifices must increase in value. When the great god, Moloch, is reached, nothing less than the warm, gushing blood of sweet children can turn his wrath. They made their children pass through the fire unto Moloch. What a ghastly, horrid, bloody picture.

When the heathen philosophers were converted to Christianity, they brought with them, as all converts do, some of their cherished dogmas. Among them, was their theory of sacrifices. Finding that Christ was sacrificed for sin, and applying their theory to this Gospel fact, they perverted and destroyed the design and power of the sacrifice. They admitted the superior greatness and majesty of the God of Christianity over their gods; admitted the superiority of Christ, as an offering, over their sacrifices — even their children. They reasoned as philosophers. From their premises, as Moloch is so great his anger can not be appeased with anything less precious than human blood, God's anger can not be appeased even with this. Nothing less than the blood of his Son can turn aside his wrath — can influence

him and cause him to be propitious. The sword of justice must be bathed in blood, and Christ became the sinners' substitute and received the blow. This horrid dogma was in harmony with the persecuting spirit of Rome — the man of sin and son of perdition — and was by Rome adopted and preached. Out of this grew their mass and transubstantiation, in which Roman Catholics can enjoy the exquisite pleasure of offering to their God the blood of his own Son every time they eat his flesh and drink his blood. Protestantism drank deep of this cup of abomination, even to drunkenness. Out of this grew all those dogmas and theories that blur the pages of creeds and commentaries, such as, "Paying the Debt Due from Us to Divine Justice," "Dying in Our Law, Room, and Stead," "Enabling God to be Just and the Justifier of the Believer," "Magnifying the Divine Law and Making it Honorable." Even the creed of the granddaughter of the mother of harlots, the Methodist Episcopal Church, has an article of faith on the design of this sacrifice as dishonorable to God, and as disgraceful to them, as anything Rome ever perpetrated in the way of doctrine making. Particularly so, since the Holy Spirit had left them an article on the subject, declaring that God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself.

Methodism says, God was in Christ *reconciling himself to the world!* The one presents God as a loving, sympathizing Father, the other, as a monster who had become so angry against man that nothing but blood could reconcile him. If their article is true, and if his death was a success, then the world is in no danger; God is reconciled, the debt is paid, and man goes free.

When we show that the death of Christ was not to effect that for which they contend; that it was not to pay this debt that we owed to divine justice; that we have to pay

the sad debt in our own persons, and that it would be unjust to collect it twice, they go to work and magnify the debt, and say that we died three deaths in Adam — temporal, spiritual, and eternal. They are bound to admit that we pay the physical part, and our Savior surely did not pay that. To escape this, they get up the other two. Did Christ die spiritually for us? Did he die an eternal death? If he cancels, by his death, our indebtedness, must he not die the same deaths that we die, whether one or one thousand? How can his physical death satisfy the claims of Justice, when she claims three deaths? She proposes to inflict upon me three deaths, but agrees to cancel two out of the three. If Christ will die a physical death for me, and then I die for myself, we will play quits. And this is called satifying the claims of justice. They assume that God could not have pardoned sin without the shedding of blood; that the power and right to pardon were withdrawn from him when man sinned, and that the death of Christ restored to him that power to pardon. Suppose it be true that he could not pardon without blood, how, in reason's name, could the death of an innocent man restore to him the power lost? This theory makes his death take effect on God instead of man. I say that God could have pardoned without sacrifice; that he never lost for a moment the pardoning power; that he could have pardoned and yet dishonored no law, except the law of justice; that the death of his Son made him no more willing to pardon than he was without it; that it had nothing to do in reconciling him, for he was never irreconciled. It had nothing to do in kindling his love for us; nothing in prompting him to be gracious to us; nothing in satisfying the claims of divine justice; nothing in appeasing his wrath; in gratifying his revenge for violated law.

Then, you may ask, why did Christ die — where the necessity of his death? Let the Holy Spirit tell. He died to reconcile us to God; by his blood we are brought nigh; he died to crucify us to the world, and the world to us; he died to make known the love of God for us. "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me." He died that our hearts might be sprinkled from an evil conscience; he died to destroy the alienation, the enmity of the human heart; he died to destroy in us the love of sin; to kill us to sin and make us alive to God.

Now, back to the question, Why did he not pardon without blood? Look at that universally misunderstood text in Rom. iii: 26: "To declare I say at this time his righteousness, that he might be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus!" On this I remark, that the controversy between Paul and the Jews was not in regard to the justice of God in pardoning them. This they never doubted. It was not in regard to them — the first hour laborers in the parable — but in regard to the Gentiles, the eleventh hour laborers that the injustice was plead. They claimed justification through fleshly descent and works of law. Paul changes the basis of justification, and proves that it is by faith in Jesus. Being by faith, it is as just on the part of God to justify the Gentile as it is to justify them, the Jews. But, still the question presses. If God could have pardoned or justified without blood, why did he not do it? And how did the death of Christ justify him in pardoning the believer and no other? First. It would be unjust to thrust pardon on a sovereign, a free agent. Second. It would be unjust to pardon one who is in love with sin. Third. It would dishonor God to thrust pardon upon a rebel who hated him and his government. This would be to make himself a party to sins, worse than compounding a felony; would be offering a

bonus for sin. Fourth. Unjust, because the sinner would be injured thereby, being encouraged to continue in sin, because it would do him no good; he would continue to sin and be pardoned; and every time he is pardoned he is but encouraged to sin. Then, the first thing to be done is to create a desire for forgiveness; to procure a death to sin, and a turning from sin; destroy the love of sin; to draw man away from sin, and draw him back to God; bring his mind and heart to that point where pardon is joyfully accepted. What power can accomplish these results? The omnipotent power of love — God's love. And how is that to be securely placed in human hearts? God must make known that love by the strongest proof. The strongest evidence of love that can be given is that a son should be given up to death. God so loved the world that he gave his only Son to die, the just for the unjust.

What for? For any of the reasons assigned in those abominable heathen, God-dishonoring Roman and Protestant theories? No! But that he might bring us to God. In view of these facts, the apostle could truly say, The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation. In it is all the moral power of God to win the love of hearts — through the death of Jesus. The love of God is thus poured into our hearts. We love God because he first loved us. These visionary theorists having transferred his death power from the heart of the sinner to the mind and feelings of God, it ceased to be the power of God to save, and became, in their parlance, a dead letter. Hence the necessity to find some other converting power, and then was hatched this orthodox myth of direct abstract spiritual influence. All converting power transferred from the Son, who sorrowed, sighed, suffered, groaned, bled, and died for us, to the Spirit who never felt a pang for human woes.

But we must attend to the reasons why this plan so strange was adopted. I shall give but these, why sacrifices entered into and became such a prominent part in the divine plan. It was from necessity, not from choice — nothing else could reach man. The first reason is protective, God dare not allow guilt to stand in its nakedness in his presence without compromising his purity. Hence he commanded the worshiper to associate with himself the innocent, the sinless. So that the shadow of innocence might cast itself over guilt. Abel, the sinner, his lamb the sinless. Had Abel, the guilty sinner, stood alone in the presence of God, it would be charged that his nature is not so much averse to sin as he would have us believe. The second grows out of the fact that there are two formative influences, by which religious character is fashioned, two factors which create, build up, and perfect Christian character and life. These are the object or objects worshiped, and the sacrifices through which the worship is offered. The fondest and highest hope of all sincere worshipers is to become like their God, or gods, to assimilate in character to them. And it is these two influences operating on our minds, that molds us into the likeness of the object worshiped. When the Jew worshiper approached the altar with his lamb or kid, if in spirit and in truth he was thinking of God. They never could rise to a perfect religious manhood, when his thoughts went up to God, he was being assimilated to him, but his lamb or kid struggled in his arms, and his thoughts were called away from the contemplation of the higher nature of God down to a nature lower than his own. Paul saw this when he said the sacrifices under the law could never make the comer thereto perfect as pertaining to the conscience. It was in these sacrifices that the law was weak. Here the lines are clearly drawn between Heathenism, Juda-

ism, and Christianity. And here the sin of idolatry looms up. In what does the sin consist? In worshiping that which is inferior to man; because man will assimilate to the thing worshiped. We assimilate to objects thought of and loved by us. The worshipers of animals become brutalized. Such is the force of this curious law, that an impressible wife, in process of time, if she loves her husband, becomes not only like him in her ways and movements, but really looks like him. It changes the expression, the personal appearance.

The crowning glory of the Christian religion consists more in its sacrifices than all else in it; its power to lift man up into a higher spiritual plane. The sacrifice through which the Christian approaches and worships God is divine — God in his divine nature is far superior to man. The Jew worshiped the same God; but through a sacrifice lower than his own nature, hence its imperfection. It was the best though that could be done at that time and under that dispensation for reasons we can not now enter into. God recognized the influence of this law of assimilation. And in order that as little deleterious influence as possible might be felt by the worshiper, through his sacrifice, no ravenous beast or bird of prey, was ever on Jewish altar slain. No old stubborn, cross, vicious, or deformed animal ever bled for Jewish sins. But those that were without blemish. They were but the types of a perfect sacrifice, and therefore right that they should be the most perfect of their kind. Hence, they were all to be perfect, young, innocent. But, how immeasurably superior the sacrifice of the sinner, and the Christian now when he comes to God. He comes not alone; it is not the guilty, crime-covered and sin-stained man walking into the presence of a sin-hating God; by faith he associates with himself God's own appointed sacrifice.

With Jesus he stands before God! The guilty and the innocent together stand. The guilt of the sinner is covered by the mantle of the sinless. By faith he lays his hand on his sacrifice, and pleads: "Oh, God, I come to thee for pardon — I come claiming the Lamb as my only and my precious offering. Look upon the face of thine anointed, and then in mercy look on me." Both the God approached, worshiped, and adored; and the glorious sacrifice through which it is done are all above man. In them dwells the might of all purifying power. Thus, the two formative influences dwell in our hearts; and we are all purified by the contact. Thus, the Christian becomes more God-like, more Christ-like, the oftener he appears before God through Christ. If this be not true, I see no reason why we should worship God at all. Nor do I see why the worship of an idol would not do man as much good, as the worship of God. But, I must to the third and last reason.

The death of Jesus was the only power that could turn man from sin; that could destroy the love of sin. I know this is true from the fact that God seized upon this power; that had there been any other, God would have chosen that and spared his Son. If man could have been turned from sin and its service; could have been brought back to God without it he would have mercy shown, and pardon granted without sacrifice at all; certainly without the sacrifice of His loved Son. Prate not to me about satisfying the demands of infinite law, reigning in our law, room, and stead, appeasing the divine wrath. In the language of a D.D. who was drunk from deep libations from this heathen and Romish cup of fornication: "The beaming throne of an angry God was sprinkled o'er with blood divine and wrath was turned to love." Talk not to me of the sword of justice being stained with his blood that mine might not be spilled:

of his paying my debt that I might go free! You make God a monster more horrid than Moloch. He could be propitiated with the children's blood. But justice, as the dogma says, demands the blood of a divine personage. What claims had justice on me? What did I owe her? My life. Did Jesus pay the debt? No, justice collects it from me. What did Jesus do? He admitted the claim; He said to justice: "Draw your sword and cut him down, his life is forfeited. Lay his body in the grave and his soul in the state of the dead. In after ages, you can thrust your sword through my body — on me you have no claims — you can have one more body than was in the bond, I offer it voluntarily. It is mine to give. I ally man's nature to mine — and divinity to humanity. I will dwell among the dead; I will undo your work; I will come out of the grave; ransom his body from death; will enter Hades and bring out his soul. I will set both soul and body free and restore them to God."

From the time man became a sinner up to the offering of this sacrifice, all the efforts of God were directed to the end of turning man from sin. He exhausted the resources of heaven, first, teaching in words, pointing out to man the nature of sin and its malignant power and influence. He used the language of famine and pestilence among the Jews to turn them away from sin. He used banishment and bondage and the sword. He used the language of blood and death. This, the design of sacrifices, from Abel down through the Patriarchal and Jewish ages.

But all failed, one more, and only one can be made, one more lesson taught in blood and death. If this fails, then man is doomed — God can do no more. He sends his Son, and when the dark and fatal moment comes, when he bows his head in death, God utters his last denunciation against sin in the voice of death; and the last lesson is written in

characters of blood. By withdrawing his presence from his dying Son, God shows his abhorrence. It was this withdrawal of the Father's presence from him, that cast the dark shadow over his life; this that caused the agony in the garden, when bathed in tears and blood, he cried to God to let the bitter cup pass; not the cup of death; this would degrade, and make a coward of the great Captain of our salvation. It is a shame that any one ever thought or wrote that death was the bitter cup. He knew the time drew near, when the sins of the whole of Adam's sinning race would be transferred to, or laid on him, and the Father would hide his face from him. Then the anguished cry is heard, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" He bowed his head — his life went out. God says to us by this hiding his face in that moment of darkness: See what sin has done, read its nature — so hateful to my nature that I could not look upon the sinless, when sin was transferred to him. I now lay the dead body of my son, stained in blood, before you, step over it and you plunge into ruin. If it turns you back — causes you to appreciate its nature — causes you to die to sin, you may ascend the holy hill of Zion — be lifted up to heaven and dwell in my presence forever, and partake of the glory, honor and riches of my Beloved Son!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE POWER OF A THOUGHT.

ALL systems, divine and human, have in their center some vitalizing, controlling power, which moves the whole machinery, however vast and complicated it may be. This is as true of the Christian system as of any other. It is our purpose, in this discourse, to present and partly develop the central idea of our holy religion, from which all its parts, either as causes or effects, derive their harmony, power and influence in molding character, fashioning and controlling action, moving all the other agencies and instrumentalities that bring about the great and indescribably grand and glorious results — honor to God and salvation to man. This idea is expressed in a single sentence by the Apostle Paul: "Christ died for our sins." In it all the moral power of God is concentrated. In this idea the three attributes, through which all matter, all mind, and all morals were created and are governed, are brought to light. His wisdom, justice, and power were manifest in ten thousand ways — all his attributes, except that of *love*, the highest and most omnipotent of them all. But this attribute of infinite love could find only one voice through which it could be uttered in its fullness and perfection, and that was the voice of death — the death of his only begotten Son. But, before we attempt to measure this thought of God, the grandest ever originating, even in his infinite mind — the thought of giving Christ to die for our sins — perhaps it

would be well to select a few human thoughts, and measure, to some extent, the power that in them dwells, and out of these we can a sort of Jacob's ladder make, by the use of which we may climb up and get at least a shadowy glimpse of this divine thought. A philosopher in his garden sat in the cooling shade of evening's hour, his great mind on thoughts immortal bent. He saw an apple fall and an idea caught which revolutionized the world of science. This was but a human thought, caught in a single moment of fleeting time, by a single human mind, and yet, when you come to follow its pathway of light, wonder and awe profound follow it in its developments, grappling with the grand centripetal and centrifugal forces that hold worlds, and systems of worlds, in their orbits, that guide the sun in his course, the moon and stars in their way. One moment's suspension of their immeasurable influence, and world against world in wild confusion dash, until creation's mighty fabric fall, and utter ruin brood o'er its wreck. Can you measure a tithe of its influence upon the mental and physical world? The mental expansion of the student's mind, as he dwells among the starry worlds of light, drinking in their diversified glories and beauties? Can you calculate the moral influence that steals over his mind and heart as, with the sweet singer of Israel, he exclaims, truly "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork!" If such are the influences of a human thought, what mind can grasp — what imagination conceive — what angel tongue can tell the influence of this great God-thought?

A somewhat dreamy boy, sitting by the winter fire, while his good mother was preparing their frugal evening's meal, and no doubt fretting as fond mothers will, when their loved ones do not come up to the standard of their fond dreams; and Jimmy did not, he was rather given to day-dreaming,

reticent and abstracted in his moods. The tea kettle was singing its merry song in rather hissing, sputtering hot notes, nevertheless, it was music. Jimmy was watching, as the steam was seeking to escape its pent up imprisonment. He saw the lid rise and fall; his boyish mind an idea caught, which has given to his name immortality this side the grave. Who can follow this thought, as like a mighty giant, it strides around the world — a majestic, conquering king; laying its steel bars across States and continents! Hitching its long line of cars to the iron horse, described by some writer of poetic fancy as a monster breathing smoke, with lungs of fire, encased in ribs of steel or iron; bearing the products of the soil of different States to each other's door. Then commerce and manufactures, and people too, enabling us to pay a hasty call on neighbors, hundreds of miles away, and return before they have hardly missed us at home. It whirls the spindles, drives the looms, plies the shuttles that make the fabric to clothe the world. The pilot can now hold the bow of the magnificent steamship in the eye of the wind, and laugh at that which once wore out his patience. A dead calm. No fears now of rent and tattered sails, when the storm god grows angry and too fiercely breathes upon them. On he guides his great floating sea-house amidst calms and storms, to her destined port. He ought to be and is, a brute in human form, if he does not thank God for giving to some mind the power to give birth to this mighty and humane thought.

This government of ours, like Christianity, has but one foundation corner-stone; but one central, establishing idea. All the others are but developments of this. It is the only life-giving idea — national life — I mean: all else are but means of nursing and cherishing that life. If the sad hour ever come in which that one idea dies, the whole, vast

political fabric, which is our pride and glory, crumbles to dust, leaving not a wreck behind; the oasis in the desert is covered with burning sand; the last green leaf on the tree of liberty that our sainted fathers planted in American soil, the roots of which they watered with tears and blood, will wither and fall. No more will the oppressed of nations gather underneath the shade of her outspreading boughs, to look upon the green shimmering leaves, the bright and blooming flowers, and taste the ripened fruit of liberty. Our nation's emblem that is proudly perched on the pinacle of the temple of our greatness, will droop its wings; while some vandal, will pluck his quills, so that he no more can spread his strong broad pinions and soar up to his home among the stars; desecrating hands have robbed him of his golden plumage, which oft he bathed in the sunlight of heaven. He will sit, denuded, shivering in the winter's breath of an accursed despotism. Beware, ye monopolists and centralizationists, that the eyes of your posterity look not upon this sad sight, for in their hearts they would bitterly curse your blind and maddened folly. But my love of country has caused me to wander off from the idea. It, like the all powerful and life imparting idea of Christianity, is expressed in a single sentence. The one is uttered by the greatest apostle of Christianity, the other, by the greatest apostle of liberty. "All men are born free and equal." The antagonizing idea to this, is the divine right of kings or somewhat modified. The right of the few to rule the many; and the right not being derived from the many. These opposite ideas met in the days of our revolutionary fathers. The idea in the declaration of independence got into their noble and manly hearts, and was deeply buried there; to its support and maintenance they pledged their property, their lives and their sacred honor, and faithfully did they keep the pledge.

This idea warmed their hearts amidst the falling snows and howling, chilling wintry blasts when their footsteps were stained with blood; this moved their arms and made them strong to wield the sword of freedom in the fight; this gave them courage to stand unmoved amidst the cannon's roar and the rattle of musketry; with unquailing eye they looked upon the flashing sword and gleaming bayonet; with unblanched cheek they their bosoms bared to the leaden storm of death. It was this, and this alone, cheered their drooping spirits when dark clouds lowered over their cause, and the star of hope but dimly shone. For seven long weary, and to many, heart-breaking years, standing in sight of their burning houses — property all gone — fathers, husbands, brothers slain. Grand lives offered up in sacrifice at the altar of this one thought — "Man shall be free." Finally, victory on their banner perched. Their sacred pledge was kept. The tree of liberty, deeply rooted in fertile soil, enriched with patriot's blood.

If this political empire of ours, in all its varied parts and powers, is the outgrowth, the developement of this single human thought. If all the blessings by us enjoyed; if all the happiness the sons and daughters of freedom feel, from the realization of the thought "Free and Equal," I am a man, I call no man master, I acknowledge no superior, I bow the knee to none but God, I am the peer of any earth-born son. And when we think of the gladness that gushes into the heart of the weary and the burdened of other lands, the oppressed and down trodden poor of despotic power; whose future is as gloomy as the past and the crushing present; who can look for nothing in the future, for self or children, but a life of incessant toil, that barely keeps soul and body from parting, when they reach our shore and inhale their first breath of freedom, and for the first time feel that

they are men and not things, that the same amount of labor done, which they were compelled to do to keep the wolf from their door, will bring them plenty, and after a while wealth, respectability, and influence among men, and that the way is open for them and theirs to enter the race for places of honor or profit, I say — if they do not feel a glow of gratitude to Almighty God that to man he gave the power to generate the thought, they are blind and heartless. If they would not peril life and honor to perpetuate this boon to nations yet unborn, they are cravens and don't deserve its blessings. If they do aught, by word or act, to dim its luster, or weaken its power, then, they are traitors to God and man, and ought to be and will be thrice damned — damned socially, politically, and in perdition. This idea is but in its childhood yet, we will not allow our fancy to wander to oncoming ages, when it puts on its manhood strength, and goes forth to trample down tyrants, overturn thrones, break scepters, uproot despotisms grown hoary with age, when it shall sweep the circle of the earth and be embalmed in every heart, when a world shall be politically redeemed; and shall, with voice so loud, proclaim that "All men are free and equal," that the echo shall sound above the stars. If such is but part of all this has done, and is destined to do, what must be the majesty, might, grandeur, influence, and glory of this best thought of God? When we think of making an humble effort to grasp and develop somewhat of its value, importance and divine power, the mind recoils upon itself, the imagination refuses an effort to ascend its heights, to measure its depths, or sweep around its circumference! We claim no power to reach its heights or depths. But I may say some things that will draw the minds of other thinkers away from imaginary evanescent powers to this — *the power of God to save us!*

An idea of its power may be gathered from the fact that it required four thousand years of time to educate the world up to the point of appreciation, to this extent, at least, that men would not let it die, after it was announced — after Christ died for our sins. It employed agencies and instrumentalities without number during these four thousand years to prepare its way; it governed its author, God, in all the moves he made on the chess board of time, with reference to men or nations. The promise was made to the sorrowing woman soon after she transgressed the law, and fell from purity into sin and evil. Of course, she did not comprehend the promise, in its fullness, that her seed should bruise the serpent's head, yet, she knew there was good to her in it. While she did not understand that her son would enter the cold grave, and bring her body out, destroying the penalty, the threat of which was then ringing in her ears: "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return," that he would enter hades and redeem her imprisoned soul; yet she understood enough to lift a portion of the crushing burden of sin from her troubled and penitent heart. Perhaps one tear less fell upon the blooming flowers beneath her feet, as, with bowed head, and shame-mantled cheek, and tear-bathed face, she leaned upon the strong man at her side, and was led forth with tottering step, bidding a long and last farewell to her Eden home. Her solemn march began to the grave. No word of reproach fell from the firm set lips of him who took his journey to death by her side. He had deliberately counted the cost, and decided in favor of death with her, rather than live without her. To let her go out into the wilderness world alone, no voice to utter words of sympathy in her ear, no hand to wipe away a falling tear, alone to meet the grim monster, death, was more than his manly, noble heart could bear. Who so

base as to censure him for forgetting his God, throwing away his immortality, and choosing to tread the thorny path of life by her side, and by her side take the last, long sleep of death! Paul says Adam was not deceived. The woman was. I think, from all the facts and circumstances, that sympathy for his doomed beautiful bride — his love for and devotion to her was more the cause of his sin than rebellion against God or opposition to his law. They were driven out, and the flaming sword of the cherubim, with its lurid light, followed their frightened footsteps as from the garden they fled.

God's image has wandered off! Will its steps ever be turned back to the Father's house? This problem must be solved by God himself. His promise has been given and must be explained. "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." This is the text; the commentary on it is four thousand years long. This is the promise, the explanation occupied the four thousand years, written in various languages, in which was employed a great number of scribes to do their part of the writing — to set their type and put to press, on the pages of time, the work they did. The writers and type-setters were God, Christ, the Holy Spirit, angels, men (good and bad), devils, life and death. The first writer of whom we learn was Abel, though not that Adam offered no sacrifices before Abel became a man. There are reasons why Moses makes no mention of it, and why he mentions that of Abel. The first recorded lesson was in burning wood, in flame and smoke, in consuming flesh and flowing blood. All down the ages altars rise, fire burns, smoke ascends, and victims bleed. Good men and bad men their lessons wrote, their types set up. Fifteen hundred years thus pass away, and the great, original setter of types begins his work on a larger and grander scale. His

people are carried into bondage, unfeeling task-masters placed over them. They are wholly powerless, and must wait for their God to raise up a deliverer, or in bondage forever remain. Four hundred years consumed in setting up a type of this world, groaning under the unfeeling and cruel task-master! Sin, whose power to enslave and in bondage to hold, can only be broken by the death of God's Son. A deliverer is raised up, another type is set by the Almighty hand. Moses is the type of Christ, as mediator, law-giver, and deliverer. A conflict begins between the newly raised up deliverer, and the king who held the reins of bondage; just as it was with his anti-type. The first Moses made to deliver his enslaved brethren, an opposition, ending only in death, began. The first move made by Christ was met by the tyrant sin, who held the world in abject slavery. That conflict ended first in the death of the deliverer, but will end in the destruction of sin, so far as this world is concerned. In Egypt it ended in the death of their gods, the death of their first-born, and death of their king and flower of his army, and in the complete deliverance of God's people. Before leaving Egypt, God added another type. The paschal lamb was slain, the posts and top of the doors sprinkled with blood, so that when the death angel spread his dark wings over the households doomed to wail over the death of their first-born, when his eye saw the sprinkled blood, with strong wings he lifted himself up and passed harmlessly over. No arrow of death from his bow-string sped; securely the household slept — saved by blood. The supper is hastily eaten, mixed as it was with bitter herbs, fit reminder of the bitterness of their years of bondage. They despoiled their enemies, and left in the darkness. They reach the Red Sea; another type is added. "They were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea."

Let us pause at this point and show the complete accord between types and anti-types. They were in bondage; so were we. They were delivered by Moses; we, by Christ. They were saved by blood; so are we. They ate the bitter herbs in that land of bondage; we, the bitter bread of sin in our bondage to the world. They heard the voice of their deliverer; we heard the voice of ours. They believed in Moses; we in Christ. They followed him; we follow Christ. By faith they were baptized into Moses in the cloud and in sea (and, parenthetically, that leaves out all that had no faith, babes, sheep, and cattle). For Paul, in commenting on this, says that by faith they passed through the sea, and while the infants, and cattle, and sheep passed through it, it was no baptism to them any more than if I were to administer the anti-type with the person of an atheist. No faith, no baptism. As they by faith were baptized into, or, as others translate, unto Moses, so we are baptized into Christ on the other side the sea, in which their enemies are drowned, and they are forever separated from their bondage and foes. The song of deliverance fills the air and floats back o'er the sea. So we, when we obey Jesus in the anti-type, on the other side the sea, in which our foes are left, and that separates us from the world, we sing the joyous song,

'How happy are they who their Savior obey."

After getting religion was invented and pardon claimed on the wrong side of the sea, they shout glory and sing hallelujahs before they cross over, and after they cross, they sing: —

"'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no,
Am I his or am I not?"

I can't answer the question! If you are, then, he has passed by an immense amount of religious stupidity, and had great compassion on your ignorance. For you have spoiled both type and anti-type, and made yourselves ridiculous in the estimation of all persons who can read either the one or the other. But, perhaps the next stanza of this delectable doggerel, made to sing a false theology into men's hearts, will shed some light on the vexed question: —

"If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull, this lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name."

Well, sure I am, that I can't tell which is the worst off; the one who has never heard heard his name, or the one who can't tell whether he loves him or not; or whether he belongs to him or the devil. So, please, pardon me for not trying to decide the mooted case, and I will join with you in singing the first line of the next verse, that refers the whole matter — the whole vexed tangle to the Lord.

"Lord, decide the doubtful case."

In the meantime, while he is engaged in settling the complicated and doubtful question, and his answer returning to you, I leave the matter and resume the line of types, as nothing more can be done about it until his answer is given. I shall not even inquire how you expect to get it as this might complicate the case and give you further trouble, and I think you have enough on hand.

This typical people reach Sinai and receive the law amidst the rolling thunder, flashing lightning surrounding this trembling and cloud-covered mountain. The law given, read and accepted; mutual pledges are given and received between

the contracting parties. Another type is added. Aaron and his sons are separated and set apart to the priesthood. Forty years pass by and they cross the Jordan. Type of the river death. They enter Canaan. Type of heaven. Four hundred years completed the type of the world. Forty years in the wilderness wanderings finished the type of the Church. They entered the type by being baptized into it; we, the anti-type, in the same way. They journeyed in the wilderness, we in the world; they crossed the Jordan into Canaan; we, the Jordan of death into heaven. Kings are appointed to rule under God as types of Christ; altars still burning, blood still flowing, men and nations carrying out their own enterprises, following out their own devices as they think best, independent of him who sat in the heavens, and laughed them to scorn, and held them in derision. As the prophet tells us all this time, he is taking their best laid schemes and plans and weaving them into the accomplishment of his great end; his own and his Son's glory, and the redemption of a world from death, through death. If any of the nations could not be used, he made them co-workers and their actions were used by him to further this enterprise on which his heart was set and for the accomplishment of which he had pledged himself to the banished and dead woman; and which was repeated both in promise and type; and to David by the spirit of prophecy; to Moses, and for which he was exhausting the resources of three worlds. If they became too aggressive and got between him and the fulfilment of his promise, as did the seven Canaanitish nations when they were likely to draw his people into idolatry, he blotted them out and left the infidel to pump up crocodile tears o'er their untimely taking off. As he did the unmanagable king of Babylon whom he literally turned out to grass. The types of the sacrificial and scapegoats of

the nation. The one typifying his death for sin; the other the bearing away our sins, — fully commented on in my lecture on "Christ in Sacrifice." And last, prophetic types were set up. This completes the line of types, unless we enter into detail and enter into the tabernacle and true worship, as delivered to us by the apostle. But as greater minds than mine have explored this field, and greater pens described its beauties and perfections, I pass it by. Recapitulating the types not already grouped, Christ was to be king, priest, prophet, altar, sacrifice, the last of each and all.

The antitype of all — into him the glory and honor of all official greatness was to be gathered and put to death in him, and to be bound with him, and never raisedup. He was the last and only king to rule over men by divine appointment, the last prophet to teach, the last altar and sacrifice. The last priest to appear in the presence of God and offer his own blood. All kings and priests and intercessors that claim to rule, officiate, or intercede by divine appointment or right are impostors, and are trying to rob Christ of the glory that his Father was accumulating for him for four thousand years. It was the part of infinite wisdom to set up these official types. And now what can I say with regard to the event itself, that required all this preparation, all these agencies, instrumentalities, and influences to educate his people for the reception of the event when, in the fullness of time, God would bring it to pass? The time is fulfilled. Prophets have passed away, fires have gone out, or are growing dim, priesthood corrupted, kings are sleeping with their fathers. All these types are about to meet and blend in the great sacrifice. We pass, without comment, the manger, the garden, the cross, the cup, the grave! Prophecy is fulfilled, types and shadows disappear. The law is fulfilled, man is reconciled, God is

glorified, the world redeemed. He went into the grave to bring their bodies out; into hades, to bring out their spirits; conquered death, and opens the gates of heaven; brings life and immortality to light; robbed death of its sting, the grave of its victory; ascended upon high and gave gifts to men; inspired a hope in us as immortal as himself, that we, too, with a shout, should pass the gates of death and find a home with God. Standing by his cross and following with the eye of faith the waves of light, as they backward roll over the dim and misty past of four thousand years, we are enabled to understand all that the actors did not. We understand what the prophets in vain tried to comprehend when they foretold the coming of Christ, and the glory revealed to us, not to them, we understand that which angels desired to look into. The floods of light pour over and clearly show to us the meaning of the altars and victims that on them bled; reveals to us the meaning of all the types and shadows, which, by them, was not understood; reveals to us the dealings of God with men and nations; reveals heaven and the beautiful mansions prepared for us. But, best of all, his death makes his own and his Father's love for us known, and when sickness, pain and death tell me God cares not for you, I just whisper, Jesus died! When by his cross I stand and look at the rays of light as they chase the darkness of years away, and on and up, till they meet descending rays from the throne of God, my tongue falters — I am unequal to the task!

CHAPTER IX.

RESURRECTION.

"How are the dead raised up and with what body do they come? Thou fool that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." I. Cor. xv: 35, 36.

IF Atheism be true, there may perchance be a resurrection of these bodies. If Deism be true there must be. If Christianity be true there shall be! If chance has done one half the wonderful things, Atheism gives her credit for doing, why should it be thought a wonderful thing that chance should raise the dead? If chance this world has made with all its suns and moons and stars, and all the other worlds; if chance has raised high those towering mountains on which the clouds rests; if the hand of chance has spread the green carpeted and flower bedecked valleys; furrowed out the beds of the surging seas, rushing rivers, singing brooks and gurgling rills; if the hand of chance fashioned these curiously wrought frames of ours on which when the psalmist looked and exclaimed, "How fearfully am I made, O God." If chance is the getter up of these ever thinking active minds of ours by which we tread untrodden paths of thought; if chance to us has given the power to love, to hope, to fear, to joy and sorrow; if she has kindled those holy aspirations after a higher life, and interwoven into the warp and woof of our nature a desire stronger than death for an endless life; which desire is universal, and is never struggled

against until man so corrupts himself by sin, that to avoid accountability, he chooses annihilation. If chance to man gave the life he now lives, and takes that life away and lays his once strong body dead in the dust, why may she not restore the life she gave and took away? If chance should take it into her sapient head to fix up just such a bright and beautiful world as the hated Bible talks about, and just such a dark and drear and dismal world as the wicked are threatened with, and some day run a line of demarkation clearly drawn, and dig a gulf both deep and wide, placing all the pure, the good and true on one side where they can be happy forever; and all the wicked on the other, where they can wallow in their normal filth and fatten on their own sins, and no longer mar the peace and joy of others. If she has mixed us all pell mell together, the good and bad, the pure and impure, the honest man and the thief, the chaste and the debauchee, and makes us live and die together, I ask the honest Atheist (if there be one) if he don't really think that his god ought to get tired of the bungling job and set matters in better shape? Now, I say that if chance has done all those things, and thousands more just as curious and wonderful — then if an Atheist is waked up from the dead and finds himself in hell; if he feels at all surprised, I would pronounce him even a bigger fool than Paul said he was for denying the resurrection of the dead. The most that he dare say without incurring the charge of Paul, is that it is doubtful; may or may not be. If Deism be true, there must be a resurrection since Deism believes in one God, and no more, as expressed by the great apostle of American infidelity, in his noted miscalled "Age of Reason." Deists reject the God of the Bible and the Bible, because they say it slanders the true God. So they have found out (I don't know when, or how, or by whom) a much better God than

Moses and the prophets reveal. The greater then the necessity for a resurrection of these bodies. These bodies have been terribly wronged, fearfully outraged; some other hand struck the blow — ours did not. Why do these bodies grow old and decrepit? Why suffer pain? Why be dishonored by death? Reader, have you ever seriously thought of the deep dishonor death inflicts? Sown in weakness, sown in mortality, sown in corruption. Infidel, that beautiful form you gathered to your throbbing heart, where is it now? Where the love-lit eyes that looked into yours? Where the lips that gladly smiled a welcome? Where the blooming cheeks that took on a richer hue when your step was heard? Where the beautiful, delicate hand you clasped in yours when at the altar you stood and made her your bride? After death has done his work, in your hand you hold a few skeleton bones. The flesh and once pearly skin of the rose-tinted cheek is now a mass of decomposing matter offensive to sight. Two eyeless sockets is all that is left after the light of the orbs are put out. Lips have decayed and fallen from uncovered teeth; the whole form which to you was covered with a mantle of beauty, is now a thing of loathing and dread. Then in anguish of heart we exclaim with Job: "Oh, give me a place to bury my dead out of my sight!" Are these wrongs never to be righted? This dark and deep dishonor never be removed; this stain never to be effaced? Is dust to be man's dwelling forever? If so, insult me not by prating in my ears the justice of your fancied God. Accept the resurrection or turn Atheist and say "there is no God." If the wrongs thus inflicted are ever to be righted, it can only be done by the resurrection of these bodies. My book teaches me that wrongs not self-inflicted shall be set right, that for all injuries inflicted by others, full compensation shall be made whether on body, mind, or heart. Less than this, simple

justice could not demand, and so if Deism be true there must be a resurrection of these bodies. Having now closed the argument from the Deistic standpoint, I must devote in passing, attention to the efforts of the Atheists and Deists to belittle the Bible and drive the recognition of God out of his world.

Much stress is laid on the charge of murder in waging war of subjugation against the poor, innocent Amalekites. If Col. Ingersoll had used the case before an honest jury a somewhat curious spectacle would have been seen; the accused dangling at one end of the rope and the prosecuting counsel at the other. For if the record in the war office be true, he did the very same thing. I don't know that he slew any Agags. If he did not it was his cowardice and not his conscience that prevented, for that was what he was made a colonel to do; I do not know that he killed any nursing babes; but I do know it would have been much better for them at least, if he had, instead of turning them out to beggary, want, and woe, to grow up in ignorance and its attendant vices. But I will deal tenderly with him, and give him credit for abandoning the war of subjugation on conscientious scruples, rather than fix the crime of murder on himself, and be deprived the exquisite pleasure of prosecuting Moses; and not charge him as some have done with leaving the field of fight, while yet the battle raged, because all hope of military glory had faded away, when he was captured by an unarmed, sixteen year old boy. He, with all the infidel crew are terribly distressed over the slaughter of the Amalekites, and the partial destruction of the other Canaanitish nations. I address myself now to the Deist who has been pumping up showers of tears to shed o'er other woes. They accuse God of cruelty, injustice, and wrong; and in every way already quoted, of murder. They

seem to forget his right to take the life of nations, or worlds. They assume that wrong was done to these nations. How do they know, but that their utter destruction was the very best thing that could be done for them? Do they know anything of their moral status? That they were hopelessly irreformable? That the whole nation was morally gangrened? That their smallest crimes perpetrated in the face of day, can not be named, in hearing of ears polite. They were utterly brutalized. As well have stood on the sulphur-smoked walls of the Catholic hell, and amidst its thunder-shocked and lightening-scathed foundations preached to the devils any doctrine pure, holy and good, with a hope that they would hear and reform.

God had exhausted his resources on them long before. They did not go on from bad to worse, simply because there was no worse to which they could go! Suppose he did cut short the old man's breath, he had a few less sins to suffer for; the man in middle life, much fewer; the young man fewer still; and the innocent babe, o'er which they almost weep, none at all. Had the babe grown to man's estate, with its surroundings, like father and mother, it would have been a brute except in form. I could give reasons as high as heaven, and strong as death, why God did it, were I defending Him for what he did; but I simply am defending him against their slanderous charge on which they arraign, try, and condemn the Bible account of the dealings of God with these nations, without first proving that a wrong was done. No man's life is worth prolonging after he becomes brutalized, and all hope of reformation is gone. It is then an act of mercy for God to cut him off. If one-half the world were killed, it might be best for them and best for all; but that is a question which belongs to God. Now to the Deists

comes the strangest inconsistency and most pitiful farce ever played in reason's realm. They have wept so many tears over the babes of Canaan killed by our God, they have no tears to shed for babes killed every hour by their imagined God. They spend so much time in abusing our God for slaughters past, that no time is left in which to abuse their own God for slaughters past and present, including their own wives and babes. We assign reasons why our God kills, they give none. If there be a sight on earth over which angels might weep, if tears were ever shed in heaven, it would be to hear the poor blab-mouth Deist abusing one God for killing a few corrupt and worthless nations and glorifying another for killing a world. I am now done with deistic vagaries and inconsistencies, and return to the inquiries propounded in the text quoted. Our first inquiry is, by whom asked, and why? From whom came the objections to this central and most sublime truth of our holy religion? This truth was opposed for reasons similar to those which have caused all truths to be opposed, whether religious, scientific, political, or in any department of human thought. Not, as theologians tell us, that it is because the heart of man is corrupt, and that he naturally loves a lie more than truth, but because he has a falsehood in his mind, on the particular subject, before the truth comes to him. True, there is a broad streak of mean and contemptible nature in some men, who feel deeply aggrieved and personally insulted if any one except themselves discovers the truth. There has been the same opposition to truths where the heart was not involved, as where it was. The opposition to this truth preached by the great apostle to the Gentile world grew out of the reason named. Parties had falsehoods in their minds which must be renounced, or this must be rejected, for both could not dwell together in the same mind. We

notice but three prominent parties who threw their influence against the doctrine of the resurrection. It came in contact with their creeds and overturned their dogmas. The Gnostic creed taught that all sin dwelt in the flesh; that mind was an emanation from God, and was sinless like the source from which it came; that when the body died, its sins died with it; that the mind returned to God and was re-absorbed in him — personality lost, individuality lost — all is God again.

When Paul announced the resurrection of the body, they reasoned as philosophers, — if the body comes up, then its sins will come with it; and instead of their being buried in the dust we must meet them in the flooding light of an eternal day. They will all be known, and those that were forgotten by ourselves shall come up and be by us remembered. Hence they threw themselves against it. This is the origin of modern universalism, revamped and half-soled by Hosea Ballou and others in a theological journeyman work-shop. The Greeks underrated the body, with them, it was but a cumbrous house of clay, a tenement in which a deathless spirit dwelt; a casket in which a priceless jewel sparkled, and when the hammer of death the casket broke, the gem with increased luster would shine in a far off beautiful world. There is a spice of Grecian lore pervading all the churches yet, which underrates the value of the body; an idealistic sort of religion called heartfelt, perhaps because it dwells nowhere else and can not be seen. It has no control over the body; etherial, sublimated, mythical — much better suited to Grecian elysian fields than to this working and wanting world of ours. A revival of religion for the body is sadly needed just now. There are of course distinctions and differences between soul and body, but not in that direction. The differences lie not in regard to value, for it is not given

to man to know which of God is loved the best. The body is to be made as immortal as the soul; beautified, spiritualized like unto the body of his Son. The poet expressed the scriptural thought when he sang: —

"God my Redeemer lives, and ever from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust, till he shall bid it rise;
Arrayed in glorious grace shall these vile bodies shine,
And every form and every face be heavenly and divine."

They rejected the doctrine to get rid of their bodies, rather than admit that their mythology was false in regard to the value of the body. With what enduring tenacity men will hold on to theories whether there is really any value in them or not! All who embraced the metempsychosian theory, the transmigration of spirits, were if possible in a worse condition than Gnostic or Greek. The theory of these old D.D.'s was, that the souls of the dead entered into the bodies of the living. According to their theory, I commend their wisdom in the disposition they made of the souls of the dead; they graded the world of animals and of men, and disposed of the souls according to quality. The soul of the drunkard they sent into the hog; the souls of those now called sharp financiers were sent into the serpent, as the serpent was with them, the emblem of cunning.

After the soul was sufficiently punished and the animal died, if the soul was improved by what it suffered, it was then put on the ascending scale, and gradually worked its way up. If during purgational punishments it became pure, then it went into the body of an infant. For said those old doctors of a sick divinity, infants are pure. All I have to say in passing is that these old doctors had a great deal more sense and scriptural truth on this subject than their modern successors. In the Catholic purgatory and universal restor-

ationism all at last are purified by what they suffer, and if the suffering is the same, I confess — I have no choice — I would as leave take mine in the mangy pup of Metempsychosis as in the purgatory of the pope; in the hog of transmigration as in the hell of restorationism. It requires no philosophic eye to see the trouble Metempsychosis was in; the animal bodies are not raised. My book reads of spirits crying out for their bodies. One spirit perhaps, has dwelt in a thousand human bodies. Thus the law of supply and demand drove them to a rejection of Paul's preaching or an abandonment of their theory. Those are doubtles the parties from whom the questions came, "How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" "Thou fool," says the apostle. There are certain words used by prophets and apostles that are fast becoming obsolete. The words drunkard, liar, thief, extortioner, fool. We in modern times have made so many pretty technicalities, that sin is covered up; we throw so much of the beauty of phraseology around the sin, that the man who commits it is more apt to fall in love with it than to fall out with it. I do not believe with the immortal Shakespeare that "a rose will smell as sweet by any other name." Look at some of these modern names for ancient sins: if a man be drunk we say he is somewhat inebriated, or slightly intoxicated!

But we must now attend to the question, and the apostolic argument in favor of the resurrection. Although he calls them fools, still he condescends to reason with them and convince them of their folly; at least to make an effort, worthy of himself and the great subject he has in hand. Come now, you wise men who deny the truth of what I preach, and won't believe unless you understand the how and what. We take this grain of wheat; look at its color, brown — shape, oval — substance, hard. Is there any life in the grain?

Boasting science would answer, no! We drop it in the soil. "That which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain of wheat or some other grain; but God giveth it a body as it has pleased him." Do you think you would ever see it again if it were the first that was ever sown? Winter's snows deeply pile their white flakes upon it; winter's ice freezes over it, ten feet deep it lies, while winter's chilling blasts, sweep o'er its planted place. After awhile spring time comes, birds begin to sing, and buds to swell, sun beams kiss the frozen bosom of mother earth, and the vegetable resurrection morn dawns. We will now look for our little long lost grain, but lo! it is not. And yet, what is this? A something different in size and color, in shape, in form, and substance. It is the grain; God has given it a body as it hath pleased him; the body again has changed, a slender stock shoots up and from each side there grows a blade that rustles in the sighing breeze. What power is causing these wondrous changes to pass over it? From glory to glory the changes go on, until autumn winds breathe over the fields of waving grain. Then to the harvest sickle it bows its well filled head of ripened grain, some sixty, and some a hundredfold. What power passed the shriveled grain through those various changes, giving it day by day a body as it pleased him, and to every seed its own body? Can not the same power change our bodies from death to life, from mortal, from weakness, from dishonor, to immortal power and glory? "Why then should it be thought a thing incredible that God should raise the dead? There is one glory of the sun, another of the moon, and another of the stars. One star differeth from another star in glory; so also is the resurrection of the dead." Now plant your scientific ladder on this revolving earth, and lean the top against the moon, and while there look out upon the

golden god of day, as from his eastern couch he comes whirling his fiery chariot athwart the heavens, chasing darkness and cold from the bosom of night; look upon the moon, pale and silvery queen of night, as she majestically rides the heavens, gathering the hosts of shining stars in her train, as the mother gathers her children when she goes to rest. Gaze, as in rapture well you may, upon their variegated and diversified glories, and then ask, what power it is that gives to the sun his golden beams, the moon her pale rays, and to the stars their twinkling lights to tell their maker's praise? From the Christian standpoint there is assurance that the dead shall be raised; the trumpet shall sound; the sea shall moan; the earth shall be moved; the stars from heaven shall fall; the sun himself shall rise, stagger, and fall to rise no more! The great white throne from God out of heaven shall descend; the new Jerusalem with Christ shall come down; earth, and sea, and death, and hell shall give up the dead that is in them. From the coral reefs of the deep, deep sea, the unshrouded, the uncoffined dead shall come forth! This old rocked-ribbed earth of ours shall in pieces be broken; the seven thunders shall utter their voices. Then, amidst all the sounding trump, the moaning sea, the breaking rocks, the bursting tombs, the darkening sun, and falling stars, the judgment throne shall appear, and all the dead both small and great shall stand before it and be judged by him that sits upon it. The angel of doom has announced that time shall be no more; the drama of human life has closed; the curtain falls — God is glorified, Jesus honored, the righteous saved, and sinners lost. Dead bodies brought to life immortal and to glory, and the saying brought to pass, that death is swallowed up in victory. "O death, where is now thy sting? And where thy victory boasting grave?"

CHAPTER X.

RESURRECTION, No. 2; OR, INFIDELITY MET ON ITS OWN CHOSEN GROUND.

IN this lecture we shall undertake to sustain the truth of miracles, and thereby overturn the whole fabric of infidelity. If miracles be sustained, all is safe; if not, all is lost! With this, and this alone, the Bible stands or falls.

Fortunately for the cause of truth, religious and infidel philosophers do not disagree as to what a miracle is, and how worked, if ever wrought at all. I therefore give the accepted definition. Events occurring under the influence of permanent and uniform laws are not miraculous. If an object can be reached, an end attained, a purpose served, through fixed, permanent laws, then a miracle would be supererogation. When an end can be reached through the ordinary, no use for the extraordinary; when by the natural, there is no use for the supernatural

If miracles are ever wrought at all, they are wrought by the suspension of the uniform laws of nature. A power supervenes above all law, suspending or reversing their uniform action, and producing a result the opposite to what would have been brought about in the regular course of law. As we have three worlds, mental, moral, and physical, there may be three classes of miracles.

I now state what would undeniably be a physical miracle: If the great father of waters, the Mississippi, were to cease

rolling his muddy billows down into the bosom of the gulf, and roll them back up to the mountains, this would be a miracle and contrary to the hydrostatic law and the law of gravitation. If the sun to-morrow morning were to rise in the west instead of the east, that would be a miracle, and one which would cause more praying to be done at one time than in the world's wicked history since the flood. Should not be surprised if it should bring Ingersoll and the saloon-keepers to their knees.

So much for physical miracles.

The mental and moral worlds are as much under never-varying law as the material world. Every thought that flashes through and from the mind is but an effect of the law that has governed all mind since God to Adam gave the power to think. Every feeling that has ever stirred man's emotional or moral nature is but the result of uniform law. Every joy that floods the heart and brightens the eye, every feeling of sorrow or anger or hate that ever darkened the human face, every unfolding blossom of hope that made light and beautiful the pathway of man, traveling to his home in the cold, cold grave; every black, ugly bloom of fear and doubt and despair, all are but the effects produced by eternal law, uniform as the laws that control the material universe.

If the religious world would but learn this great truth, which they ought to have done a thousand years gone by, we would have no infidels now in Christian lands, and there would be no necessity for this lecture.

The truth is, God governs by law. Born by law, live by law, die by law, made Christians by law, and live Christian lives by law — law as uniform as that governing the sun or guiding the stars. One of the causes of infidelity is that the systems of theology have specialized all that pertains to

Christianity. A special time, a special person, a special place, special agencies set to work by special means, all result in a special failure, except a large crop of special infidelity.

To return to mental and moral miracles: For an idea to be imparted to mind, independently of, and in contravention of mind law, would be a miracle. For a feeling to be communicated to a human heart, independently of regular law, would be a moral miracle.

With these undisputed definitions given, these undenied facts stated, we are ready to take another step and show the necessity of miracles. Assuming the truth of the Bible statement for the present, that man fell and must be lifted up again; that he was dead and must be made alive; was lost and must be found. This being true, no law could reach his case; no ordinary means could possibly come to his relief. Regeneration, purification, redemption, salvation can not be accomplished by any law then, or now existing. The natural is powerless, the supernatural must come in, else all is lost, and forever lost. No law known to men or angels can reach the case.

If the infidel admits that man has sinned, then he must show how he could be pardoned through some of those known laws or admit miraculous intervention, that is, if there be any pardon or escape at all. Will he, can he deny that man violates all laws? He breaks moral law, can moral law repair the damage done his moral nature? But suppose he determines to keep the law and break it no more, what is to be done with the past? Will you vest law with pardoning power? We repeat, that the necessity of the case demanded the interposition of miraculous agencies and means, over and above and independent of all law.

The advent of a miraculous personage, who would not be

born in accordance with the law of birth, nor live in harmony with the usual law of life, nor die in conformity to the law of death, was a necessity. He being a miraculous person, we would expect him to use miraculous means to accomplish his ends. And now we are ready to grapple with the master mind of the infidel world, and with what is justly regarded as the most masterly argument ever penned against the doctrine of miracles. I allude to the celebrated argument of the great English historian, Hume.

That Christ was born, lived, and was crucified and buried in the days of the Cæsars none deny, and this narrows the controversy down to a single issue. Did he rise from the dead? The Christian answers, yes! the Infidel, no!

On this we make the fight for truth, feeling deeply assured that victory will hover over the place where he slept, and that the risen Star of Bethlehem shall forever shine through the midnight darkness hovering over the grave.

Mr. Hume says that miracles are at war with the experience of the whole world. He was a bold man when he made that utterance! How does he know? Had he lived all along down the ages? Had he been at all times, and in all places? Had he conversed with all men of all ages and nations, and had they reported to him, "No miracle!" Had they done so, it certainly requires the credulity of an infidel to believe that they all told the truth. God alone can afford to make such an assertion without jeopardizing his veracity. This is not Hume's *argument*, it is merely his *assertion*. I assert that miracles do not war with the experience of the whole world, and that makes us even! A becoming modesty might suggest to both of us to confine our experience to ourselves. Then we would agree. Now, his argument — "It is much easier to believe that twelve men would agree to tell a falsehood than to believe that a dead

man came to life." I like the boldness of the man! Charge it home on these twelve ignorant Galilean fishermen, that they deliberately, knowingly, and wickedly lied! Do not belittle them by admitting their honesty and good intent, while deceived, mislead, mistaken. As a general proposition, Mr. Hume's position is unqualifiedly false; as a special proposition, it is true. Had he said, It is much easier for me to believe that some twelve men will agree to tell some falsehood than to believe that a dead man came to life, he would have told the truth. Shakspeare says: "The world is given to lying." The psalmist said: "In my haste I said, All men are liars!" Ah! alas, it is a sad truth that the world has been full of lies; and yet, liars of all times have used a good deal of common sense in selecting the character and class of lies by them told, and the purposes for which they told them. Twelve men agree to tell a falsehood. Yes! and they will all be apt to keep within the lines of mental and moral laws governing mind and heart. All lies of all liars have been in accordance to unchanging mental and moral law. The difference between Hume and all Christians is that we believe in one miracle in regard to the issue now involved; Hume and his adherents believe in two. We believe that the physical law of death was reversed, and that life came forth from the grave. To avoid this, they are compelled, as we shall clearly see, to make these twelve men reverse the laws of mind and heart to enable them to tell the lie Hume says they told. This will clearly appear when we examine the lie they are charged with telling by mutual agreement. I here fearlessly assert that at the time the writer said he could not believe a miracle, he deceived himself, and in his heart two miracles dwelt. That is, if these twelve did what he says they did, lied? No man lives who does not believe in miracles. He who created

man never gave him the power to choose whether he would believe in a miracle or not. The choice is between two classes of miracles. If man to high and holy heaven ascend, he will be upborne there on the faith in miracles; if he sink to deepest hell, faith in miracles and actions, growing out of the faith, will press him down. There is *salvation* in one, *damnation* in the other.

Let us now examine lies uttered under the influence of the law of motive, mind, and heart. For what are lies told? Men will lie for wealth, for fame, power, to escape from prison, to avoid danger or pain, to gratify hate, for revenge, to benefit a friend, for amusement. These will suffice for the present. Will some of the admirers of this grand argument tell us which of these motives actuated these twelve men when they told the falsehood? Or will they make an effort to find a motive? Hume failed even to try. Surely it was not to aid a friend or hurt a foe, not to benefit their Master dead, nor bless themselves. These men were Jews by birth, education, and religion — raised up under the law of Moses, and at the feet of their priesthood; taught from their infancy that lying was one of the meanest vices condemned in their law; had stood by smoking altars, bathed in blood, to atone for that and other sins; taught that if they lied their hope of a home in Abraham's bosom was blotted out forever, and that Gehenna was their doom. Add to this the fact that they had cut themselves off from their sacrifices, under their law, by accepting the sacrifice of him whom they preached. Another fact, that for more than three years they had been with him, listened to the lessons of divine wisdom from him, against whose character for truth, purity, and every virtue that can adorn life and make death glorious, even infidelity can bring no railing accusation. Yet, in view of all these facts, this man says they lied — lied without a motive, an ob-

ject, or an end. If their motive is ever found by infidelity, it will be found in the miraculous, the extraordinary, the supernatural. Then our victory is complete and infidelity is dead. Having sketched the character of the apostles, we now notice their story. If lie it was, what is it, and what does it involve on all the persons connected with it, on all the actors in this foul and bloody tragedy? Suppose these men had been liars, and had gone all their lives to a college where nothing but lies were taught, and had graduated with the first dishonors of the institution presided over by the father of lies, and had done nothing but lie all their lives? If this were all proven it would not help Hume or any other infidel out of the difficulty in which the particular falsehood charged places him. What is it? That Christ has risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept! What mighty miraculous power contravened the law of mind and made them select this particular one? Was not the world full of lies? — lies ecclesiastic, lies mythological, lies poetic, lies literary, lies political, lies scientific, lies lying all around, their waves slushing over the very confines of the shores of time, and almost laving the glory-gilded sands of the eternal shore. These twelve men could have preached all the lies in the Bible and out of it; might have told them all in the palace chamber of Cæsar, with Pilate and Herod and all Rome as auditors, and not a voice would have been raised to condemn nor a hand raised to hurt. And yet Hume has the unblushing impudence to ask me to believe that these twelve sensible men chose the only one in which there was danger, poverty, infamy, stripes, imprisonment, and death. Where did this falsehood strike? Whom did it strike, and how? It struck imperial Cæsar in the face and branded him as a foul abortion of a king. It wrapped the mantle of murder around his kingly form, and sent him

down the stream of time with the indellible mark of Cain upon his brow, as accessory to the murder of an innocent man. If God raised him from the dead, by that act he declared him his Son, and the charge under which he was arraigned, tried, condemned, and crucified is proven false. And now, Pilate, what have you to say when this is preached in Rome? That you put the innocent to an ignominious death when law, honor, justice, and your oath bound you to protect him in all his rights. True, you said you found no fault in the man, but you cowardly yielded to the howlings of an infuriated mob to prevent them from impairing your influence with Cæsar. True, you washed your poluted hands in token of your innocence; but you may stand on the shore of the surging sea and wash until the fires of the last day dry up the last drop, the stain of innocent blood is there. And as to Herod, already his skirts are clotted with the gore of murdered babes. He filled up the overflowing cup of iniquity by adding the blood of God's Son.

At the time this lie, according to Hume, was told, there were three mighty powers that controlled the world: the Politics of Rome, the Mythology of Greece, and the Religion of the Jews. If the doctrine taught by this risen man prevailed, the principle upon which the Roman political fabric was builded crumbles to dust. The Grecian philosophers well knew that if it were believed that Christ had risen from the dead, their temples would be deserted; that instead of heathen worshipers wending their way to the temples of idol gods, they would gather around the cross; that the gods of Greece from their costly pedestals would tumble down into the dust. The Religion of the Jews, grown hoar with the ages, God as its author, Syria as its birthplace, Moses as its mediator, with its long line of prophets, priests, and kings, smoking altars and bleeding beasts — these must

all be overcome and supplanted. And what prodigious power is to do the work? A single lie told by twelve obscure, unknown, illiterate fishermen! The crime of murder must be charged home against Jew and Roman; the wrath of these great nations stirred to their deepest depths. What possible motive could prompt? What prospect of success could have spread out before them? What had they to gain if they did succeed? They were working for another, and they knew that he was dead.

It will not do to say that they did not know the gain to themselves when they entered on this fearful enterprise. That would be to change the bill of indictment and prefer a charge of idiocy or of insanity. Come, gentlemen infidels, deal fairly! No dodging. If admitted that these men were so incomparably stupid as not to know where and how the blow would fall on them, how long would it have taken them to learn that they had roused up the lion in his den? That bondage, imprisonment, stripes, and death was all the reward that they would get in this world for the lie told, and nothing in the world to come?

Under the influence of all the laws of motive, mind, and heart, would they not have taken it back, and saved themselves the years of torture to which they submitted? Instead of this, Mr. Hume makes them perform two miracles, annihilates the laws of mind and heart by conceiving the idea of telling this lie, and then falling in love with the reward that they would and did get for adhering to it. Did Mr. Hume, or any other infidel, ever know of one man who told a lie when he knew that such fearful suffering would follow? Never! It was in the language of this writer without the experience of the whole world; and that is the reason given by him why he could not believe a miracle; and then without a blush of shame he accuses these twelve men of doing what

he knows no one man ever did; doing that which wars as much with his experience, and the experience of the entire world, as the resurrection of the dead.

Why did these men go to martyrdom? At this point, some infidel writers make a false issue in order to cover defeat. They say, and truly say, that men in all ages have gone to the stake for their faith, although what they believed was false; that martyrdom don't prove the truth of things believed. The difference between the apostolic, and all other, martyrs is world-wide. It was not for that which they believed that they died, BUT FOR THAT WHICH THEY KNEW. They knew whether what they told was true or false. Others acting under laws of mind and heart dare not renounce their faith, for fear of being damned themselves and of damning others. But these men overturn those laws, and won't tell the truth when the truth could have jeopardized the interest of no one for time or eternity. Thus we fasten upon Hume and his adherents their faith in miracles. Now, what are they to do — will they deny the laws of mind and heart? Dare they deny the fact that the men that told this lie did not run the plowshare of ruin through them both! Or will they take the position that for physical law to be suspended or reversed, is a miracle, but for the same to be done with mental and moral law, is no miracle? A closing thought, and this lecture ends: It was among their own people that these men were to add the crowning miracle by acting in defiance of all laws known to men.

This is apparent when we measure the intensity of a Jew's religious feelings — the tenacity with which he holds on to it; the deepseated veneration for Moses, as attested by past and present history. It was the work of these men to tear the crown of mediatorial and legislative authority from the brow Moses, and place it on the brow of this dead man; to rend off

the robes from the consecrated forms of Aaronic priesthood and fold them around the Christ; to stop the flow of blood that had stained their altars for fifteen hundred years; to hush to silence the thunders of Sinai, and dim forever its lightning flash; to dig deep the grave of their own fondly loved Judaism and bury it out of sight in the Savior's transient home of death, with all its ponderous rites and ceremonies; its kings, who ruled by divine right in room of God; its mediator and law-giver; fast days, and feast days, and its holy Sabbath day; and then inaugurate this man as the only king, prophet, priest and mediator. It was for them to stand in the presence of their assembled nation, in the presence of their Sanhedrim, in the presence of their venerated priesthood, and hurl the charge of murder against them all — a murder that cut them off from all hope forever! There was no hope of pardon for him who slew the anointed of the Lord. He was doomed. This they did, and proved it to the satisfaction and dismay of three thousand of the accused. Their hearts were pierced, and the guilt admitted. Yet, we are told that, despite all these facts, with all these surroundings, these men were acting under the laws governing mind, motive, and feelings; that there is nothing supernatural; no miraculous influence controlled and sustained them. Shame, where is thy blush!!

CHAPTER XI.

A LECTURE AGAINST DEISM.

IN my preceding lectures I have made an effort to sustain the claims of Christ and the Bible against the attacks of infidelity. In this lecture I propose to take the offensive — to be aggressive — to carry the war into Africa. To put them on the defensive part, confining myself to that phase of infidelity known as Deism. Infidelity puts on so many and varied forms, comes in such a variety of shapes, it is somewhat difficult to keep up with its changing fronts. We have infidelity Atheistic, Deistic; infidelity Jewish, and this divided into two forms, the older believing in the Old Testament, but infidel in regard to the New; the other, embracing German rationalism, is infidel in regard to the inspiration of the Old. We have infidelity Spiritualistic, Scientific, Materialistic and, as Adventism teaches, infidelity Religionistic. When driven from one post they take shelter in another. We drive Deism into Atheism, which used to teach that all things came by chance. When her life was being crushed out, she took down her banner of chance which she had been flaunting in the face of the world. And now she conceals her ugly face behind a mask of agnosticism. God be thanked! The end is reached. They can no farther go; the bottom is reached. And until they can conjure up something less than nothing, they are compelled to stop. No more changes can be rung upon the thing called agnosticism. It has one advantage over all the creeds that

men have made. It has fewer articles of faith; it is all expressed in three short words — do not know! And it is by no means certain that they know that they don't know. From whence came you? Don't know. Whither going? Don't know. Is there for man a future life? Don't know. It occurs to me that any man who has no faith in regard to his past or future, and cannot get up a decent conjecture, has sunk himself lower in creation's scale than the poor Digger Indian; for he has at least a think so — a clouded superstition. The man has sold out to the devil; and, for once, the devil is badly swindled in trade, provided he gives anything for their souls. And when pay-day comes, had I any acquaintance with his brimstone majesty, or if some of them will give me an introduction to their father, as a lawyer I would advise him to repudiate the debt. I would get him off on the well known principle of law, that a man shall not give something for nothing. And the man who knows nothing, believes nothing, hopes for nothing, fears nothing, desires nothing, don't want to believe anything, is himself a nothing. The case is clearly made out, and the devil is absolved from payment.

There are two facts in regard to all forms of infidelity which create an impression on my mind that infidels are not as good as they ought and might be. The first is, that while their own antagonisms are as well defined, as clearly cut as the antagonism between any of them and Christianity, when religion comes against them they all shoulder arms and wage a war of extermination. But, when they as sharply antagonize against each other in theory, they let each other alone. The second is, that when any phase of it makes an onslaught on the citadel of Christianity, there is a rallying of the clans, their differences all forgotton. Whether of the Jew, Spiritist, Deist, Atheist, Darwinistic, Agnostic, I wish they

would muster up courage to engage in a conflict as fierce among themselves, as against the Lord. I will now attend to your side of this many-sided thing. The first difference between us is you claim to have but one Book, from the pages of which to derive all your knowledge of God, his nature, attributes, character. In the language of the Christian philosopher, you reason from nature up to nature's God; you profess to have learned more and better truths from this one volume than we have from two — the volume of Nature and of Revelation. Well, this is modest, to say the least! Now, I propose to close the volume of revelation, put out its light, obliterate all that it says of God or man, of time or eternity, of this world or any other, of man's origin, or future destiny. This, of course, will gratify you, since you are always grumbling over the slanders perpetrated against God by the Bible. The book being closed, I deny that there is a God, and demand from you the proof. On what page in your ponderous book did you read there is one God, and no more? In the language of one of your great apostles of Deism, Thomas Paine, Did not heathen philosophers pour over its pages and turn over its leaves, and study the handwritings therein found as intently as you have? Were they not as competent to explore all the hidden mysteries as you are? Did not they have all the facilities to compel the volume to tell all it knew that you ever had? Did they not bring as great mental powers to the work as Deism can boast among all her champions? And I grant that they are not few. I have met with no grander minds than among the old heathen philosophers; no more profound thinkers, no better logicians exists to-day. Was this the lesson learned by them? Not a word of it! But, the very opposite — Plurality. I know it is said that Socrates and Plato believed in the oneness, unity of God. It is

false! and not a fair interpretation of their words and actions as a whole. If proven at all, it is done by garbling, scrapping, detaching what they said from its context, just as sectarianism does the Bible to support their creeds. Socrates sacrificed to a rooster. Was that chicken the one God? Even if it were clearly established that any of them found out that there is but one God, I would still deny that they learned the truth from nature, and give three reasons for the denial. First. There is nothing in nature to give birth to the thought. Second. They never said they learned it there, and never gave us the data from which the conclusion might have been drawn. Third. They might get it from Jewish tradition. If you will name the philosopher, and give satisfactory proof that he had the truth, and I fail to show contact with the stream of Judaism, then I abandon that reason at once. Will you make an effort to prove one God from any or all things written in your book? There is but one way that you have ever tried. Indeed, there is but one way to try, by the line of thought employed by Christian philosophers, from whom you get all your proof, such as it is. I will grant you all the aid to be derived from these philosophers, such as Paley, Bown, Abercrombe, and all the natural religionists, who undertook to reach God through nature. While I respect the motives and sympathize with feelings that prompted great and good men to undertake to prop the Bible with nature; with the feelings of those who now keep them as text-books in our schools and colleges, I as heartily condemn their efforts, and do dissent from their reasonings. They feared the Bible could not walk the world over without crutches; that the thoughts inscribed on its pages, and nowhere else, might perish unless aid was sought and found somewhere else to support it. If it is revealed in the Bible, then it need not be revealed in nature. If revealed

in nature to be known and read of all men, then it need not have been revealed in the Bible. If an innate idea, as was contended in ages past, then it need not be revealed in either. These, as two revelations, involve God in a work of supererogation. Now, let us try this chain of many links by which they think they measured up to God! The chain of cause and effect, of design and designer. Paley finds a watch; it shows design; then there must have been a designer. The watch is an effect, and the maker the cause. Now, from this first effect, this first link, every other one is both effect and cause. The maker is the cause of the watch, but he is the effect of a cause preceding, and that the effect of a cause on up *ad infinitum*. And when Paley, or any other philosopher, puts himself on this line, he may make his chain of untold millions of links, and then he is no nearer God than when he started with the first. When he has run back to the hundred million, the question still is just as pertinent, What caused that, who designed that, as when Paley asked, Who made the watch? But, conceding for argument's sake that it has been found out that there is one God, while I see nothing in nature, nothing in the reasoning on the watch or its maker to prove one designer, while it does prove design. I ask how many designers there were? One might design one part and one another, and if it were possible to get back, you might find designers instead of a designer. But, as we let you have your God without proof, I next ask, What are his attributes? Is he wise or unwise? Is he good or bad? Does he love or hate man? I know your answer to these interrogatories. He is wise and good. This, you say, is taught in nature. I say to the natural religionist, Christian philosopher, you have no use for the Bible; it is not worth a thought; you have learned all of God that is in the Bible. To both I say, and fearlessly, that every one of these ideas

are pilfered by the Deist from the volume he rejects. He fools himself, and tries to fool somebody else in believing that he got them from nature. Suppose we demand proof that God is wise, says the Deist, you need not go any farther than yourself to prove the wisdom of our God. What wisdom is manifest in man's structure: the eye to drink in the beauties hung o'er his head and profusely scattered around him; olfactories to inhale the delicious odors of a thousand blooming flowers; feet on which to walk, and hands to minister to his wants. We are ready to exclaim: Wisdom infinite created that wonderful piece of work. But suddenly the eye grows dim and sees no more; the ear ceases to drink in the melody of sounds; the olfactories inhale no odors; his feet cease to move; his hands fall helpless at his side; he is smitten with death; nature can follow him no farther; she sees him to corruption turn and is compelled to leave him there. Then reason asks, What absurd folly is this? If wise to create, what want of wisdom to destroy?

A man invents a wonderful piece of machinery that will lighten toil and benefit a working world. He shows me its utility and opens up its hidden wheels and cogs and springs, manifesting wisdom, inventive genius, patience in construction, and as I begin to appreciate his wisdom and skill, and to admire him for his wisdom, he breaks it into a thousand fragments, and says, the world will never see it any more. In my heart I execrate the man for his folly. If wise to create, it is foolish to destroy. God is good, they say, and I ask the proof. Paley runs over the evidences above stated in regard to his wisdom, showing how complete the adaptation of means to ends — to man's happiness the end. He enumerates the long and diversified chapter of good from which ten thousand blessings flow to man. He reasons as a philosopher and correctly reasons. The misfortune is that

he reasons from half premises. In nature there is a chapter of evil as long as the chapter of good — pleasure, pain, joy and sorrow, happiness and misery, smiles and tears, life and death. If all sights were of beauty, if all sounds were full harmony, if all inhalations of the olfactories were the aroma of sweet flowers, if bright skies, calm and balmy weather, beautiful sunlight and gentle breezes, pure water and delicious viands, if all objects on which the hand is laid thrilled the nerves with pleasure, then goodness would unmistakably be made known. But is this true? Do the clods of the valley, with rumbling sound, falling on the coffin lid, covering up the forms we loved, hiding our dead out of our sight, bring pleasure through the ear? Does looking at a decomposing corpse of a friend, when the flesh is parting from the bones, the hair falling from the head, give pleasure through the eye? When the philsopher reasons from this chapter of good, this long chapter of blessings, that their author is wise, good, and loves us; then, when he takes up the chapter of evils, unexplained, unaccounted for, he is bound, unless he intends self-stultification, to reach the conclusion that the author of these curses is foolish, bad, and hates the object on which they are inflicted. Mr. Paley felt this, and hence his lame attempt to account for their existence, and to harmonize these conflicting chapters written by the naturalist's God in this Deistic volume! Much better, I think, to have given up the whole thing, or have followed in the wake of his predecessors and made a king, half god and half devil. In grappling with this chapter of evils, Paley says these seeming evils are blessings in disguise. Surely it was not the philosopher that spoke then. Is gout, rheumatism, neuralgia, the whole malarial family of fevers, broken bones, the lightning's flash that shrivels up life like the touch of Ithuriel's spear, pain ending at last in death, but seem-

ing? If this be true, then may the merciful Heavenly Father save me from the real evils! All these seeming blessings are but curses in disguise; this seeming good is but evil in disguise. That makes us even! Tell me, Mr. Paley, why does your wise, good, and loving God send the yellow fever scourge to reap the harvest of death? Why comes the destructive breath of the tornado, uprooting forests, scattering houses, mangling the bodies of the inmates, destroying in a moment the labor of years? Why the scathing lightning's flash, the deep-toned thunder crash? The best that has been done is to throw one evil against the other. The lightning and thunder and storm have scattered the poisonous vapors engendered from decaying animal and vegetable matter, scattering the malaria, preventing disease and death. In all candor, is not this the veriest twaddle that was ever penned or spoken? Why does evil number one exist, that evil number two must come along and drive it away? God creates the malaria and poisons the atmosphere and kills a goodly number with it, and then to undo that evil the tornado comes and kills one-half of all that disease has left. But the other half are saved. Well, this plan of saving life may suit the Deists and other Christian philosophers, and they may much admire his wisdom, goodness, power, and love, but I think it would show greater wisdom to have prevented the first — to have prevented vegetables from decomposing and animals from dying. He surely had the power. If you could clothe me with the wisdom and power you profess to find in your book concerning God, and I did not make a better use of them, then I would vacate — sell out at half price, cheat the purchaser and quit. Now, I think you are bound, as honest men, to tell us why these things exist, why man dies? Make an effort, at least, that will not disgrace a Hottentot, to account for them, or put

your foot on the neck of this delusion. Mr. Paley next throws himself on the doctrine of contrast. Health is not appreciated without sickness. No man, says this writer, has such an exquisite appreciation of pleasure as he who is suddenly relieved from an acute attack of stone. There are two things to commend this dogma: First, it is cheap; and second, it is within the reach of all. If you want a good draught from pleasure's brimming cup, just go out and butt your fool head against the gate-post. The harder the bump, the more ecstatic the pleasure. Screw your thumb in a vise till you can't bear any more pain, and then give the handle another turn and the climax of pleasure is reached. On this line, I presume, he will find but few who will put his theory into practice, so as a practical theory it is dead born. I at least agree to dispense with the entire chapter of contrast, to see beauty without deformity, to inhale sweet odors without the stench of the dead carcass, to enjoy health without sickness, pleasure without pain. I agree to take what is left without the contrast, and he may take the contrast. I entered my protest against this dogma when but a wee bit of a boy. It was nothing new to me when I found it in the philosophy of this truly great and good man. My mother taught it me when she used her slipper, then consoled me when I felt the smart — when the flesh quivered and grew red under the too violent contact between the leather of the slipper and the leather of the boy: "You need not bellow so loud, sonny; it will feel good when it quits hurting!" I entered then an earnest protest, and repeat it now, and hope to send it on down the ages, that it may be read after I cross over the river — reach the far off shining shore where there are no contrasts. And this reminds me of another objection. As I once said in debate with an apostle of Spiritualism — the last and vilest garb in

which infidelity ever clothed its form — I would not give ten acres of prairie Texas land and a good mule for the whole domain of kingdom come as reported through their lying mediums. So I say of Paley's heaven. There will be no enjoyment from health, there is no sickness there; no pleasure, because no pain; no joy, because no sorrow. John says there is no pain, and when the contrast carried by us from this world, if we carry any, fades away, then there is no more heaven.

A step or two further in search after the wisdom and goodness of God, as in nature revealed, must bring this lecture to a close. I stand on a promontory hard by the sea. The day is beautiful and fair; the sky is clear and blue. I am looking out on the placid world of waters, reflecting from the silvery sheen the ten thousand sunbeams glinting on her bosom, while all around me are orchards whose fruit is as pleasing to the eye as that which tempted Eve; and last, a world of blooming flowers are shedding abroad their beauty and their odor, from the branches the song birds pour forth their melody. A large sailing sea vessel heaves in sight with sails unfurled and fluttering in the gentle winds, while on her deck the forms of strength and manhood stand, forms of beauty in womanhood; the strains of music are borne to my ears which angels might bend from the battlements of heaven to hear without a blush. The merry dance goes on; they mix and mingle and wheel in the giddy dance. A deistic friend and self have just been discussing this question before we came upon the enchanting scene. Exultingly he says: "Are not your doubts driven to the wind? Drink in this draught of wisdom, power and goodness, and doubt no more." As I am putting the cup to my lips, for I am thirsty, a small cloud appears above the sea; it rapidly increases in size, spreading out its dark folds,

overshadowing us and the sailing ship; from its dark bosom the living lightning leaps; the thunderbolt follows; the surface of the waters become agitated; the billows rise and swell and roll; the heavens darker grow; the lightnings more fiercely flash, the thunder louder roars; the sails on ship are furled, and dismantled of her beauty, with bare and bending masts, they hope to outride the storm. The dance has ceased, and the merry revelers stand or crouch with palid face and trembling forms awaiting the end of the conflict between man's skill and the forces of nature. The billows now dash and roar, lifting themselves mountain high. The vessel climbs up and up, her timbers strain and creak, her joints are almost parting; she plunges down deep into the troughing sea, and you think the deep has swallowed her up, but she rises up, dashing madly the foam from her prow. She would have outridden the storm, for she was strongly built and officered well. But hark, that roar that is louder than the deafening thunder-tones; 'tis the roar of the maddened billows as they dash in fury against the breakers. The doomed vessel plunges on her maddened way, while those on board the breakers see, and know their doom is sealed. The agonizing cry is heard, "The breakers! The breakers!" This is the last we hear. The vessel strikes, and every soul is lost. I turn with a sad and sorrowing heart to ask my deist friend what he thinks of this display of wisdom, goodness, and love of his God? But he had fled in horror from the heartrending scene.

I stand by the side of my beautiful wife, and we both by the cradle of the baby. We have been reading Paley's Moral Philosophy, and I have about embraced its teachings, and I say: "Wife, the highest evidence God has given to me of his wisdom and goodness is your beautiful self! When I look into your love-lit eyes, your fair face, blushing

cheeks, and smile-wreathed lips; and when I think of what you have been to me, of your mental and moral attainments, your self-sacrifice in my behalf, I feel ashamed that I have not a greater appreciation of his character. But, when I look on you and the little image of yourself that slumbers there, I confess I feel reverential." While speaking, an unwonted flush, such as I had never seen before, covers face and brow. I lay my hand on her wrist; her pulse is throbbing and bounding wildly; I look into her eyes; they glow with flashing light fierce as the glare of the tigress when robbed of her whelps. The lurid light of the fire of sudden insanity gleams out. With one wild and horrible shriek, she dashes out into the darkness. As I turn to follow her fleeting form, my steps are arrested by a cry from the cradle — my babe is in spasms; its little face is black, its limbs contorted, it struggles, gasps — it is dead!! With breaking heart I ask what fiendish power has cursed me thus? The deist answers, Our God. Oh! tell me why? The silence as it were of death seizes his lips. His cherished volume, by which he has dethroned God, rejected the Bible, and, I fear, damned his soul, is as silent as the grave. Then he says the facts exist, your God is their author as much as is ours. How do you yourself dispose of these sad facts? I am not defending the Christian's God, but assailing yours. The defensive is yours. The Christian's Book at least attempts to account for this great chapter of evils with the sorrow it brings; yours does not, nor do you. The Bible gives you the origin of death and its cause: the wages of sin is death. Then it points you to the destruction of the death and its cause; your book does neither; yours follows man to his home among the silent dead, and leaves him there; no voice in nature talks to us of the resurrection of the dead. God, future life, resurrection, are in the Bible found, and nowhere else!!

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHURCH.

THE blessed Savior said to Peter: "On this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Since the inauguration of the Roman hierarchy, and of denominationalism, the meaning of the great teacher has become darkly obscured and befogged, until the eyes of very many of our brethren are full of smoke from the furnace of the mystery of Babylon. Educated as we have been, it is almost impossible to stop the mental process, so as not to gather in more than the Savior meant. When we say, "The Catholic Church," the mind acting in accord with mental law, gathers in the whole organization — Pope, Cardinal, Archdeacon, Priest, etc. — that is, the whole complicated structure, together with the doctrine and practice. If one does not know anything about it, he simply gathers no idea at all. If he understands it in part, he thinks of the part he understands. So of all denominationalisms. When we say the "Methodist Episcopal Church," before there was ever a Mason and Dixon line through their Zion, the mind gathers in an organization with its bishops, presiding elders, circuit-riders, class-leaders, and stewards. Since they run the dividing line, there are two distinct ecclesiastical organizations, and we designate one by adding the word "South," the other "North." But the organization is the same. This whole organism, as a unit or in fact, in a single element entering

into it in official functions or names, except the name bishop, has nothing more to do with the Church of Christ, nor with what he meant in using the word church, than has a ray of moonshine. They do not even pretend to claim that their organization is Scriptural. The most they have ever said is, that it is not unscriptural. How in reason could Christ say, he would build his church out of that which is not Scriptural? The same is true in reference to all sectarian establishments. Some of them have a few elements of a Scriptural organization; some none. But organization, scriptural or unscriptural, is not an element of the church — a component part thereof — is not what the great teacher was thinking of — not what he meant when he made the great promise concerning his church. But, first, we must notice the various claimants to this high and holy position, that of the body of Christ, the bride, the Lamb's wife, the temple in which the holy Spirit dwells. We have Greece, Rome, England, and America — the Greek Church, the Roman, the Episcopal, and the Baptist. Each claims to be the church to which was committed the ordinances of the Lord. How many and fierce have been the conflicts between the embattled hosts of claimants. To go no farther from home, look at the Baptists and our own people — they affirming that their organization is the church, and we affirming the same of the "Church of Christ." Will these conflicts end as the old story of the two snakes that swallowed each other? We demolish each other! They prove that we are not, and we show that they are not the church, and both parties land at last on the truth in spite of themselves — that neither they nor we are the church, nor would be, were both put together! I recollect some years ago pointing out to a brother who had on hand a debate on this issue, how the Baptist preacher would demolish his affirmative if he

understood the subject, and how to handle the same. He says to the Christian preachers: "I understand you received one of our members last Sunday." The preacher answers, "We did." "How did you receive him?" "By giving him the right hand of fellowship." Where was he, in the church or out? If *in*, your affirmation is dead. If *out*, then you make the right hand of fellowship from a Christian Church the condition of membership in Christ's Kingdom; you overthrow your own teaching; you teach, as does the Holy Spirit, that we are born into his kingdom by a birth of water and spirit. Instead of this, they enter by the right hand of fellowship. This is worse than the orthodox abstract spiritual influence that birth is a birth, without a mother, and, I thought, contained enough theological nonsense to satisfy the heavy demand for that commodity. But this would be a birth without father or mother. Of course, no one believes it. It puts no one into the church. The Baptist we received was in the church; therefore, we are not the church, as an organization. I have never doubted about the Baptist being in the kingdom. The fault I find with them is, that they would not behave themselves decently in the kingdom, did not obey the apostolic injunction. They thought more highly of themselves than they ought to have thought, became puffed up and their foolish hearts were darkened. They became selfish, exclusive, and proscriptive; built a staked-and-ridered fence around themselves, and vowed that they would eat with no sheep that would not wear their mark and brand. And they then threw so much dry straw out of their theological barn loft that sheep with any degree of taste for sweet, green grass were compelled to jump out, or starve. If anything could be astonishing, it would be the influence that this uneducational idea has had over as grand minds as ever thought. It threw its dark

shadow over the giant thinker of Bethany, and its mist obscured his mental vision. He looked at the church from an organized standpoint, and thought that the promise of the Savior was, he would build an organized body, against which the gates of hell should not prevail. And for the first and last time in debate was he driven to the wall, when Bishop Purcell pressed him to locate the church during the dark ages. "If Rome was not the church, what was it?" The Donatists, the Cathair, Novations, the Albigeuses, or the Waldenses? Bro. Campbell dare not say it was either or all of them, for two reasons: they all had heresies that the bishop was ready to expose, and Mr. Campbell admitted it; and some of them were as bad as anything held by Rome. Second. Mr. Campbell was not a member of either, nor of any religious body claiming to be successors of them. And had he claimed succession through the Baptist line, none knew better than he that Purcell would break it as a gossamer thread. Where, then, was the church? And what? As to the what, he was forced to silence. As to the where, he took the Baptist dodge, and hid it out in the wilderness, where no eye could see it; and then the only proof of its existence was the promise of Christ that it should exist. But the gates of hell had prevailed, so far as banishment, at least. And who dare say it was not dead? I read this debate thirty years ago, and was fully satisfied that he was wrong. For when right, there lived no man who could press him as the bishop did.

But what is the church if not an organized body, was not so easily settled. It gave me weeks and months of anxious and laborious thought and investigation. I conferred with aged preachers. They said, It is an organization, and we are the church. I finally reached the conclusions embodied

in this sermon, and delivered them in the city of Jackson, Miss., in 1856.

I now return to the claims of these contending parties, who claim each one the exclusive right to administer the ordinances of the church. First in order is Rome, on papal authority and a regular succession of popes. Next, the Greeks, through a line of patriarchs. Third, the Episcopal, through their bishops. Then the Baptist through a succession of churches; and last and least and most pitiful is ours, from the truth that we preach, as the apostles preached, and practice as they practiced, organize churches as they organized them, therefore we are the church. Yes! And there is another, therefore; that I am half surprised, as it did not prevent any mind from grasping this delusion. That is, there has been no church for sixteen hundred years. The gates of hell did not only banish it, but absolutely destroyed it, if organization is an element or a component part. Nothing can exist as a whole without its parts. Apostolic organization died with the second century, and was never revived until A. Campbell and his co-workers dug it up from its burial place among the rubbish of Rome and sectariandom. If the claims of either are valid, then my trouble begins. If either has the exclusive right to the ordinances and their administration, and thereby the right of induction into the Kingdom of Christ, then no man, living or dead, can tell whether he has been baptised or not; whether he is in the kingdom or out of it, unless he is willing to do as an unfledged bird, open his mouth and swallow down whatever pope, bishop, Baptist, or patriarch may choose to give. I would not have time, if my life were lengthened out to twice three score years and ten, to examine the evidence in proof of their claim. There are five claimants, each demanding a hearing, and demanding a favorable verdict. Of course,

no honest man will examine the claims of one and decide against the others; this would disqualify a man as a juror where nothing more valuable than a yearling calf is involved. If there are five claimants, each with his proof, to hear the evidence of one and not the others, would be such an outrage against the principle of justice that the man would blight his life. I say to these dreamers over myths, if you will do two things, then I will go to work and spend the remainder of my days in settling the question whether I am in the kingdom or out, baptized or unbaptized. Those two things are, to furnish me with the books containing your evidence, and get the good Lord to promise to let me live until I can complete the more than Herculean task. I promise faithfully to examine all the proof offered by all the parties and a true verdict render, according to the evidence. I have not the books, nor money to buy them, nor half years enough to get half through, so I think I had better spend my time in preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ and in exposing the absurdities of these pretenders.

Now, let us glance at what a man has to do in order to decide to whom baptism of right belongs. He has to begin with the present pope, the last link in the chain of apostolic succession, and feel his way, link by link, back through eighteen hundred years; through ages of moral darkness so thick that it might almost be felt; through the age when church and world were rivals in wickedness; when men and devils vied with each other to see which could commit the greatest number and most horrid character of crimes against God and man; when sacred offices were put up and sold; when bribery and fraud were rife that would now disgrace the most corrupt and unscrupulous political cabal that convenes in a low-down doggery; when the fires of persecution brightly blazed, and the wheel broke the bones, and the

rack tortured out the life, the thumb-screw and hot pincers, with which the nails were torn from bleeding flesh; all implements of torture that ingenuity could invent to cause a pang, start a tear, or cause a groan were cruelly applied. Through these scenes of darkness, blood, tears, and groans and death you have to follow this line, feel each link and feel certain that no spurious pope crept in, for if one link is broken both ends of the long chain fall into the engulfing sea of oblivion. When we have run this line eighteen hundred years, we have done one-fourth of the task assigned us. We must examine the claims and proof of the Greek church. She is older and better than all Rome; better than the Episcopal church; than the Baptist. Fortunately the claim set up by a portion of the Christian brotherhood is short. You are not perplexed with long and crooked lines. They make short work of it; do not claim succession, Apostolic, Papistic, Greek, Episcopal, or Baptistic. We devoutly wish that all the others had been as short. They simply put it on the ground of being apostolic in preaching and in practice. All of these claims, like the Psalmist said of himself, were "conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity" — were begotten by unholy ambition and born of the lust for power and supremacy. A theft was perpetrated on all Christians; a birthright was stolen while they slept.

When a person becomes a child of God — a joint heir with his elder brother, the Lord Jesus Christ — he inherits all the blessings, privileges, and benefits growing out of the relationship, and assumes all the responsibilities, obligations, and duties, mental, moral, and physical, that he has the ability to discharge, the limit being that of ability alone.

We are all one in Christ Jesus. All inherited the right to preach, sing, pray, break bread, exhort, baptize.

Whether all would exercise these rights depended upon

circumstances. The first theft was to deprive what was then and now is called the laity of the divine right to baptize — make it an official act to be performed by certain officials. Perhaps you will not appreciate the great gain to the clergy in this immense and unprecedented stride toward greatness and power unless informed of the fact that baptism was then administered by all and upon all, for the remission of sins. It required hundreds of years' schooling in the college of religious ignorance to turn out a graduate with the idea that there was any other purpose for which it was administered. I ought to have stated that in order of time, their first theft was their exclusive right to preach, depriving all who, according to their standard, were not specially called and sent. Put these two claims together with the design of baptism, and then you are prepared to see what the clergy gained and the church lost.

Their first claim — the special call — indicated superior mind, heart, or physical power, some qualification not possessed by others, God being the judge. This call pointed them out as the special pets of heaven, and as such, entitled to our reverence. They succeeded. The second — the exclusive right to baptize — made them complete masters of the situation. It brought both church and world to their feet. It said to the world, you can't be saved without preaching, we alone can preach; you can not be saved without baptism, we alone can baptize. It said to the church, you can have no more added to your numbers. Baptism is the door into the church — into the kingdom — and we hold the keys. You can have no access to the table appointed by your elder brother, that you may show your faith in his dying love. We are the custodians of the Lord's supper! "If you eat not and drink not, you have no life in you," and whether you eat or drink depends on us.

Your pardon did depend on us, your spiritual life now depends on us. If you refuse to eat of the bread and drink of the cup you die for trampling on his body and blood; without us this cannot be done.

That Protestantism does not see that she is as complete a slave under her task-masters as Catholics are under theirs, is one of the incomprehensibilities of blind sectarianism. You just swapped masters when you found that you were dependent on the preacher to baptize you for remission of sins. That made him the equal of the pope in his absolving power. When you could not commune, as you call it, without a preacher to consecrate and break bread for you, he was the equal of the priest in his power to transubstantiate. The Catholic could not eat the real body and drink the blood without the priest. You could not partake of it emblematically without the preacher.

Finding yourselves enslaved, you decided to kill the design of baptism and get rid of this much of the yoke; that you would be independent of them so far as pardon of sins was concerned. But what of the Lord's supper? Well, we make a sort of compromise, and do not partake of it often enough to do much harm and no good; and show thereby that we don't care much about it, any way, and we will consent to bear the yoke for a few minutes once in three months, rather than make a fuss. It can not gall our necks very badly in that short length of time. My own impression is, that you would have done both church and world much less harm had you killed the preachers instead of the Lord's institutions. And just here is a good place for the fourth party to put in their claim. The Baptists say: "None of this applies to us; we do not lord it over God's heritage. We recognize as true the declaration of holy writ, that the church is the ground and pillar of the truth; that all authority is in her

and must emanate from her. The church made us what we are, and not we the church." Very plausibly put, but I think I will prove, beyond the possibility of a reasonable doubt, that the thefts committed by you, in common with the others, leave you in really a worse condition than any of the others.

If their line of succession is not broken — if their cable does not part — if their anchor holds, and their ship outrides the storm — either Catholic, Greek, or any other line of succession, except the one you have chosen, I shall as certainly wreck your craft on the breakers of truth as the sun shall run his circle in the heavens. Sustain your succession of churches, still you are stranded. When, with the others, you pilfered the exclusive right to preach by virtue of a divine, special call you threw a tub to the whale, which the others did not. With the others, God nominated and elected; with you, God does the nominating, and the church ratifies by ballot the nomination. This made your call about as certain as theirs, and, perhaps, gave you additional influence, since you could say to them: "I am partly the work of your hands." Surely no church will repudiate God's choice, and fail to ratify his nomination. And if one be found brave enough to do it, all that the nominee for clerical glory has to do is to change his membership to another congregation. His moral character being good, if he fail to find a Baptist Church that wont license him to preach on account of his being a fool, he may unite with us, and preach, call or no call. I have never heard of one being rejected for the want of sense. But when you made baptism an official act, then you ruined yourselves, and made your succession not worth a thought. You get your authority to preach and baptize from the church — claim the exclusive right to baptize — repudiating all not administered by your sacred hands, and

the official grace, flowing to you through the church. This has puffed you up, engendered pride, made you exclusive, proscriptive. It is about time this inflated balloon were punctured, so the gas may escape before it accumulates to the point of explosion, and somebody get hurt.

There are two, and but two, classes of rights known to men. One is a birthright, the other a right created by law. American citizenship, with me, is a birthright. To the foreign born, it is a right created by law. The deputy said he paid a large sum for his right in Rome; the apostle said, I am free born! Is baptism, preaching, etc., a birthright? If it is, it belongs to all. If it is not a birthright, then it is created, and conferred by law. There can be no others. What is the condition of a class of men who claim not only the right to baptize, but the exclusive right — patented; who deny the right by virtue of birth, and don't pretend to show their legal right, or right created by divine law? They only claim that the church gave them authority to preach and baptize for them. My solemn conviction is, in view of all the facts in the case, that such another comedy, if it rises to that dignity, never was played as when a Baptist preacher is made, ordained, and set apart by a church to do for them what neither one nor all of them put together claimed the shadow of a right to do. It was neither inherited nor created! There is a mingling of the sublime and the ludicrous, of the solemn and the farcical, that ought to tickle the ribs of death, and bring a smile from the grave. A church of fifty or a hundred men and women meeting in solemn council to impart the right to preach the Gospel and baptize in the dread names of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and by the authority of the church, for they dare not baptize unless the church says the candidate is all right. This farce is gone through with solemn prayer and imposition of hands,

and the delegated authority passes from the church to the newly ordained. What has been passed from the one to the other? The right to preach and to baptize! They never had the right to do either; never claimed the right; never exercised the right. They were swindled out of it when they allowed their preachers to make it an official act. They sold, Esau like, their birthright, for less than he got, and now have to go through the pitiful sham of pretending to delegate to another rights they do not possess. There would be sense and Scriptural authority in a body claiming a birth, or inherited rights, for convenience or other reasons delegating the rights they had to one of their number. This is in accord with all laws of civilization regulating delegated powers. But I venture, that when a Baptist Church did this piece of work, it was the first time in the world's history it was done. And further, that to-day they are the only institution, corporation, association, ecclesiastical, political, or mystical, that ever attempted to play off such a trick before high heaven. If they say it is a right created by divine law, they can easily point to chapter and verse in the divine code where the great law-giver authorizes any man, or body of men, to confer upon another that which they have not.

What would the political world think if a hundred men, all foreigners, were to call a meeting and send up one of their number to vote in a convention? The president says: "I am informed that not one of the men who sent you here had the right to vote." "That is true," responds the delegate. "What, then, could have put it into their heads, and yours, that you would be allowed to vote?" "We had never thought of it, but happened to attend a Baptist meeting and saw a man ordained to preach and baptize. We learned, on inquiry, that none of them had the right to do it,

so we concluded that we could delegate what we did not possess, and appointing me would create the right. Are you going to let me vote?" If the president were a Baptist, don't you think he would pull all the hair out of his head and adjourn the convention? It is not at all strange that all the churches not claiming any succession should have passed by your claims and never assailed your right to baptize at all, for they are all in glass houses. Any inquiry into your right involves theirs; they are all in the same condition. There is not a preacher in the world who has a right to baptize unless he gets it by birth or through succession apostolic. To repudiate them both and then prate about the right is the sheerest nonsense ever uttered outside a lunatic asylum. Fortunately, you inherit the right if born of God, and your baptism is as valid as though administered by pope, bishop, or patriarch. This is true, whether you believe it or not.

I am somewhat surprised that my brethren, and especially our press, has for so long a time suffered our Baptist brethren to glory in their shame, and not plucked this bunch of peacock feathers out of the tail of this strutting jack-daw. But I must close this discourse, resuming the subject in my next.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CHURCH.

No. 2.

AT THE close of our first discourse on The Church we think we left our Baptist brethren floundering in the "slough of despond," or with the great and good John Bunyan, locked up in the castle of "Giant Despair," door locked and key lost. After the perpetration of such a theft on God's children by the clergy; after feloniously filching from them their inalienable rights and hiding the spoils under their clerical cloaks, we could expect nothing but evil, discord, and confusion to follow such an outrage upon a wronged and forbearing household. Strange to say, this bone of contention, this apple of discord, originated with the household instead of the preachers. They suggested the theft and the preachers took advantage of their weakness and inexperience, making baptism an official act and attaching a validity thereto, on account of the administrator. Originated among the brethren at Corinth in the early days of Paul's ministry. The apostle, as soon as he saw the first appearance of the hydra-headed monster, put his foot on it and crushed its life out during the apostolic age, but the dragon teeth were sown, and an abundant harvest came up as soon as the apostles passed away.

One said, I am of Paul, and another of Apollos; others for Cephas. A few nobly stood up and said, we are for

Christ! So soon as Paul learned the status of affairs, instead of availing himself of the honors they wished to gather around him, he promptly rebuked them, and evidently meant to sever forever the administration of baptism from office, even apostolic. When he learned that they were attaching importance to the institution because administered by him, he stopped and said he would baptize no more of them until he could teach them better sense. This, his language to them clearly shows, when he thanks God that he had baptized but few of them, lest they should say that he baptized in his own name. As they had made such a foolish blunder about the value of the commandment on account of him who aided them to obey it, there was no telling where their folly would stop if not checked. From the character of those he did baptize (Crispus, Gaius, and household of Stephanas), we feel assured that they had not fallen into this exceedingly foolish and hurtful notion — they were among those that said: "I am for Christ."

And now Paul gives them a piece of information which, if looked at with the eye of common sense, not blinded by ignorance, superstition, or the lust of power, would seem to be a work of supererogation. "I was not sent to baptize, but to preach the Gospel." I was not made an apostle in order that I might baptize; I could have done this without being an apostle. This was a duty and privilege inherited when I became a Christian, to be discharged when circumstances make it necessary. If it is official — to be done alone by the apostles and their successors — how dare the apostle refuse to perform this high official duty? There were no other apostles nor officials in Corinth, but *other Corinthians were baptized!* When you tell us who did the baptizing, down comes your whole fabric and your vaunted claims lie buried in the rubbish. It may be said that the

apostle authorized some of the brethren to do the baptizing. There were no officials there. Will you say he authorized lay members? Did you, as his successor, ever do this? He could not confer or transfer the right, for to him it was a birthright, held in common with all the household of faith, not an apostolic right. If apostolic, where do you find his authority to transmit to any but his successors in office? This lets the poor, down-trodden, priest-ridden laity into the succession. When we look at the act to be performed, and the needed qualifications to its performance, and then look at the apostolic office and the qualifications requisite thereto, Paul might truly say, Christ sent me not to baptize, but to do that which no one else, not similarly sent and qualified, could do. To baptize requires sufficient physical strength to put a person under the water and raise him up out of the same, if immersion was the act; if sprinkling, much less would be more than enough; enough mental strength to find his way into the water, put the subject in and take him out, and then find his way out. This is all!

To be an apostle a man must have seen the Lord Jesus; he must be inspired by the Holy Spirit sent down from heaven; he must speak in tongues; possess the power to perform miracles, and the power to impart it to others. O, ye Corinthians! and all others afflicted with this official mania, look at the qualifications of this man among men, natural, acquired, supernatural, and divine. "I thank God that I speak in tongues more than ye all!" Abundant in revelations. When you think of these, then think how incomparably silly we were ever to have thought that these were given for the purpose of baptizing.

Paul baptized as a Christian, not as an apostle. The first man he put into the kingdom of his Savior rose up out of the watery grave, from which he came forth with as much

authority to baptize as Paul had to baptize him. A right higher than apostolic — a constitutional right, an inherited right — conferred by the Elder Brother whom Paul, himself, humbly served.

Don't you suppose that Paul had common sense enough to know, from his own baptism, that it was not an official act? For he was baptized by an humble layman in the city of Damascus. Beyond question, there have been more ridiculous follies, absurdities, and crudities taught and practiced on this subject than any other within the range of human thought.

I mention but two, and must then pass to another branch of the subject. Baptism, with most of the churches, is classed among the non-essentials. Faith and repentance are the essentials. The common herd — the laity — are allowed to do all they can to aid the poor, deluded, misguided seeker to do these essential commandments. But, when it comes to the non-essential, "Hands off!" is the order from headquarters. None but those on whose heads holy hands have been laid can aid the poor fellow in obeying this non-essential thing. The essential can be done alone, and without the aid even of the laity, but this non-essential requires a preacher. The action itself being made by you non-essential, you made yourself just like the thing done. And your subject in allowing himself to be gulled by your nonsense, followed suit, and made himself non-essential too. Another is the time wasted by some of the Baptists and of my brethren in meeting a Pedo-Baptist quibble against immersion; the sprinkler contending that twelve men could not immerse three thousand in a day; the others ascertaining by actual observation, done for the purpose of settling the vexed question — timing the administrator and giving us the figures — showing that it could be done, and nobody half

try at that. The sprinkler's argument is based upon a bold-faced assumption; the necessity of proving his premises never seems to have occurred to his mind. That the twelve did all the baptizing, even repudiating, as they do, the birthright, they can't prove that either of the apostles did the baptizing, and the universally admitted doctrine that whatever is done by an agent is done by the principal. If committed to them as apostles, surely they had the right to command others to do it. I do not presume it will be contended that baptizing was any more apostolic than preaching; and yet we find that as soon as others learned what to preach, the whole church were scattered abroad, except these called and sent baptizers, the apostles who remained at Jerusalem. The others went forth everywhere, preaching the word; baptism was an act of obedience to the word; but, when they preached, as did the apostles, and the heart-smitten penitent asked, What must I do to be saved? "Repent and be baptized." But, by the way, the baptizers are all at Jerusalem, and when any of them will come along this way, we know not; till then, you will have to remain in your sins — you may die before they come, and be damned.

The poor sinner says, Where did you get the right to preach? "O, that we inherited; but this non-essential thing is too sacred for us to touch with our unclean hands." Now, if any one believes that these five thousand and more went out on such a Don Quixotic expedition, I envy him not his boundless credulity. The immersionist meets the argument, conceding the assumption, and makes his figures. He unquestionably gains the victory, and need not exclaim, with the victorious commander when congratulated on his splendid victory upon a stubbornly contested field, as looking on the vast numbers of the dead, wounded, and dying, he exclaimed: "Another such a victory, and I am ruined."

No other is needed to ruin him who makes the argument upon the premises assumed and conceded!

The sprinkler has no right to sprinkle at all, nor the immersers to immerse, unless the argument comes from Rome or England. From any other source, they set themselves adrift without right.

But the climax of the ludicrous is reached when a Baptist and Pedo-Baptist meet in debate on the mode, as they call it. Both admit that it is non-essential; and yet the Baptist earnestly contends that it is very essential how a non-essential thing is done!

Well, common sense would say it matters not how, nor whether done at all. Some say it is essential to obedience. Why, it is obedience itself! Leaving now those claiming to be the church par excellence (not forgetting the fact, as presented in the preceding sermon, of their claim to be the exclusive custodians of this and other institutions), it is utterly impossible for any to say whether he is in the kingdom or out of it — baptized or unbaptized. Nor can he ever satisfy himself without turning knave or fool. Life is too short, and evidence too voluminous to be examined. If he runs back one line and refuses to run the others, then he is a knave. If he accepts the claims of either without examination, then he is a fool; and it don't matter whether in or out. An honest man and man of sense has no chance in this crowd. Four lines to run through more than eighteen hundred years, the links of four chains, every link examined. Just think of it, and give up in despair!

To think that the loving Heavenly Father would make my salvation depend even remotely on such miserable juggling priestcraft, is enough to stir up the ire of a saint. And if I were not the best natured writer after whom you ever read, I would stop right here, and say hard things. Leaving now

those claimants to settle the matter among themselves, we turn our attention to another class, not so arrogant in their pretentions, but no less unfortunate. Their modesty is about their only merit. They set up no claim to succession of any sort. They claim to be branches of Christ's Church. If they are all branches, there are two questions that obtrude themselves, and demand answers: First. From what did they branch? Second. Why did they branch? If they are branches, then, where and what is the church?

They deny that any of these parties mentioned are *the church*, but admit that they also are branches. These branches grew up at different periods of time, and at different geographical points, and are slightly different, to say the least, in planting, culture, growth, and fruit. They don't adopt the divine grafting process, else the fruit would all be like that into which it is grafted. For, the great apostle to the Gentiles tells us that we are grafted — contrary to nature. They are bound to adopt the seedling process; then whence came the seed? On what tree did the seed grow and mature? The time was when there were no branches; then what was the church? If all are branches, as organisms (and that is the only sense in which they use it), then it is all down right nonsense to talk about *the church* at all. It is all branches, and no church; all streams, and no fountain; all arms and legs, and no body. If they will unite all the branches, then what have you? You have the one body, but no arms or legs. What have you done by this amalgamation of branches? Simply blotted out the branches and wiped out the disgrace which attaches to each and all who engaged in this wild theological branch scheme of banking. Come together, and you are the church; the branches all dead — destroyed! And need any one be told that no element of the church of Jesus Christ is destructible. These

branches can be destroyed, and destroyed by the hands of those who created them. Therefore, they are no part or parcel of the church, — neither branch, twig, leaf, flower, or bud.

When they commenced this branch-making business they repudiated the birthright to preach and baptize; for this would have disrobed all the specially called and sent gentry of their stolen power, and they would have stood self-convicted of the theft. It is needless to say that the preachers were the mechanics, in this theological workshop, who tinkered up the botched job.

We are bound to make a branch; we can't live in any of these establishments now claiming to be the church; if we enter the Church of Christ, then we step down and out, and are on a level with the laity; no superiority, no official dignity, no power to lord it over God's heritage. And, Lucifer like, you decided that it was better for you to reign in a branch than to serve in the church. But can't we just make a branch? What is to hinder? Well, gentlemen branch church-makers, I will tell you one thing that was in your way then, that is in your way yet, and will be until it strangles the branch life out of the last one of you. It is that little non-essential commandment, "BE BAPTIZED!" It is little short of a miracle to trace out the efforts made to cripple and kill this command; and the influence it has imperceptibly exerted in the complicated machinery of churches. Its greatest influence is yet in the future; it is destined to destroy this whole branch patch-work. Yes, gentlemen clergy, your systems, however cunningly devised, are doomed to die, and die by water. It was but a small worm that wilted Jonah's gourd. This is the canker that will in the end eat out your branch life, and to hasten this desirable end, I note a few facts.

It was in your way when you began. How were you to get this divine element into your human organization — into your branch? You realized that it was an utter impossibility and had sense enough left not to try. What, then, can we do? As we can't baptize into our branch, we will baptize into the church of Christ. If you had not taken away the key of knowledge from the people; if you had not steeped their senses in the sparkling wine-cup, old Rome, and made them beastly drunk, this first step you took would have killed you and your branch so dead that nothing less than resurrection power could cause you to live again, and even that could impart no life to your branch. By that act you make the church one thing and your branch another. The person baptized is in the church of Christ, but not in your branch. You caused the baptized to enter the church through the door; by what door did they enter your branch? This is your first trouble, and but the beginning of your troubles. Like the poor Irishman, who said his were as bad at first as they could be, and got worse all the time. The second is, you had no right to baptize any person into any kingdom, church, or institution having the shadow of divinity connected with it. You are estopped by your false doctrine in regard to the authority to baptize — that it can only be done by an official, and we are the officials. Who made you such? Had they the right? You answer, No! Then your right is not worth discussing. Then no one has been put into the church by you. If your doctrine be true, and you are not in yourself, you deny the birthright. You don't claim the succession right; by what right, in the name of all that is sacred or sensible, did you do it, or pretend to do it? And when you pretended to baptize,— you first made it non-essential; second, killed the design; third, got the wrong subject; fourth, the wrong action. No design,

wrong subject, wrong action, no administrator. You had no right to do it. Now, don't you feel ashamed of yourselves? Your next is, you had to fix up the pitiful myth of an invisible church in this world, into which you baptized them, for it was more than even your impudence could stand to baptize into the visible kingdom of Christ, and then turn round and take out of Christ's church into your branch. You conjured up the invisible, so that when they went into your branch they could carry it with them and no one ever miss it, as they had never seen it, and had it not been for you it never would have been thought of. And had it not been for that non-essential command, you would not have been compelled to fix it up, and would have had one less great sin to answer for. But you are not through yet; these are the beginnings of your troubles. God-making was the sin of heathendom; monstrosity-making the sin of Rome. Rome made two heads and one body; you made two bodies and one head, or, using another Scriptural figure, the Catholic Church is the bride of two husbands. That is, perhaps, why John calls her a harlot. You, in making an invisible bride, flaunt the accursed banner of Mormon polygamy in the face of Jesus Christ and make him the husband of two brides, the head of two bodies. This a viler sin than that committed by Rome. Her dogma makes the sin her own; yours makes it Christ's.

The Scriptures say nothing about any such a monstrosity. I confess that there is a considerable sprinkling of the invisible. It has a set of invisible pastors, elders, deacons, etc. No one has charge of it. No one seems to take any interest in it nor care anything about it, or have any use for it, after they baptize into it. They turn the church, and all that are in it, out to grass. I most heartily wish that some of those that made it would devote a little of their precious time to

it. It needs looking after badly. Hundreds that you say you baptized into it are Deists, drunkards, liars, and thieves, and no one to turn them out. This is one church, at least, that no one can get out of by sinning. The only way to get out is to get religion and go into a branch. I am not informed as to whether you take it into the branch with you or remain in it, and are a member of two churches, or of one church and a branch?

Your next is that you make the church as bad as a den of thieves — a moral pest-house; not including the sinless babes you profess to baptize into it. What are its component parts? What its membership? Thieves, liars, drunkards, Deists, Atheists, adulterers, whoremongers, all sorts of shameful abortions of corrupt humanity. As soon as any of them get religion, then you gobble them up and put them in a branch. They were pure enough with all their sins and crimes to be in the Church of Christ, but not pure enough to get into our branch. None but the regenerate can come into our branch. But what of the poor Church of the blessed Lord? Not a regenerate person in it; made up of totally depraved babies and adults, trying, many of them, to add to their own total depravity, and make it more than total. And into this seething, hissing, boiling cauldron of sin you ask me to let you baptize my babe, and in that church it must remain until it gets old enough to get religion and be taken into a branch, among decent people. And all those vile characters mentioned are its brethren and sisters, and in it you have left your own babe. Shame on you!

This brings me to another trouble, this non-essential,—this command to be baptized, has brought upon you. It has caused a separation from your darling little ones. I was debating with one of your invisible baby-sprinkling "D.D.'s." He taunted me, and charged me with selfishness, in that I

went into the fold and left my babe out in the wilderness; that my system, as he called it, took in the sheep and left all the poor little bleating lambs to be devoured by wolves. He grew grandly eloquent, pumped up a few tears, which set the tear pumps of some of his sympathetic sisters to work, and quite a sensation was created against me. I had to plead guilty, for that was just; so had to own up, plead extenuating facts and circumstances, and throw myself on the mercy of the court, which I did, stating the facts, that my creed taught me that I was a sinner and needed pardon; that pardon was offered to me in the kingdom of Christ, and not in the devil's kingdom. I was therefore baptized into the kingdom. It further taught me that my babe was sinless; had no sins to pardon; that of such is the kingdom of heaven. There was no reason why it should be brought where pardon is sought, promised, and obtained, until it desired and needed pardon. I then asked my opponent, and all his people, if they had done any better when he and they had their infants put into the fold, was the fold not as corrupt, as bad as the wilderness? What was gained by taking the little child out of the world and placing it in such a church? The world is bad enough; the church equally as bad; you wronged it by bringing it into church relations with any such a filthy and corrupt crowd, and must have recognized the fact yourselves by refusing to stay with it. You, your wife, and babe, are put in the same day; and then what do you do? Why, you take your wife and sneak off into a branch, and leave your babe among the brutish men and women that have grown up in what ought to be called the devil's church, instead of Christ's.

After the performance of this wonderful feat of theological legerdemain — of making one invisibility out of four visibilities — the subject is visible, the administrator is visi-

ble, the action is visible, and the element visible. With these four visibilities you and wife and babe get into an invisibility; but you do not tarry long. Why did you not take your babe with you? You have done the same thing that you accuse me of doing. I leave my sinless babe in the world where God has placed it, willing to trust it in his hands; you leave your totally depraved one in as bad a place. I give reasons for what I did, you give none. If you would put your babe, and others, into your branch, I would have had nothing to say against it. The babe is yours and the branch is yours. The action by which you pretend to put it in is yours. Neither the good Lord nor I had anything to do with the whole programme. It is nobody's business what you put into it. But when you claim to put them into the church, then I have a right to protest against your putting in babies, pigs, or puppies. I am in there, and can't slip off into a branch. I would file no complaint if your creed meant what you preach about the invisible church, for I am not in it. When it makes you ask the Lord to receive the babe, or the adult, into his church, and make them living members of the same, I apprehend it is not the invisible about which you are praying. I would not so seriously object to your putting them into the visible church if they would remain babies, but they won't; or, if after they get religion, you would let them remain, it would be bearable. We would then have a compound that would save the thing from everlasting shame, disgrace, and contempt. We would have a mixture of good, bad, and — babies. But you won't let them stay; as soon as they get good you take them into a branch and leave me with the bad and the babies. I can't hold social intercourse with the babies, nor with the bad. I am left in a pitiable fix, am I not? Suppose all were to let you put their babies in as fast as they were born, when the

present generation passed away, then there would be no world. You would simply turn the world into the church; you have done all you can to ruin the church in order to save your branches, and all that prevents success is that even your own drilled cohorts are learning too much from us and others to let you do it.

I have pointed out some of the troubles into which you plunged yourselves in evading that little non-essential command. Should you desire any more, please let me know, and they shall be forthcoming.

I must now leave you and your branch business and attend to something more important — to the church. And, first, what is it? It is a kingdom, a sheepfold, a body, a temple, a household, a bride. What and who is the bride? All who have been married to Christ. Who are the sheep? All that hear his voice and follow him. What are the materials out of which the temple is builded? Lively stones! Who compose the kingdom? Loyal subjects. When do we become subjects? When do we become a portion of the temple? When we are laid on the foundation; subjects, when we take the oath of allegiance. When do we become the sheepfold? When we follow him. What is the first step we take in following him? Baptism into him. But, says one, Faith is the first step, and repentance the second, and baptism the third. Faith and repentance are mental and moral actions. They are but parts of the man, they are not the *we*. Baptism is the first act *the we* do. Sheep follow; we follow. It would be a nice caricature of figurative language to make the Great Teacher make the faith the sheep had in his voice, the following. The sheep had better sense than the theologian. When do we get into the kingdom, and how? When we are born into it. How? By water and spirit. Except a man be born of water and spirit he can not enter it; so taught

our blessed Lord. And not one word about organization. The church is one thing, organization another! Organization is done by the church; for the benefit of the church. All baptized believers are the church. If infant sprinkling is Scriptural, they are in the church. I would not convey the idea that all that are in will be saved in heaven; nor all that are out will be lost. I am not writing about heaven, but the church. Let us distinguish between things that differ, and all the mist and fog of ages disappears.

There is a Scriptural process of becoming a Christian, of getting into the church, and a Scriptural way of organizing the church. Suppose a member Scripturally enters the church and does as they all admit they have done; fix up an unscriptural organization, they committed a sin, but are still the church. Suppose I baptize twenty persons where there is no church, what are they? The church. When did they become the church? As soon as born. When were they born? When they were baptized. What is their first duty? To congregate, or, as an apostle says, assemble themselves together to sing, pray, exhort, and keep the day and the feast in memory of dying love and rising power. And thus they meet and worship for months and years, until some among them are qualified to fill the offices mentioned in the Scriptures. What are they? The church. What came together? The church. Congregating did not make them the church. The church made the congregation.

Suppose they never organize, are they any the less the church? Happy would it have been for us and the cause we love if one-half of the congregations were not organized yet. In process of time, brethren are qualified for the offices of elders and deacons. Bro. Burnett, of *The Messenger*, pays them an evangelic visit, and I read in his paper that he organized the church, and I say well done, Bro.

Burnett. I read on, and find this remarkable specimen of putting a figure on all fours. Nothing could have pumped out of his teeming brain this self-stultifying thought, except that terrible piece of machinery called organization, over which he and D. B. Ray had been fighting. Here is his statement: "The bricks and timber are not the building, or house, till brought together and put into the house." I say, there is not a word of truth in it, when applied to Christ's building. When were these bricks, as you call them, builded together for a habitation of God through the Spirit? Was it when you organized them? Was it when they congregated? I answer, No. When? It was when they were laid on the corner-stone. These bricks and this timber are the building, if they had never seen each other's faces, or the faces of any organization. Whenever a man, be he Baptist or Christian, gets this idea of organization in his head, it has a peculiar knack of driving out all common or uncommon sense. Look at another specimen of its influence over the minds of both these champions. They both speak of Christians in Babylon. If Christians, then they are the church, in the wrong pew. Now, for Ray to ask the church to come out of Babylon and join the church. Even Ray, with all his cheek, could not do that. Burnett was in the same boat. Hence, they cover up by using the word Christian, as though Christians were one thing and the church another. Is it not remarkable that, during that protracted controversy, neither defined the thing at issue? There must have been a reason for this, and they both must have seen it, or I have overestimated their ability. If Ray defines it, then he defines Burnett in. If Burnett defines it, and how we get into it, he defines Ray in. Then down tumbles the whole fabric of organization entering into the church, and the blooodless battle would have ended, as the Irishman says, before it

began. I now return to the church of twenty, for the purpose of bringing out another phase of the subject. Rev. B. baptizes a man; what is he? The moment he is raised out of the water he is a member of the church, as much so as any, and all the baptized. When is he in the kingdom of Christ? At night he comes up to take membership with this local worshiping assembly. They receive him by giving the right hand of fellowship. What do they give him, church membership? Nonsense; Jesus gave him that. He gets drunk the next day, and won't acknowledge the obligation. They withdraw from him. Withdraw what? Just what they gave, their fellowship. Where do they leave him? Precisely where they found him, in the kingdom. There he will live, die, and be raised from the dead. And the angel reapers will gather him out of the kingdom with all things that offend. In the very nature of things and the nature of organization it could not be otherwise. All congregations had to exist without organization until brethren could qualify to fill the offices. All were novices, and the apostle forbade the setting apart of such.

This sermon is growing too long to enter upon the proof, but to Bible readers it is not necessary. One other thought, and I am done with the subject. In debating with a Baptist preacher on this subject, he admitted, as sensible Baptists do, that born of water and spirit is baptism in John iii. Said I, you take a candidate out ten steps into the stream and baptize him; your organization is standing on the bank singing, perhaps,

"'Tis a point I long to know."

There is just ten steps between him and your organization. There is not the breadth of a hair between him and Christ's kingdom. He is in it before you could give him the hand

of fellowship. Therefore, the church is one thing, your organization another. Again, a man in this community wants to go to the Legislature. He knows that without the Baptist vote his case is hopeless. Being an atheist, he professes religion, tells an experience, is baptized, received into fellowship, is elected, goes to Austin, gets drunk, returns home, and now, as pastor, you interview him. "Well," he says, "I sold you out cheap; all that I told the church was false; I was an atheist, and am yet." Was he baptized into the church? You know he was not; for you say with us, no faith, no baptism. He was in your organization; therefore, your organization is not the church. If that don't settle the question beyond a reasonable doubt, it is because the writer, who defined man to be a reasoning animal, badly slandered him. Perhaps I ought to apologize to the reader for the length of this, but I have no room left.

CHAPTER XIV.

COMMEMORATIVE DAYS AND INSTITUTIONS.

THIS class of institutions has occupied a prominent place in the religions of all ages, whether divine or human. They are distinguishable from the moral and the positive in but one particular. The moral are right in themselves — are eternal, immutable; not subject to repeal, suspension, or abrogation. They are commanded because they are right — right in the nature of things — at all times and in all places. Like God, their author, they are unchangeable. Positive commands are right — not inherently, not in the nature of things, but right because commanded, and for no other reason. They have no rationality, no philosophy; are subject to repeal or abrogation at the will of their author. Moral commandments originate in right; positive in God. A wooden serpent would have done as well as a brass one; one dip in Jordan as well as seven; the blowing of the breath of Israelites as well as trumpets; sprinkling as well as immersion.

Commemorative days and institutions, while not inherently right, like the moral, have both the authority of their author and of philosophy; and in this feature they differ from the positive.

Their design is the perpetuity of important events; they may be and have been changed in the divine economy. When a more important event transpires than the one being commemorated, the old is set aside and the new inaugurated.

Another design is, to place the author in the minds and hearts of all that observe the day, or the institution. They are the called and sent preachers of him who institutes them. They are his witnesses, and though dumb, yet more eloquent than silver-tongued orator, or flashing pen of ready writer. They are dumb, unless those that love them for their author's sake open their mouths and let them tell their story.

This class of institutions is less understood, less esteemed, less observed, and more maimed and perverted than any others connected with our holy religion. Hence this humble effort to rescue them from their neglect and oblivion. The non-observance of them, and the trampling of them under unhallowed feet, shows either a want of knowledge of their value or a culpable insensibility and indifference to sacred interests. Nations have their day and institutions. We as Americans have ours. Perhaps, by noticing our commemorative day, we may collect all the elements that enter into and constitute such days and institution, whether sacred or profane.

We have first, the author or authors; second, the design; third, the day itself; fourth, how it is to be kept; and fifth, who are to keep it. These are all important; each is an essential characteristic; if any one is lost sight of or ignored the whole is vitiated. The authors of our day were the Revolutionary fathers; its design to perpetuate the cost of freedom. To enshrine afresh in our hearts our heroic fathers and their mighty deeds. The time is the 4th day of July; the manner of keeping it by assembling together, reading the Declaration of Independence, talking over the days and events which tried mens' souls, and recounting the glorious results of that sublime event. The people to whom it was given were Americans by birth or adoption. The loss of love for the day indicates the decadence of the govern-

ment, or of the institution to which it belongs. Indifference is the first canker worm that begins to gnaw at the nation's heart, and at the heart of the church. We as a people reaped a bitter harvest of poverty, tears, blood, and death by losing our love for the day and the truth it proclaims. Folly led us in a futile effort to cut loose from the old day and to inaugurate a new one! And had we succeeded, the 4th of July, to us and our posterity, would have been dead. We would have commemorated a new day in honor of the birth of a new nation. Whether we did right or wrong, is not now the question. We could not settle that question if we would. Whether good or evil will evolve from our failure, no mind can yet declare; it has to be adjourned to the day of final adjudication, when all rights and wrongs will be seen and clearly read in the light of God. That a terrible wrong was done by one side or the other, none will deny. If wrong, no one has more to answer for than the writer; for he threw into the great struggle for the destruction of the day all that he had of time, talent, heart, purse, and influence. He hated the day, and wished that it had never seen the light; that we had never thrown off the British yoke. He spent four years away from loved wife and children, in hospitals among the sick, the wounded, the dying, and the dead. Occasionally, to break the monotony, he went on the battle-field and took part in the conflict. My brethren of the North, both national and religious, I thought then, and think now, became wildly fanatical on the subject of slavery, making it not only a political but a moral evil — the sin of sins! It being a national evil, and they being a part of the nation, and feeling that they were *particeps criminis* with us in the sin, their consciences compelled them to set to work to destroy slavery. I thought they were sincere, respected their conscientious scruples, and went to

work with others to relieve them of all responsibility by taking ourselves and institution out of the nation. To my astonishment, they suddenly changed front, and set about whipping us and our slaves back into the Union. For two years and more we slew one another. Finding that secessionists could not be whipped back with their slaves, they decided to divide and conquer — which they did.

I confess I do not understand it yet — I believed I was right. Now I will tell you what it cost me to trample on that grand old commemorative day, and I apprehend that I got off with a lighter penalty than will those who have been trampling on and destroying Christ's days and institutions. Passing by the four years of trial, anxiety, and danger, it happened that, with the exception of four thousand dollars in real estate, (which I sold for Confederate money at par!) all I had was in slaves, and when the war closed the result of a half century of patient toil was all in Confederate money and bonds! I have indulged in these thoughts of the past not for the purpose of calling up any bitter memories of the past: I am fully reconstructed!

When my brethren of the North poured their sympathies, their money, and their men into our epidemic-smitten homes; when he that had worn the blue sat by the dying couch of him who wore the gray, and from his brow wiped the damp dews of death — the last feeling of bitterness left my heart. I now love my whole country — the old flag and the old day! Palsied be the hand that would pluck one star from the banner that floats proudly over us, and the tongues that would utter intentionally one word to alienate hearts from each other, or the lips that would blow the fast dying embers into flames! I will never try to make another commemorative day, but will spend my few remaining days in an earnest effort for

the full restoration of the days and institutions of the Divine Son of Mary!!

Taking up the days and institutions of the Father and the Son, from which we wandered so far, the first commemorative day carries us back to the infancy of time, "In six days God made the heavens and the earth, and rested on the seventh and hallowed it." The Bible passes in silence over the day until God by the hand of Moses had delivered His people from bondage. In the wilderness the children of Israel are commanded to keep it, because it was the rest day of God. When kept for this reason alone it placed but one attribute of His nature before their minds, and that was His power; whether it was wise or foolish to create depended on what He would do with it. No man ever has known, or ever will know, whether it was wise or foolish, unless he learn it from the Bible. The second reason given for its observance by its author was in commemoration of their own rest from Egyptian labor, and this brought two other of His attributes to their minds and hearts — His wisdom manifested in the means used for their deliverance, and His goodness in delivering them.

Who is the author of the day? God.

What its design? To place Himself in their hearts. When they thought of His rest, they could not separate His rest and that from which He rested, and thus He enshrined Himself. When they thought of their rest they thought of that from which they rested, and of Him who gave them rest. The time was the seventh day. The manner of keeping it was — rest. It was to be kept by the Jews, as a nation, and by those connected with them, either as proselytes to Judaism or as sojourners and strangers dwelling within their gates. It was to hold until supplanted by a new day; until a more

important event occurred in the world than creation. When that occurred the Sabbath was to fade away, with all things else pertaining to the law. The fourth command was nailed to the cross! The fourth commandment of the Decalogue, on which all orthodoxy rely to enforce their Sabbath laws, as they call them, has been dead and buried more than eighteen hundred years. The moral precepts were not nailed to cross, not repealed; were not against us; were not among the carnal ordinances that were taken out of the way. I add a few other thoughts for the benefit of some of my own brethren who, I think, have gone to an extreme nearly as fatal as they who hold on to the fourth commandment. They contend for a repeal, a setting aside of the ten — the whole law that was engraved on tables of stone, and their re-enactment by Christ and His Apostles.

The first objection to this is, the whole were eternally right, and enacted into law because they were right; and to suspend one of them would be an eternal wrong. My second is, that it would inaugurate a reign of anarchy. There was of necessity an interregnum between the repeal and the re-enactment. During that time there was no law. The command, "Thou shalt not steal," is suspended. During the time I steal a million; am arraigned and tried in the court of heaven. On the charge I plead that I have committed no offense, no sin! Sin is a transgression of law — and there was no law. The plea would hold good in any court in heaven, as upon the earth, where justice presided.

Again, it belittles the law-maker; makes him perpetrate an act of unmitigated folly; one not found on history's pages as committed by any law making power known to the world.

When law-makers change constitutions, or codify, or change laws, they do not go through the farce of repealing

and re-enacting. Whatever in the old they decide to continue, they transfer. It lives in the old in all its vitality and force until incorporated in the new. Whatever they decide not to perpetuate is repealed. After its incorporation, it derives its authority from the new, and not the old. The moral precepts, therefore, were held in the old until engrafted into the new. And in regard to that class of precepts we might go a step further and say that their power is inherent in themselves. God gave them his sanction in the old constitution and Jesus in the new.

I think this will suffice to set aside this new-fangled interpretation of divine law. No use, my brethren, to get scared at Babylon, run past Jerusalem, and knock out your brains against the down-fallen walls of Jericho! You can get rid of the fourth commandment without killing the nine and leaving the world lawless — the interregnum during which Jesus kept the last Sabbath by resting in the grave after his life's sorrowing work was done. We notice one more Jewish day because it gives us a better opportunity to measure the mighty power with which God has clothed his commemorative institutions. The Pentecost was to the Jews what the fourth of July is to us. It placed afresh in their hearts annually the birth of their grand nationality, of which God was the author. On that day they, by faith, gathered around the mount — the place of its birth; they heard the thunders utter their terrible voices; saw the awful sheeted lightning's flash; heard again the voice of God and the sounding trump which filled the hearts of their fathers with fear and prostrated them in the sands around the mount. Again they renewed their oft repeated and oft broken pledge which their fathers made to God, that they would be willing and obedient. Let us stand, by faith, on the temple's height a few days preceding the Pentecost, and we behold

vast multitudes from all nationalities under heaven, pouring into their capital — dust covered, foot sore, travel soiled — a host of weary pilgrims coming from afar. We now inquire what was the power that went out and gathered itself into all hearts, that turned the thousands towards Jerusalem? It was the power of a commemorative day. The great God held in his grasp through this day, the mind, heart, and body of this grand old nation. There are many other days commemorating other events, but these are sufficient to answer our present purpose; and this brings us to the institutions of Christianity. They are three in number. In the language of Ashdod and modern orthodoxy they are called "sacraments" — the Lord's Day, Christian Baptism, and the Lord's Supper. At the very threshold of the subject we are met with one of the strangest phenomena that can be found in all the world of thought, dreams, or fancies. The whole religious world, the Christian Church excepted, has perverted these days and institutions. And I do not think that we ourselves as a people more than half appreciate them. The Adventists and the Sabbatarian Baptist keep the wrong day, and for a wrong reason. The Son of God has nothing more to do with their day than with our fourth of July. All the others are keeping it after their own fashion; they have the right day, but the wrong reason. All they have of Christ is simply the day. They do not keep it as he directs, nor for the purpose for which it was given. They do not keep it by his authority. They give no reason from him or his law why they keep it at all. Nothing said in the New Testament in regard to his day is ever quoted. They will not even call it by either of the names given to it, "The Lord's Day," or "The First Day of the Week." They do not allow him to legislate for his own day and his own household. He is most completely ignored, dethroned,

and driven out; the voice from Calvary is completely silenced by the crashing thunder from Sinai's clouded summit. Moses, and not Jesus, legislates for them. Law, not Gospel, governs them in regard to this holy day. They want their people to observe it with great reverence; they want legislators to enact laws for its observance. What reason do they give, where get their authority? At the mount, and through Moses. The fourth commandment, Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Why? Because God rested on the seventh day. When kept for this reason, who gets into your darkened hearts and blinded minds? Surely not Christ, but God the Creator. And how many of his attributes does he bring with him? His power only. Never in all the lives of all the orthodox preachers, Adventists, and Saturday-keeping Baptists, have they once given the second reason why the Jews should keep it. "This," says God, "shall be to you a memorial day, and to your generations forever, because on this day I brought you up out of the land of Egypt." A Gentile church keeping a day for that reason, and the wrong day at that, certainly reaches the climax of the ludicrous. If you do not keep it for both these reasons, then you have very devoutly broken your Holy Sabbath. To see both the Catholic and Protestant religious world keeping the first day of the week because an important event took place on the seventh, is surely a sight that would cause angels in heaven to weep, if tears were ever shed in that happy place? How this perversion ever crept in, is beyond my comprehension. I fully understand why these people never quote Acts xx: 7: "And when the disciples came together on the first day of the week to break bread." This would kill their quarterly communion. I also understand how "quarterly communion" came into practice. It grew out of the first great theft perpetrated

by the clergy on God's people, when they stole from the family the right to preach and baptize. The metropolitan preacher soon built up a number of congregations in the suburbs of his city. Instead of his teaching the churches to select from among themselves men of good report for the discharge of the duties of elders and deacons, thus making them self-sustaining and independent of him, the lust of power got the better of his poor nature, and he held on to them, and taught them that he alone, or such as he, could administer the Lord's Supper.

When His churches increased to four, then, as a matter of course, they could only break bread once a month. When they increased to twelve, once a quarter, since he could not be with them except monthly or quarterly, as the case might be. But what I do not understand, is the fact that when churches have those present who they admit have the right to break bread, they hold on to the old custom of quarterly communion, although the cause which gave it birth has passed away. I do not, and never expect to, understand why they keep the first day of the week, because God rested on the seventh. If there are any two days that differ in all the essentials of this class of days, these two days mark clearly that difference; they touch at no angle — God is the author of the first; Christ of the second. The design of the first was to enshrine the Creator in the hearts of His nation — the Jews; the second, to place Christ in the hearts of His people. The first was a day of rest; the second of works. Jesus worked himself up from among the dead! The first was from Sinai; the second, from Calvary. The first belonged to the Jewish, the second to the Christian, dispensation; the first to the law, the second to the Gospel. The first was nailed to the cross, and buried to stay in the grave; the second came from the cross and the grave. The

first was the seventh day; the second, the first day of the week. The first was kept for two reasons; the second for one. Christians keep the Lord's day in memory of the resurrection of Christ, and of their redemption from the grave. There must be a reason for this most strange and unprecedented practice of the churches. Can it be alone through their ignorance and confusion? May it not in part grow out of the abuse of the supper? If they return to the primitive practice and break bread on each first day of the week, will not church and world desire to know the reason for the invidious comparison drawn between death and resurrection—keeping the day of the resurrection once a week and commemorating the Lamb of God's death once in three months!!

CHAPTER XV.

COMMEMORATIVE INSTITUTIONS.

THERE seems to be an idea prevalent in the religious world that so we keep some one day it does not matter what day it be. This is based upon a misunderstanding of Paul's instructions to the brethren, in regard to the Jewish fast days and feast days, which they esteemed very important, and wished the Gentiles to observe them. They were days not commanded. No one was either the better for keeping or the worse for disregarding them. But when a day is commanded there is no choice or question; they must be observed. This is applicable to other commandments as well as to the class now under consideration. God commands us to join the church; but allows us to choose whether we will or not. And many go so far as to teach that He not only gave us the right to choose, but made several hundreds, embracing all sorts of doctrines — forms of government — names and practices — so that the most eccentric mind and fastidious taste can be suited. When a person joins he obeys God; but when he chooses — whom does he obey? He is made simply an equal partner with God. He ought to know, that if he had sense enough to know how — he would have enough to know what, and God might have let him arrange both. God then might as well have left him to make the church and then join it.

So of baptism — they say Christ commands the *what*, and leaves to us the *how*. And as the how is our part it more nearly

concerns us, and assumes an importance more than the what — giving us that much the advantage in the transaction. If you could decide the how you could decide the what. It is time that this whole idea of choice on our part were abandoned. After these remarks we return to the subject as stated in a former discourse.

If you had the right reason and observed the day because Christ rose from the dead, then you would observe it as commanded. Keeping it as you do, for the reason contained in the law, you keep the wrong day. What would you think if any other people were to act as you do? You find the Masonic world keeping a day in memory of a patron saint. Do they invariably celebrate the wrong day? The people of the United States to celebrate their national birth by keeping the first instead of the fourth day of July! And to make their case bad as yours, they keep it because George III. was born on that day! or signed the stamp act on that day! What incomprehensible folly and impropriety! From the evident nature of these institutions, and from a close observation of their practical influence upon the minds, hearts, and lives of Christians, I am led to the conclusion that there is in them more of God's attributes and power, more of Christ, than in all things else taught us in the Bible. The great moral, purifying attributes and powers are manifested in these institutions. His wisdom, goodness, love and power, as revealed in death and resurrection, are brought in their full, flowing tide into our hearts by their intelligent and earnest observance. They are the expression of the great powers by which all worlds are controlled — the mental, moral, and physical; the mind, or wisdom of God as manifested in the plan; His love, in the manner employed — the death of His Son; His physical power — in raising him from the dead! These we are taught to remember on the First Day of the

week. God has decided that they are needful to our spiritual growth and advancement in the divine life. We may decide, as we foolishly do in regard to many other things, that we can grow without them; but Paul says their non-use brought sickness and sleep in his day! I have known professed Christians to grow cold and indifferent — lose all interest in religion — and finally apostatize, from neglect of the commemorative institutions, in the midst of the best songs that mortal lips could sing — under the most fervent prayers human hearts could offer, and under the best preaching that could be done by uninspired men, with all the social and religious influence of good men and women, many grew cold and fell away. But in an experience of forty-three years I have not known a single case of apostasy on the part of a disciple who met with the brethren anything like regularly, attended to the supper, and kept the day! I therefore conclude that there is more in these to keep the mind directed into the right paths of thought and the heart filled with holy emotions, to keep the feet in the way everlasting, than in all other things combined.

There is another reason why I regard them as vital parts of the divine system. These were the first class of witnesses struck down by the hand of the man of sin — the son of perdition. When his hand wields the dagger he strikes at a vital part, and strikes to kill! When in his fiendish wisdom he determined to pull down the fabric builded by the Apostles, he was too wise to strike at the foundation; but, like Sampson, felt for the pillars. He measured the influence of these institutions, and saw the power for good that was in them; saw that so long as they were understood, appreciated, and kept, no power could draw the church far away in the wrong direction. He heard the eloquent voice of these witnesses as they proclaimed to church and world

the faith of him who opened their mouths and bade them speak of the Christ! These are the three witnesses which John saw dead in the streets of Babylon, the city of mystery. These "witnesses," as John calls them — "sacraments," as Popish people call them — are the Lord's Day, the Lord's Supper, and Christian baptism.

In order to silence the first, they piled six other holy days on top of it and smothered it. The second, by the process called transubstantiation, they converted from a "*sacrament*" into a *sacrilege* unprecedented on earth or in hell! The Lord's Supper, to benefit the communicant, or to honor its author, must be understood and appreciated. Now, all the angels in heaven, all the men on the earth, aided by all the devils of the infernal, can not get hold even of the shadow of this priestly trick. He does not pretend to understand himself how a wafer is a wafer and is not a wafer at one and the same time; or how it looks like bread, smells and tastes and feels like bread, and yet is the divinity — soul, body, and blood of Christ.

The third witness — Christian baptism — they did not kill outright, but reserved it for a worse fate. They laid it upon their dissecting table and, with their theological scalpel, split its tongue and made it say, "Sprinkle, pour, immerse!" If they are right who hold it as a non-essential, in regard to action, subject, and design, then it would have been an act of mercy had they cut off its head instead of splitting its tongue! What an immense quantity of time, talent, labor, stationery and ink could have been devoted to something essential. Add to this the wear and waste of mind; then the division, envy, strife, alienation — separation of husbands and wives, parents and children into different parties — called branch churches; the infidelity growing out of this unhallowed and senseless strife, and you have one

phase of the curses that follow the impious, polluting hand of Rome. Add to this the loss of respect of one-half of the religious world for the other half, who have spent their time, money, work and feelings in trying to prove that two other ways of doing a thing are as well as one way! Had they believed that either of the two ways was really (if possible) more valid or better than the one universally admitted way, their labors would at least have commanded the respect of thinkers. As it stands, it can at best but excite a smile of pity for misdirected energies, wasted time, money squandered. I mention in this place a few phases of the subject that the masses may have an idea of what the feelings must be in the souls of profound thinkers when they contemplate this folly of those who have wasted so much that is beyond price in building up those useless shams. Take this single thought, which gives to the whole Ashdodical structure all or whatever of vitality it has, THREE WAYS OF DOING ONE THING! Try to measure the depths of the silliness that gave birth to this idea! an idea so monstrously absurd that no one entertaining it has ever tried to apply it to any other commandment found in all the Book. Two ways of believing, of repenting, of hoping, of loving, of eating bread in memory of His broken body — two ways of drinking wine in memory of shed blood!! Is it not the wonder of wonders that this simple commandment, given by the Great Head of the church, and illustrated by His own action how performed, should have been singled out and put through this theological machinery until every feature is distorted, every limb broken, and the whole body made a thing beyond recognition?

Here another notable fact crops out in regard to all commands ever given. The thing done, or the mode of doing it, was an essential element, and the end was never reached

until it was done; and the manner or mode was prescribed and became as essential as the end itself, since the end could not be reached in any other way. While it is true that the end is never ascribed to the thing done, but to the faith by which it is done. This is bound to be, or it could not be by grace. And while it is in all cases ascribed to the faith prompting the action, it is as universally true, in all cases, that the end is never reached by faith without action! without faith doing something, — never reached as soon as faith exists! To the invariability of this rule I know of no exception. No curse ever fell on men or nations; no blessing ever descended, either temporal or spiritual, until there was action on the part of the believer or unbeliever.

We have thousands of detailed cases on record in which we can clearly see what they believed, how believed, when they believed, and when the end was attained; when the curse fell or the blessing was imparted. In no case was it at the time of believing, but at the time of acting. Were I to offer proof of this, it would involve the transcription of a large portion of the Bible to these pages.

As we trace out the curious things that have been developed from the splitting of the tongue of this witness to the death, burial, and resurrection of Christ, we marvel at the number and character of the vagaries of the human mind.

Out of this has grown the idea of choice, so destructive to obedience. But the full absurdity does not strike the mind in all its force, unless stated that the choice in its nature is of such a character as to dishonor him who makes it, and insult him to whom it is made. A choice might be offered between things having some resemblance without dishonor to either party. But this particular choice to be "sprinkled," "poured," or "immersed," is not of that class. I can find some sort of a reason for all things else

that God has done; at least, I can imagine a reason. But, I confess that after looking at this from all possible standpoints — after getting on the top side and the bottom side, the inside and the outside, the right side and the wrong side, I give it up in despair! And when I think of penning a serious argument against it, the ludicrous side turns up despite all sober resolutions. Just imagine, if you can, the look of surprise, curiosity, and contempt that would blend their expressions on the face of an accomplished and refined lady who had never heard or thought anything on the subject. A called and sent preacher delivers his message from God to her that she must be baptized; but in his unbounded liberality God gives her the choice, either to be sprinkled, or immersed, or poured. The first emotion is one of wounded pride, of insulted dignity. Does God take me for an idiot? Does he think that I am destitute of taste as well as sense? And do you think that I can not distinguish between the pleasant and the unpleasant? Did he not know, when he gave this choice, that no one in the world would be so devoid of all sense and all taste as to take immersion, as matter of choice? Indeed, a man or woman would have to sink below the instincts of any animal, bird, or even crawling worm, before consenting by choice to go into the watery burial, to reach any end that could be accomplished out of the water. There are four elements in the command: First, the subject; second, the administrator; third, the action; and fourth, the design. That there should have been confusion in regard to what the witness really did mean on some one of these branches of the subject would not seem so passing strange. But that there was confusion on all; not only this, they separated on all four of the points, and got as far apart as possible, is wonderful. On the subject, they got as far apart as man and babe; on the action, or mode, as

they call it, they went from a burial in water to a drop. I saw one act which they called baptism, where the preacher wet his finger and made the sign of the cross. On the administrator, they got as far apart as the inherited divine right of all Christians to the special official right of a few. On the design, they went from Catholic regeneration to nothing! Now, look at it. No one can tell who is to do it; on whom it is to be done; what it is to be done for; nor how it is to be done; or whether to do it at all. Was ever confusion so completely confounded? Had Pandora opened a box of curiosities, she need not have turned out but this one.

Now, let us examine another phase of the subject, where insanity is not lurking along the path of thought we tread. They had a peculiar spite against this witness. Concerning the other two witnesses which testify to the death and resurrection of Christ, there is not, and never has been, any disagreement in regard to what they say.

There are three facts that constitute the Gospel: the death, the burial, and the resurrection of Christ. These facts were first given in promise; second, in type; third, in prophecy; fourth, in fact; fifth, became historic; and, lastly, were made monumental or commemorative. Now, would it not be unaccountable if the first and last were monumentalized and the middle fact left out? After they had come down the ages together, existing in the promise, set up in the types, interwoven in the prophecies, occurring in fact, at the manger, on the cross, at the grave, spread out on history's pages,—two of them crystalized, the other dropped out! If there can be no witness that can utter the word *burial*, then there is a defect in the whole plan, is as clear to the eye of common sense as the sun at noon! Our faith in his broken body is shown by breaking bread; in his

blood, by wine; in his resurrection, by the Lord's day. But where is the witness for his burial? The Apostle says: "Show me your faith without works, and I will show you mine by my works."

I say to the orthodox world, show me your faith in the death of Christ! They readily respond by pointing to the Lord's table. Show me your faith in the resurrection of Him that died; and they point to the Lord's day — whose voice, more eloquent than angels' tongues, clearly sings out with each dawning morn of the first day of the week, Resurrection! See, as the golden god of day begins to scatter his beams from the lap of night, on which he leaned his head, mounting higher and growing brighter. So Christ, the sun of the moral world, comes forth, raises his head from the lap of the night of death, on which He slept — rising higher and shining brighter until the waves of light roll across the dark valley and shadow of death, and lave with glory the shores of the eternal world! I ask them to show me their faith in the burial of Christ. Will not shame prevent them from pointing to sprinkling or pouring? If baptism is not the witness, then what is it? If not in water, where is it? O tell us! You say, ye called and sent, that God committed these witnesses into your sacred keeping, because He could not trust them in the hands of His people. You stole them from the lawful owners, and had them in your keeping. As self-constituted administrators you are responsible to God, church and world. First, for theft of the estate, and second, for mal-administration. What have you done with those witnesses? Rome killed the first, as already shown; killed the second by transubstantiation. For these two murders Protestantism is not indictable; and yet, while she perhaps is not guilty of murder in the first degree under the first count in the indictment — on the Lord's day, she is

manifestly guilty of an aggravated assault with intent to kill, by driving Christ out of His day and putting his servant Moses in his place. With regard to the second, they allow it to open its mouth once in three months. In regard to the third, they are *particeps criminis* after the fact. After Rome did the act of splitting, they have kept the severed tongue wagging ever since. Had the divine right of all to administer these ordinances, or to permit these witnesses to testify, been recognized could they have fared worse? Had they been handed over to vilest foes the presumption is they would have suddenly crushed the life out them all, and perhaps have given them a decent burial. Devils would have done the same, no doubt. This would have been much better than their present sad fate. As they are now used they add nothing to your religion. Cut off their heads and you wont be hurt. For with your sprinkling, quarterly communion, and keeping the first day, because God rested the seventh, you as completely destroy them as though you slew them. I believe your religion would be better if they were dead and buried.

And now a word of explanation for the benefit of the captious. We are asked why the first and last witnesses are allowed to talk once a week, and the witness for his burial only once for all? This grows out of the nature of the witness and the position it occupies. It is, as all admit, the dividing line between church and world. The line can only be crossed once. It is the door; it can only be entered once. Of it we are born, having been begotten by the spirit. We can be born but once. And "except a man be born of water and spirit he cannot enter the kingdom."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DESIGN OF PUNISHMENT.

"And you that are troubled rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, with his mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction, from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power." —II. Thes. i: 8, 9.

IN this discourse we shall follow the line of thought, prominent in a preceding discourse, on the power of a thought. We remember that, while preaching for the church at Memphis, Tenn., in 1866 and 1867, our mind in its ramblings struck this path of thought; we spent days and weeks in hunting up those central, foundation, vitalizing, and life-imparting and life-sustaining ideas, and found no exception to the universal law — that all systems are but the outgrowth of a single thought. I recollect that I delivered at that time some six discourses on the subject. Hunting up the pivotal thought, and then following it in its varied ramifications and developments. No other line of thought ever gave to me more pleasure or profit. But acting very unwisely, as I now see, I kept no notes of the subjects, nor the manner of handling them, so that nearly all of them have faded away — are erased from the tablets of memory. I was so fearful of becoming a routinist, traveling in a circuit, accumulating a certain number of sermons (as the manner of some is), and preaching them at

all times and in all places, thereby weakening the power of creating, as far as we can create, that I preserved nothing of preaching or writing, and now when I want some of my writings to put in my book I have to pay to have them transcribed from the old files of papers in which they were published. I have no memoranda; not even brief notes of anything I ever preached or wrote. I attached but little importance to what I wrote; not enough to file away the paper on which it was written. I would not commend this course to others; but I urge upon my preaching brethren to cultivate their original powers of mind. Do not let them die! Do your own thinking! Don't go round as a blind horse on a tread-mill, and feed a church year after year on "faith," "repentance," "baptism"! Don't become the things that a large number of preachers of other churches are — mere echoes. They grind through a theological mill, from which they come forth labeled, marked, and branded, even to the sanctimonious clerical look, so that you can often tell what mill they came from, what denomination ground them through; as much alike as so many pewter buttons cast in the same moulds and strung on the same string. I have no apology to make for this long digression. I have only indulged in the conceded right of authors — to write what they please.

I now, after the long ramble, return to the subject, and inquire what is the design of punishment and why inflicted; what end is to be attained; what purposes served; what object reached? In traveling the historic past to its origin, I got lost in the fog of the misty past. I failed to find the first man into whom the devil put the idea that now permeates the religious, and to some extent, the political world. That it is a purifying, reformatory power; that suffering, endured by the body, is good for

the soul; that pain endured makes the heart better. Punishment has been used in all ages, both by God and man. The use of it is right; the abuse of it is the most blighting and withering curse that has ever fallen on church or world. This abuse has grown out of the single thought that there is a purifying influence growing out of it; that it is a great factor in reforming moral nature; that is disciplinary, as applied to mind and heart. In looking at its practical development in heathen lands and heathen religion; in our own land, and in the religions of Romans and Protestants, I reached the conclusion that hell was its birth place, and the devil its father, sin its mother, and that it is the foulest spawn from these prolific progenitors. If all the groans forced through pallid, grieving lips were concentrated into one it would be louder than the Apocalyptic seven thunders that will break in pieces this old rock-framed earth of ours, and wake up the sleeping dead. If all the sighs from breaking hearts could be put in shape and size it would make a monster so huge and haggard that he would frighten his father, the devil, when he returned home. If all the bitter, burning, anguished tears that have been forced from eyes that would not have wept, since the first man tortured his flesh to purify his spirit, were gathered together, the navy of the world could be set afloat on the bosom of the sea of tears. Stand to-day by faith in heathen lands as far back as we can, where this thought first clothed itself in action and started on its fiendish mission, you see a man standing on a post, on one foot, the other drawn up at right angles; another with right arm stretched out; there, and in this posture, they have stood through summer's burning heat and winter's chilling blasts. The arm as rigid as a limb growing from the trunk of a tree. Their poor hearts ought to be very pure. Iron spikes are forced through their quivering flesh; even the

tongue has not escaped the torture. The sharp spike is forced through, and when nature begins to heal the ghastly wound the spike is turned and twisted round till the wound bleeds afresh from every pore. The rivalry grew fierce, and ingenuity exhausted its powers in inventing new and excruciating tortures. This idea became, and now is, the sole foundation thought on which two great theories of religion are builded — Roman Catholic penance, and universal salvation. The religion of Rome, which is two-thirds mythological cant, got the thought from heathen minds and heathen practice, and on it erected her whole system of penances; on it builded her smoke-begrimed, lightning-scathed and thunder-riven walls of purgatory. So that her fiendish spirit, after having tortured the body and soul of her deluded victims all along the path of life, extorting penance in fastings, abstinences, pilgrimages, kneelings on marble slabs, repeating *pater nosters* and *ave marias*, counting beads, and going through the almost countless genuflections of her ritualism. When they have tortured the poor wretch into his grave they can torture his weeping wife and children out of a portion of their scanty income in buying masses for the soul of the departed dead, which their infernal system has sent to purgatory; teaching that if his sins are not bought off, they must be burned out — *money or fire*, is their motto. If the mass money is not forthcoming then the pope and priesthood can gloat over his agonies in the penal flames of purgatory till singed, scorched, and burned off. This gave birth to indulgences in the days of Luther, when Tetzel was peddler-in-chief of the wares of the church. Come, buy the right to sin and escape the penances the church has a right to impose as punishment for sin committed. Money now vested in indulgences by an edict of an infallible Pup — beg pardon for that slip — Pope will save you from church censures, penalties,

and pains; will put out the fires of purgatory, and give you a free pass through the portals of glory. Suppose no one had believed in the purifying power of punishment, they would have snapped their fingers in the face of church penances, and laughed at purgatory. The scoundrel would not have sold enough indulgences to pay his whisky bill! The orthodox hell is another of the monstrosities of this thought. The Catholics fixed up that institution as a sort of second edition to purgatory. All who have not sinned beyond redemptive and purifying power of punishment, when they have paid up all scores against them to the utmost farthing, will be released from durance vile and go up to glory. When they have a fair settlement made with Almighty God and squared accounts; when for each sin they have paid a groan, for each crime a tear. I wonder why they never asked what use the great creditor had for such currency in heaven. What could he do with it? Why exact it? Is it possible for him to get anything out of it except the delight of the angels and the saved in listening to their groans and watching their writhing forms, as on sulphurous, fiery billows they are up-borne near to where the angels stand, and then with a blood-curdling shriek sent into the fiery gulf of indescribable woe. Some writer has said, as quoted in another lecture, that "the sweetest music that the redeemed and angels hear in heaven is the groans and shrieks of the damned in hell." I withheld his name then, and do so now; he was a great man in the ranks of orthodoxy in his day, an LL.D. I hope the church to which he belonged will burn the book from which I quote and let his memory perish from the earth. I therefore withhold his name. It has stained and blighted the reputed character of the loving heavenly Father; made Him so delight in human woe and pain as to cause him to desire, will, and decree the eternal sufferings of

a portion of Adam's race, without a fault of theirs, and save the others without a virtue. "The decree was passed," the creed says, "without any foresight of faith or good works moving Him thereto." This runs a red-hot plowshare through the tender sympathies of human hearts, and drives them away from God. It has hardened the hearts of men and turned them into fiends, in human shape, and set them to work with faggot, fire, dungeon, rack, and wheel, to drive out what, to them, was evil thoughts and to instil the good; to reform the mind and heart to a renunciation of heresy in faith and adopt the truth. Surely no one will contend for a moment that they punished only to force a recantation, when it was known to be a lie when uttered. Surely they did not want to fill their church with liars and hypocrites. This would be to make them devils incarnate. All that saves them, the great Geneva reformer included, from being murderers foul, is that they labored under this fatal delusion, that suffering purifies. It tramples under foot the purifying blood of Christ, and puts his sacrifice to open shame. For all you have to do is to punish enough and the end is attained.

All purifying power is in God and Christ and the Holy Spirit. They purify our hearts by entering in and dwelling there; and they enter by faith, not by punishment.

Having enumerated some of the leading evils — the plants growing out from this prolific root — we are ready to get hold of the question and show that God never punished, and further, that punishment never was inflicted and never will be for any such purpose. It never was intended of itself to affect mind or heart. Never did and never will. Suppose that upon a fair, candid, impartial investigation of the subject, without any creed to support, any dogma to sustain, any theory to underprop, the conclusion should be reached

that such is the design, nature, or effect of punishment. Wont there be a crash of systems builded thereon? If it is found to be irrational, unphilosophical, and unscriptural, then Catholic penance and purgatorial expurgation, together with universal salvation and Protestant repentance, as now practiced — may God give me strength of mind to break the fetters that have bound the church and world for ages past, so that ages to come may escape the sighs, tears, blood, and groans that have ever followed the footsteps of this monster — hideous and vile!

And first, it is unphilosophical. It is the province of mind power to control mind; moral power to control heart or moral nature; physical power to control physical nature. These are the never changing laws that God has interwoven into these departments of his creation, and by them He controls and governs. Any attempt to control mind and morals through physical force is as foolish and vain as the effort to control matter by thinking and feeling. Philosophically considered, the fabric falls. Scripturally, let us draw nearer the subject. We go to the land of Egypt. I go there because two classes of punishment were inflicted, and inflicted by the Lord. And we learn essentially the design of the punishment — its purpose, object, end, and effect. God wanted freedom for his people; wanted Pharaoh to let them go into the land that he had given to their father Abraham, with a promise to him that his seed should inherit the land. Pharaoh places himself and nation between God and the fulfilment of his promise on which depends the fulfilment of the promise of the Christ. The king resists; the conflict began, was carried on, and ended. God said — they shall go. The king said they shall not. The punishment began, and began on the material nature. They walk down to bathe in their watery god, the flowing Nile, and wash off

their sins. Its waves are blood. The frogs they worship in countless numbers come, filling their beds and bread trays. By uncounted thousands they die, until an intolerable stench fills the land with a putrid and nauseous odor. Imagine, if you can, the anguish of heart experienced by them, when in the midst of their dead gods they stood and inhaled the tainted air. The cow, their holy Isis, came up covered with unsightly blurs and running sores. Ten times waved the rod of God in the hands of Moses, ten of their idolized, worshiped, and devoutly venerated and fervently loved gods were converted into unsightly and offensive objects. At last the wail of death is heard in every household, from the palace of the king to the hovel of the beggar. Then the voice of the nation comes up as the voice of many waters, "Let these people go or we be all as dead men." Pharaoh could no longer resist the voice of God, and his own people could drink no more draughts from the cup of anguish, moral and physical, that God had pressed to his lips. He gave up and said they might go. What was God trying to control and govern, change and reform? The mental and moral nature? Not a word of it. This would be to make God as unwise as a called and sent preacher. There are two reasons why moral reformation never entered the mind of God; the first was, the king had no morals to reform. He was a vessel of wrath fitted to destruction — fitted himself to destruction before God had anything to do with him; and, second, the means used were not adapted in the nature of things to the accomplishment of the end. If God started out to make Pharaoh or any of his nation any purer in heart or holier in heart or feelings, then this was one of the greatest failures now on record or that ever will be; but God never makes a failure! After all this punishment inflicted and endured, what was accomplished by it? All that God

intended — all it can accomplish. It controlled *action.* God punishes to compel or prevent *action.* He did not make an effort, in all these punishments, to make him think he ought to let them go — to love to let them go. *Act!* whether you love or hate me, whether you want them to go or not, is not the question. Were I seeking to change mind, volition, heart, or life, a different class of means would be called into action. How many were converted? Not a single one, no, not one. We next take God's own people. Think of their four hundred years of Egyptian bondage, of all they suffered under cruel taskmasters; punished fearfully in mind, in heart, and body, until life was a burden, one long drawn out agony. How many pure hearts were found among them when Moses was sent to deliver them? Not one. For fifteen hundred years God had his nation in hand, and during that period the recital of their suffering curdles the blood. In their forty years journeyings in the wilderness — hunger, thirst, bitten by fiery serpents, slain with the sword, the earth opening her jaws and swallowing them, the jewels they had despoiled their enemies of made into a molten calf, around which they poured out their pent up idolatry; it is in pieces broken, to ashes burned, and scattered on the waters; humiliated, tortured by the destruction of their idol, while the blood from thousands of idolatrous bodies saturate the sands of the wilderness.

During their national life God punished them with famine, pestilence, and sword; with imprisonment, bondage; blighting their fondest hopes, disappointing their expectations, blasting their prospects, and bringing to naught their wisest council. What was all this inflicted for? To reform moral life, convert mind or heart, to engender faith or love? The man who so thinks is demented indeed. What inflicted for? To reform actions, to control the body — make it stand still

or move forward, as God might command. To compel them to obey His law; if not prompted by love, then impelled by fear and force, the sacrifice shall be offered, said the law, whether in faith and love or in unbelief and hatred. Sins must be confessed whether repented of or gloried in. Death was the penalty; it was the rod of terror waved over the head of slaves; it was the scorpion lash with which the wretch through slavish fear was whipped into doing right. On down the ages, hearts unchanged, minds on mischief bent, the natural current swept. Stiff-necked, self-willed, unbroken, stubborn, rebellious. When obedient their vessel sailed over the unruffled surface — gentle breezes filled her sails — majestically she glided. When they refused to do as commanded, clouds lowered, and storms of punishment were poured out in burning showers. Finally the end came. The cup of their iniquity was full to the brim; they added another drop in putting the Lord's anointed to death, for whose introduction into the world God had been using them all these ages. They fondly thought that he was using them for their own aggrandizement. Their cup overflowed; their doom was sealed. On this breaker their ship of state was wrecked, and all on board went down in the troubled sea of annihilation. His purpose in raising up and guiding their national life o'er many tempestuous seas had been accomplished. He took his hand from the helm. A pilot of their own laid his hand on the wheel; she drifted along with winds and tides, or lay becalmed and motionless, making no headway to any port, until the last storm arose. Titus encamped around the holy city, and siege was laid to the city of great kings, where the visible presence of God had brightly shone for more than a thousand years; that sacred place to which their faces turned when they prayed for deliverance from captivity; the place of which they thought when their un-

strung harps hung from boughs of the willows of Babylon; when they asked, with breaking hearts, "How can we sing the songs of Zion in this strange land?" The city around which gathered a thousand hallowed memories and sacred associations is now doomed. The fearful prophecy of Him who wept over her is about to be fulfilled: "Not one stone shall be left upon another;" "the sanctuary shall be trodden under foot by the Gentiles; your house shall be desolate." The sufferings of this siege no mind can grasp — no tongue can tell — no pencil paint. Imagination in her utmost effort in horror dies away. More than a million perished — slowly, torturingly perished from hunger and thirst. All the others into captivity carried away. Such was the bitterness of their cup that, Josephus tells us that the voice of motherhood was silenced till they appeased the gnawings of the tooth of gaunt famine by eating the roasted flesh of their own babes. O ye believers who are burdening the air to-day with your silly twaddle about the purifying and reforming power of punishment, publishing on the pages of the press how you and punishment turned the heart of the red-handed assassin of innocence, whose hands are wet with blood, who, after gratifying his hellish lust, slew his victim to conceal his crime. The law inflicting the punishment of a few months' imprisonment, perhaps, in irons; and you, with your prayers, have speedily, happily, and hopefully converted him; or in the midst of a crowd of religious simpletons, made so by your doctrine, he tells his marvelous experience of redeeming grace, and with sheriff and preacher as attendants, after exhorting the assembled, gaping crowd to meet him in heaven, the drop falls, and from an ignominious life he swings up into the angels' home, doubtless to the profound astonishment of all the dwellers in that far-off, beautiful home where purity dwells. The farce, most pitiful, is

ended, so far as you and he are concerned; but you have given to this fell destroyer of human bliss license to pursue his path of ruin. How many minds of unsuspecting youths are tainted with the poisonous breath of this delusion? Their footsteps are lured into the downward path of transgression; they do not intend to get as bad as he, but if they should, they console themselves with the present popular belief that the jail is the best place to get modern religion — that the murderer can get it quicker, and more of it, than anybody else, and that the scaffold is the best throne from which to mount to glory. And thieves are made, and murderers manufactured, to follow in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessor, the thief on the cross. How much better to be a thief, or even a murderer, and make sure and quick work of it, than to be an honest man or pure-hearted girl, and have to groan, pray, and weep at the mourning bench for weeks? If the governor were to pardon your convert, and the sheriff throw the noose from around his neck, a little common sense and knowledge of human nature, thus coupled, would cause you to put your hand on your purse and watch. For he would as certainly plunge again into the sea of crime as water seeks its level. No use to sing that poetic fiction, that "while the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return." The Holy Spirit says they have seared their conscience as with a hot iron; they are past feeling, given over to hardness of heart; to believe a lie that they may be damned. I ask you to go back in your imaginations, if you can, and travel along down this line of fifteen hundred years of Jewish punishment; measure its heights and depths; ask yourselves the question: How many hearts were turned to God? Then hang your heads in shame, and on bended knees ask God to forgive you for making such a fearful mistake in regard to his design

of punishment. It is now preached and believed that he punishes his called preachers into the pulpit. He wants them to go and preach, and they don't want to do it; but he gives them no rest until he tortures rebellion out of their hearts — until they go, much to the discredit of Christianity and the church that gives them authority. Sinners resist God; he wants them to come and be saved; they don't want to be saved; God resorts to his never-failing remedy for stubborn cases; he goes to punishing them till their hearts are changed, and they are converted. Sometimes he uses rather singular means. At least singular to me. A certain D. D. was holding forth in a city in this State, drawing good houses, and was regarded by his people as a great man. Some of his members asked me to go and hear him, which I did. He was trying to get those with whom the Holy Spirit was striving not to resist its divine influences. The fact of his striving with them was proof that they were among the elect, and that God had decreed to bring all such into the fold; that they had better come then than to cause him to use harsher means. And to enforce this doctrine he narrated the following (which he said came under his own observation, and I had no reason to doubt his word): He said there was a man who had reached the age of fifty. The Spirit commenced its drawing at the age of sixteen. He resisted it. At the age of fifty he was the father of three grown daughters, and the husband of their mother, a Christian girl when he married her, in his youth. To bring this old sinner in, the Lord laid his hand upon the youngest daughter, and she slept with the dead. It failed. The life of the eldest was trampled out under the feet of the pale horse, and then, next, he was childless but still obdurate — the wife of his youth joined her sainted daughters on the other side of the river, for they were all Christians, and prayed

for him, and exhorted him in their dying hours to turn from sin. He still fought against God's means in that direction. Finally, in going from the town one day, his horses took fright, ran off with the wagon, upsetting and smashing it up, and broke the old sinner's leg, from which he came near dying. That brought him safely into the fold. I wondered much, and wonder yet, why the all-wise God did not try the last and effectual remedy first, and let the four good women live. Then wondered if he would kill the wives and daughters of all sinful husbands and fathers, and if that proved a useless sacrifice of good lives, and that God had made a great mistake, but finally hit upon the right power at last, will he put a big scare on the horses of all these old incorrigible fellows and make them run away with the wagon, and break their legs! If he does not, then he does not give them a fair chance to get to heaven, and Peter was mistaken when he said that God is no respecter of persons. Then I wondered if I had not gotten hold of the wrong book, for I had been preaching that "the Gospel was THE power of God to salvation to all that believe," and that "faith comes by hearing," when I ought to have been preaching that a span of frightened mustang ponies, with a wagon rattling at their heels, was the power, and that faith came through a broken leg. And lastly, I wondered what I would have done had his case been in my hands. I concluded that I would have let the women live; made the horses run off; break his leg higher up — just under the ears — and saved or damned him, which ever I pleased!

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DESIGN OF PUNISHMENT.

No. 2.

HAVING in my previous sermon passed over, in part, the punishment inflicted and endured from the advent of Moses into Egypt until the destruction of Jerusalem; and having seen its object, the design and purpose for the infliction thereof, as mapped out in the sacred volume, I hardly deem it necessary to enter into an examination of its facts and influences, as recorded on the pages of profane history, for they are the same in results. Although foolish man has used them for the purpose of making wiser the head and purer the heart, which never entered into the motives of the all-wise God, the result has been a failure among all nations and peoples. At all times and in all places where the theory has been believed and practiced, it has proved an utter failure. The few exceptional cases of reformation under punishment are not due to the punishment, only in so far as perhaps imprisonment cut them off from active participation in practicing their crimes and violations of law. Their minds were forced into other channels of thought, and moral influences entered and did the work. They thought, perhaps, of the prayer their fond mothers taught them when, as innocent little curly-headed boys, they bowed at her knees, laid their heads in her lap and learned from her lips — now motionless in death — to repeat the prayer Christ taught his disciples; lessons learned in Sunday

school, long to memory lost, revived. These and other reforming influences gain admittance through the punishment which simply prevents wicked action. But reformations are exceedingly rare, few and far between, not one in a hundred. As a rule, punishment hardens. The thief leaves the prison of punishment a worse man than he was when he entered its walls. Even should he recognize that the punishment is just, which very few do, still it makes him no better, for the simple reason that there is nothing in it to reach that. God never intended it for the accomplishment of any such purpose. After the thief is turned out, he may not steal your horse, or purse; not because he don't desire to do so, would love to do it; his will is to do it, but the recollection of what he suffered when he wore the spotted pants for two years in State prison prevents his action. It may throw its ægis of protection around your stable, but nine times in ten it does not even do that. I punish my little son Willie for disobeying me, in plucking a two-thirds ripe pear which hung, with a few others, on a young tree in the yard. I give him a good switching. Willie cries most lustily, for it hurts. His cries bring his mother to the door. She asks me what I am whipping the child for. I say to her, he has theft in his little heart and the sin of disobedience. But I guess by the time I am through practicing this orthodox theory of purification by punishment, he will never desire to taste another pear, stolen in disobedience to my law. And to make sure work of it, rejecting the doctrine that there may be too much of a good thing, I reason as a philosopher, that if there is purifying power in it, the greater the punishment the greater the purity; and I continue the chastisement until my arm is tired, and poor Willie is nearly fainting. I congratulate myself that the work is effectually done, while the little fellow sobs himself to sleep, leaning

his flushed face on his mother's breast. The next day wife comes to me with tears in her eyes and sorrow in her motherly heart, for Willie is very dear to her. She says: "You will have to whip poor little Willie again; I saw him standing and looking on those pears with longing eyes, and his mouth was watering for another taste of the delicious juice. I verily believe he wants the second worse than he did the first. I don't see," says the weeping woman, "how I can stand to see him punished any more; but as he is totally depraved, and that is the only way to destroy it, perhaps, with the aid of an eternal decree and our prayers, if he is one of the elect, we may get it out of him; if non-elect, then the case is hopeless, and our only darling is lost. But, husband, if he is an elect, then he will be saved without the suffering he endured yesterday; if non-elect, he will be damned, whipping and all, so don't whip little darling any more." Now, dear wife, as you have turned theologian, you go to your prayers and I will go to thinking. I went to my study, closed the door, forgot Willie and the pear, wholly absorbed in the one question: What is punishment inflicted for? The conclusions reached I am now giving to the readers of this book, praying God that I may humbly aid in stopping the constant flow of childhood's tears unnecessarily falling, through punishment unwisely and unscripturally administered, through this thrice false theory. At the close of researches and thorough examination, I called my wife and said to her: The whole theory is a huge theological lie. The devil is its father; sin its mother. It was shapen in iniquity and called and sent preachers brought it forth. But how about Willie and the pear? for really I have been so absorbed that I have not thought of either. "The pears are still hanging on the limbs and ripening in the sunshine, and you need not fear that he will pull another pear."

Well I do wonder if I have had all my investigation for worse than nothing, and said hard things of the chosen of the Lord? You tell me that Willie says he has lost all desire to steal the pears and break my law. Can it be that the punishment inflicted has brought about this result? Then, I say, "glory to punishment, and to keep him in this blessed frame of mind and heart, and to prevent his falling, I will go and chastise him again." Wife: "I don't think it was the whipping did it. After seeing him the next day, after that sound punishment laid upon him, almost before he had quit smarting under the stripes, I saw the longing eyes fixed on the tempting fruit, I began to doubt the whole theory and the cruel practice growing out of it. I took the child on my knee and diverted his thoughts by telling him an interesting story suited to his years. When I had turned the current of his thoughts from the pears, I then told him how good and kind you were to him; all that you did for him; how wrong and wicked it was for him to trample on your authority; that he would lose your love and bring sorrow into your heart, create fearful forebodings in regard to his future; that you and I would wish he had never seen the light, to cause us to exclaim, with Job: 'Let darkness cover the day on which it was said a man child was born.' Talked to him of what I had suffered and done for him; how it almost broke my heart to see him punished. When I ceased to speak, the childish tears were running down his face. Raising his soft and tearful eyes to mine, he said: 'Mother, dear mother, I will never steal another pear; I won't go near the tree; will try and think of other things; I would have pulled another the next day; I did want it so much, but I remembered how bad the whipping hurt, and that withheld my hand." Punishment can not reach the heart. The heathen on his post, the monk in his cell, wrapped in his hair cloth-

ing, with sharp pointed tacks to pierce the flesh, with all their fastings, flagellations and macerations, their hearts are not as pure as they would be if they mingled with their fellowmen and sought to do them good in the discharge of life's active duties. As to the self-imposed penance of priests and nuns in turning to silence the voice of nature, and defeat, as far as they have power, the will of God in peopling the world — their self-imposed celibacy — their hearts would be purer if children gathered about their knees and called them father and mother — the vile and foul lie uttered by their priesthood against motherhood that it is impure and not as sanctified as virginity, is a sin to taint the heart of a saint. And how any man that has a mother and wife can have any respect for men who made the foul thing, or preach it is a wonder! The priest who says that the mother who bore me, and the mother of my children, are not as pure, on account thereof, as their immaculate virginity, never has, and never will grasp my honest right hand. I thus record my profound contempt for them all!

Having, as we think, fully shown the utter falsity of the theory, we now look at its effects on the systems builded thereon, and from which they derived their life, penance, purgatory, restorationism, resulting in universal salvation. The Catholic soul is sent to purgatory to have his sins burned off, or up, or out, which ever it is. Some remain a shorter, some a longer time, measured by the number and nature of their sins. Each remains until purgation is complete, until he pays the last penny. Bishop Purcell said, in his debate with Mr. Campbell, that he "had no doubt that there were popes then in purgatory expiating their crimes in its penal fires." I fear the bishop was right, and perhaps he might have used the word *all* with truth; provided there be any such a place. He said they were there, and admitting that he knew

more about his own household than I did, or do, they had been there since their death to the time of the debate. How much longer they will have to remain he did not inform us; but to make the best of it, it was a right long and hot time for a pope. The bishop says they are there. I and the Bible say, if they were, they were there yet, and will be world without end, for the reason that there is nothing in their punishment to make them any better than when they passed its gloomy portals. Fire can't burn out the love of sin; can't burn in the love of God. I might perhaps prove that they are worse, as is the thief when he leaves his penitentiary home; but I care not to do it. There are some questions just at this point I hope some of the advocates of punishment for purification will answer, as they have never done so. First. What caused those popes, or any one else, to go there? Second. How long will they stay there? And, third. How are they to get out? How are they to be prepared for heaven? How purified, if it be said, as said it is, by punishment? I offer, in addition to the first already stated, there is nothing in the means to accomplish the end; that it sets aside the blood of Christ — the mercy and grace of God. To punish me till the debt is paid, and then to talk about mercy and grace, is to talk such nonsense as none but priest or preacher ever uttered. To talk of purification by blood divine when you claim it through your own pains and agonies is worse than folly. Christ's blood was shed on earth; not in purgatory, nor the hell of restorationists. It was shed to save from sin in this life; for men in the flesh; for the inhabitants of earth, not of hell. It destroys pardon of sins. To make you pay and then talk of forgiving the debt would disgrace the devil. If he is a Catholic, and in purgatory, he can't be saved by faith, for that he had before he went there; he can't be saved by gospel repentance, for that he had if he

was ever pardoned here. He can't be saved by his baptismal regeneration. Even his water god is burned up. He can't be saved by cannibalising on the flesh and blood, soul and divinity of the Lord Jesus, for there is no transubstantiation there. Nothing but his suffering as a last punishment, and that alone, for that is all there is in hell. Won't there be a nice specimen of purified humanity wending its way up to the abode of the blessed! Scorched and smoke-begrimed; the smell of sulphur emitting its odor from his soul, just out of a place filled with devils and spirits damned! From the association of those he left behind — liars, murderers, drunkards, thieves, prostitutes, gamblers, saloon-keepers, whoremongers, adulterers, and idolaters! All that is morally impure, out of this pest house he comes! Will he not need another purification between hell and heaven to make him even look decent? And should he be admitted within the city of the hosts purified by blood, while their joyous song of Moses and the Lamb is rolling on through the vaulted arches of heaven — glory, honor, peace, majesty, and dominion be ascribed to Him who washed us in His own blood, and made us kings and priests to God, — from this foul ghost, fresh from the haunts of all that's polluting, a discordant note, like the raven's discordant croak, mingling with the melody of joyous song birds — glory to the fires of purgatory, that burned off my sins, and made me fit for heaven! Glory to my sufferings there! I paid my way out; I am here as an honest man, indebted to no one, and I think I ought to take precedence and go higher up than you who availed yourselves of grace and faith, repentance and baptism — took the benefit of the bankrupt law, and dodged the payment in good and lawful currency of purgatory, which is punishment. I will not discuss the second question further, but give a passing thought to the first: What took them there? Two answers

may be given this. Either they did not believe that there was any such a place, or if they believed it they decided that it might not be so very long, nor so very bad, and they would take the chances to gratify their lust for ill-gotten wealth; fame won by lying and fraud; power gained by selling out honest convictions to the party in power, and other nefarious means better understood by political hucksters than by honest men; gratify sensuous desires and enjoy their pleasures, and after awhile they would reform and get religion in good old orthodox style. Poor deluded mortals! They had not measured the strength of habit nor the hardening influence of sin. Long before they reached satiety — gained their end — their moral perceptions grew dim, their conscience silenced, moral sensibilities blunted. No place was left for repentance. They had resisted until resistance became a fixed habit, all moral influences by successful resistance subdued. Their influence grew weaker at each time that resistance was the victor, until the conflict ended in the death, as far as he is concerned, of all moral power. The Gospel has proven to him, as the Apostle said it would, a "savor of death unto death." The time was when the simple and pathetic story of the Cross reached his heart and brought tears to his eyes. Now it falls powerless on dull ears and an unfeeling heart. His doom is fixed. He has no power to create the state of mind and heart that must exist to make him a Christian. The power that once created it is dead — slain by his own hand. He can no more create this than he can call up the feelings he had when the first oath passed his profane lips, or the blush of shame that reddened his manly face when first he fell a victim to the intoxicating cup. He can pour forth torrents of oaths without an emotion, and sleep in the gutter with the hog without a blush. Now, no chance is left but purification by punish-

ment, on which he lays hold as a drowning man grasps at straws. Others, perhaps more fortunate than he, are able to reject the whole theory of punishment in the future world, and turn infidel, reject God and the Bible, or adopt that which is no better — that we pay up as we go through this life — that sin brings its own punishment. To this, I shall offer but one objection and then pass to another branch of the subject. There can be no equality in the penalties paid for the same sins committed. Two men may commit the same offense against divine law; one goes free, the other brings on himself untold suffering, entails upon his innocent posterity the sufferings he endured. In process of time a thousand tainted bodies groan beneath the burden of his sin. Thus the dogma inflicts gross injustice in two directions. If the violator who committed the same act got punished enough when he went untainted in his body, the other was punished too much, and you may repeat the senseless howl against endless punishment being disproportioned to the sins. Then what are you going to do with the infliction of punishment on the innocent? All that was said in regard to the Catholic from purgatory applies to the restorationist, from their hell. I am under the impression that they ought to try and give to their deluded victims some idea of how long their punishment will last, and something in regard to its intensity, and how it is inflicted? And this brings us to the branch of the subject mentioned above. What is the nature of the punishment? That being ascertained, will go far to settle the question of duration. It may be literal and material as the orthodox lake of fire and brimstone kept perpetually and fiercely "burning by the breath of God," as some of their writers express it. It may be mental and moral. If the former, it may possibly come to an end; if the latter, never! I offer the following objections to the first theory: There

could be no degrees in suffering — all plunged into the same sulphurous lake, only that the best man might, if of a nervous, sensitive temperament, and highly susceptible to pain, suffer much more than the phlegmatic murderer. Secondly: It is called a place of outer darkness. Now, such a lake, large enough to hold the lost of Adam's race, would illumine a thousand such worlds as ours. Third: Fire can only feed upon materiality, and there will be none there. Fire can't burn mind and moral emotion. I think these facts sets to rest this brimstone fiction. Besides those who contend for punishment purification, outside Catholicism, and that are doing the greatest amount of harm, ignore the material hell of modern invention, and we are agreed and both throw ourselves on the second, the mental; when that is done, the duration is unalterable, fixed. We agree as to the cause. It is sin. Now, to prove the end of suffering, you must prove the end of sin. The devil and his angels sinned, and have been punished from then till now. Have they ceased to sin? Will they ever cease? Jude tells us that "the angels who kept not their first estate are reserved in chains of darkness to the day of judgment to be punished." Have they ceased to sin? No one will deny that so long as the cause exists, so long must the effect. What causes this mental suffering? Their own acts; their misspent lives; their violations of God's law; their rejection of God's son; their non-obedience to the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ; the recollection of their crimes and its results. Paul says and gives the reasons why they are "banished from the presence of God, and from the glory of his power, because they believed not nor obeyed the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." Will these causes ever cease? These reasons be blotted out? Never. They can't blot them out. They never can believe in God. They know

him; faith, and not knowledge, is that which purifies the heart, and honors God. When the day of judgment comes, and the nations stand before God, then there will be universal knowlege, universal confession, and every knee shall bow. They know he is the Christ, but who among them will be saved? Not one; while all that voluntarily confessed and bowed shall enter into rest. All on whom the knowledge was thrust, confession extorted, and bowing the knee by coercion, shall be banished. I am aware of the fact that the word *know* is often used when the subject-matter spoken of shows that it is used as a strong expression of the full assurance of faith; such as, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands" — not used in the sense of absolute knowledge, for we don't know that there is a God, a house, or heavens, or that this fallen-down tabernacle will ever be remodeled; we believe it. Any one, therefore, who seeks to bring our holy religion within the circle of knowledge, is unconsciously sapping its very foundation. Hence, I have often felt mortified and disgusted with the efforts of pettifogging ignoramuses trying to get up a sensation by calling on their brethren and sisters to testify for Jesus: "All who know that your sins are pardoned, please rise to your feet," and up they rise. The preacher counts, comments on their moral worth and mental character, and you know these people — their character for truth and veracity. If the title to your house and lot were involved and all these witnesses were to testify in your favor, would you not feel secure in your title? Of course you would. Well, Mr. Clerical Humbugger march your witness over to the court-house, and in the presence of the judge and the majesty of the law, learn what the testimony of your witnesses is worth. Then ask God in your shame to pardon and

ask the outraged intelligence outside of those you gulled, to forgive you, and then promise God and them that you will play off this silly joke no more. You assemble your crowd of witnesses; they lay their right hand on the holy Bible — not one of them to save that right hand resting there would venture to commit that perjury. Well, the court says: "What do you really know about this claimant's title?" "Well, your honor, I don't really know anything." "Well, what is the proof that satisfies your own mind that the house and lot are his?" "I just feel like it, your honor, and I would not give what I feel in here (laying his hand where his heart ought to be), for all your printed laws and rules of evidence." The judge says: "Mr. Sheriff, adjourn this court. We have got on hand a lot of bedlamites." I have seen this old clown's trick played off in the theological circus ring in cities, the centers of intelligence. O, how much must the religion of Jesus suffer at the hands of these clowns! But I have been led off. You can never believe in God. Forced knowledge has taken its place, or the place that faith ought to have had, and surely you could not hope to be saved for what you could not help. You can not obey the gospel of our Lord Jesus. It is not preached there. Ought you not to prove that opportunities will be offered there, to remove those crimes, and then that you will accept them? Unless you can prove that better influences will be brought to bear on you there than here, then, if not, I prove that you will reject the offers there. You will be rejected from the fact that you rejected here. Do you expect a better gospel, better associations? Here you had the influence of the pure and good; of a sainted wife and Christian daughter; of innocent baby prattle, and association with Christian father and mother. They are in heaven, and you admit there is nothing pure in the place

you dwell. Your case, beyond question, is hopeless. And can you separate yourself from the other source through which unhappiness flows to you? The recollection of the wrongs done — the sins committed — the crimes perpetrated? As a man sows, so shall he reap, is the fiat of almighty God, and 'tis just; and he must reap a full harvest. The Holy Spirit, through the Apostle John, gives to the children of God the assurance of a full and complete harvest, when he tells them that they shall rest from their labors, and that their works shall follow them. What is true of one class is true of all that sow the seed and reap the harvest. And in order that the harvest may be reaped, the Christian must know his good works, and their remote as well as their present effects; and so must the sinner. Our actions put on the garb of immortality. Much complaint is made and many foolish things said and written about the disparity between the sins and the penalties. On this rock, the great, the good, and lamented Bro. Lard run his craft; and while he did not wreck, he shattered some of the timbers of as fine a built ship as ever sailed on time's sea. Had he first tried to follow some sin till it died, he would have spared the feelings of those who loved him in life, and mourned him in death; and he would not have written the argument that caused the pain. Poor short-sighted mortal, that could not follow one of his sins for a single day, after he started it on its never-ending journey. To undertake to say how punishment is due, is a great piece of presumption! Besides, the argument is based upon assumed premises, which I deny, and that is that God does the punishment; God does the banishment and man the punishment. Each man makes his own hell and punishes himself in it — as I intended to prove in this sermon, but space will not permit. Let us try and trace one

sin and find the end; and then ask what the man ought to suffer. An administrator on an estate defrauds six orphan children out of the wealth left them by their deceased father. A not uncommon sin, as the records of the courts show. He enriches himself. Turns the defrauded ones out to beggary and want. They grow in ignorance and crime. They beget children like themselves. They, in turn, do as their fathers and mothers did. After this man was gathered, in honor, to his fathers (for he died rich and honored); after he sleeps in his grave for a thousand years, we inquire for his sin, and the answer comes from thousands of pinched faces — blear-eyed, half-starved pauper children; from maudlin lips of drunken, besotted, and beastly men, and the curses of abandoned, fallen women; the number but measures with the revolving cycles of time; and if these, the victims of his cupidity, are lost; then his sin enters into the eternal world, and begins its onward roll through endless ages. We have the record of the descendants of one fallen woman, who, in the fourth generation, numbered seventy-eight. Seventy out of the number had been in jails, penitentiaries, and calabooses for crimes. But eight out of the number led respectable lives. We have selected these two sins to convey to the reader the truths that a sin is immortal, and the widespread ruin wrought by it, depending, of course, on the nature of the sin; and that we have to meet its consequences. One of two things is certain, if the Bible is true — *pardon* or *penalty* — if the cause is not removed the effect is bound to follow. God, in his infinite love, has promised to sever the link between cause and effect to all who accept His pardoning grace. "Your sins and iniquities will I remember no more." He will sever the cord of memory that would gather them and disturb our peace

there, as they do here, even after they are pardoned. Memory will gather nothing but the good. The evil will be oblivionized to us; while the wicked can remember nothing but the evil. I feel that the subject demands another discourse, in order to its full development; but we must give place to others now more urgent. The wicked and the righteous differ in their lives — differ in their deaths — differ in their resurrection — differ in their destiny. The last we hear of each is, "Come, ye blessed of my father, into the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world," and "Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity." Reader, to which class do you belong? Which words are you to hear? Prepare to meet thy God!

CHAPTER XVIII.

GETTING RELIGION; OR, THE MODERN MOURNING BENCH.

IN ENTERING upon the discussion of a subject that has enthralled the minds of so many great men, has fascinated so many of the unthinking, and has thrown its witching spells o'er so many hearts — whose mysterious, shadowy form has gone forth unquestioned for so many years, and whose destructive blight has fallen in religious guise over the church and the world — making the good fanatical and driving others farther from Christ and Heaven; the writer has fully weighed the task he undertakes and looked fairly in the face of the responsibility he assumes.

Striking a blow with truth's ponderous hammer at this modern idol, whose ugly form and hideous face have so long disgraced the temple of God, the author is satisfied that the subject is not understood by either its numerous friends or its few foes. Did those who favor the getting of religion at the mourner's bench, the silent grove, or in any other special place, understand the process by which 'tis got, they would bring, triumphantly through, all who sincerely mourn or who worship at its shrine. And did such as oppose its use fully comprehend the philosophy of this mighty proselyting engine, they, long since, would have driven it from all churches and all places where insanity is not enthroned as the presiding divinity.

There are apparent mental and physical phenomena in this converting process that have not been philosophically scrutinized. The mystery that throws its glamour over the sudden transition, reason has not dissipated. A veil hangs over the face of this wonder-working goddess which the mighty hand of truth has not, as yet, torn away. It is therefore my purpose to enter upon the work of uncovering the seemingly mysterious in modern conversions at the mourner's bench — thus destroying the only charm they ever had.

At the threshold, a few truths, unquestioned by those acquainted with the laws governing the human mind and the human heart, will be submitted. These throw light along the path we are called to tread.

And first, — Our whole emotional nature is moved by faith.

Every joy or sorrow, hope or fear, pleasure or pain, felt by any human heart, is excited through faith — when not produced by a visible object — since, for all the joys and sorrows of this world — ah! and of the next — we are dependent on impressions from without; that is, upon words.

Secondly, — The emotion excited is contained in the proposition addressed to our faith.

Belief of that proposition, and trust in its author, puts us into connection with it; and is the established channel through which the emotion it should excite arises in our hearts.

Thirdly, — No emotion whatever proves the proposition excites that it to be true. The feeling will be the same whether the proposition be true or false, so that it is believed to be true. And if then believed afterwards to be false, the emotion at first excited by belief is exchanged for its opposite

or destroyed. This general principle of mental law we all learn in childhood's sunny hour.

Were no minds but those trained to thought addressed in these pages, I would leave the above statements without argument, proof, or illustration — leave them in all their native strength, clearness, truth and power, to be tested by the mental and moral experience of the world of cultivated mind; but as many not in the habit of analyzing their own mental and moral states, or familiar with the unerring laws by which they are controlled, may read them, it may be well to more fully develop these principles by some few illustrations; and to these I must ask the earnest and undivided attention of my readers, since they furnish a key to the whole subject.

On the 21st day July, 1861, on the far-famed Manassas' field, two mighty armies met. Patriotic, brave, and gallant men, from North and South, in lines of battle stood — stood face to face, each ready to do and die for that which he believed to be right. Long, fearful, and bloody was the conflict. Shot and shell ploughed up the earth, or went crashing through the quivering flesh and the breaking bones of living walls on either side. Death high carnival held that day. Lines were broken and again formed; driven back and again springing forward to the fearful work of death. Amidst this terrible carnage — at half-past two — when the Confederate lines were by overwhelming numbers pressed back, and the heavy flanking column was moving with the precision of machinery, and the steady tramp of veterans around the left of the Confederates — a hand was outstretched from the battle's smoke; the wires were touched; along the electric cord a message — couched in a single word — ran; that word was victory. What joy, what happiness, what gladness were felt in many hearts and homes! In the Capital a

shout went up that awoke the echoes of the heights of Arlington! All over the great North there was hurrying to and fro; joy sparkled in every eye and beamed in every face; men each other met, and grasped each others hands and wept. The rebellion was crushed; the loved Union was saved!

Now, reader, shall we apply to these facts the principles already enunciated;

1. All these emotions resulted from faith.

2. The joy experienced was in the proposition believed; and faith was the medium through which it flowed.

3. The joy and triumph did not prove the proposition to be true.

4. Belief in the falsehood of the proposition could not extirpate the joy.

The proposition was false, yet it excited joy; and that emotion would have been active to the present hour could faith have remained unshaken. But the wires were again touched; another word flashed along the line; that word was defeat. The grand army had been hurled back broken, bleeding, routed! Their banner was in the dust; wild panic reigned; joy to sorrow was turned, and all through the power of faith.

A mother heard that her boy had been slain. Her heart was almost broken; he was her only son. For three long years she mourned him as dead; but one bright morn her stalwart boy before her stood in all his manly pride. Faith in the report had bowed down with grief the loving mother's heart. The sorrow was in the statement by her believed; but no shadow of truth was in it. The grief was banished by what she saw — contradicting what she had believed. Had she died, she would have been killed by faith. Why

then should thinking men in wonder stand when beholding the scenes enacted at the modern mourning bench?

We are now ready, dear reader, to draw near that spot, and to dissipate the mist that envelopes it. Go with us and let us analyze the workings of the human minds and the human hearts that are gathered there.

Preachers and people together meet. The subject discussed is "Jesus Christ and him crucified" for sinners. The minds of the hearers are in their normal state, and it is proved to them that Jesus died. In that statement, however, there is nothing that of necessity can reach the emotional nature of the audience, for he might have died for crime as his contemporary enemies alleged. It is proved, however, that he died for sin. Still the heart need not be touched, for it might have been the sins of Jews alone. Another step is taken. He died for man — tasted death for every man, for my sins and for your sins — as though for the sins of none else. If the sins of any man did not demand his voluntary death — that man has neither part nor lot in the matter. Every man had a hand in putting the Son of Man to death, since Paul tells an apostate that he crucified the Son of God afresh. If, now, the Son of God died for and by my sins, then I am a sinner. If "He died for all, then all were dead." This touches the heart; this awakens a conscience not "seared as with a hot iron" — only let it be believed.

Let us then select from the audience three persons, A. B. and C. They all hear the statement, and the proof of its truth. A. sits unmoved; but B. and C. are seen to weep. Now, why this difference? Either A. does not believe the statement he has heard, or he does not realize his sinful condition, for he does not desire pardon. B. and C. do believe that Christ died for their sins — they do feel that they are

sinners. They are truly penitent, as those tears attest. But do their feelings prove that Christ has died; that they are sinners; that they are exposed to eternal death? They form no part of the proof of either. They arise because of faith in the statement that "Jesus died for our sins according to the Scripture."

In this frame of mind and of heart on the part of the mourners, the invitation to come up to be prayed for is given. And from this point to the end, common sense, poetry, philosophy and religion all vanish. We must, however, follow our two friends, B. and C., to be witnesses of that transition of feeling which is vulgarly called conversion, or "getting religion."

They arise from their seats, and humbly, in the altar, kneel at the mourner's bench, devoutly praying for pardon. They have now committed themselves before that audience, and their pride is appealed to to induce them to persevere. They have put their hands to the plow, and must not draw back, or they will be scoffed at by all lookers-on. But let us analyze their feelings.

First. — What induced them to take this public step? The preacher tells them they came to get faith, or, what he calls "a saving view of Christ." Not true: they had as much faith in Christ when they left their seats as he had; for they believed what he had preached. Faith in Christ — love for Christ, who had died for them as sinners, brought them there. They were influenced by faith, love, repentance, and a spirit of obedience, or why ask, "What must we do?" To say that they were not, is to charge them with insanity or hypocrisy. What did they not believe that the preacher did, if he had declared "the whole counsel of God?" A single sentence tells the secret: the preacher believed that he had been pardoned, and they did not. They remain at the bench crying

for mercy. The degree and the length of their agony will depend upon temperament and the surrounding excitement, their knowledge of sin and its penalties; and the elevation of their feelings when the transition takes place — for it is of the very nature of emotion to exhaust itself by its own violence — will be measured by the previous depression.

But what causes the transition? That is the important question; on that hangs the vitality of the whole system. Here is the dwelling-place of the mystery, and here lurks the fatal poison. This is the grandest and most scandalous deception ever practiced upon the unsuspecting, either by "the Church" or the world; for even politicians have availed themselves of this machinery to engineer penitent converts into their party. God aiding, this deception shall be unmasked. It may be that the ruse is not intentional on the part of some who employ it; they are themselves deceived. Still we must faithfully examine into this momentous affair.

What, then, brings the reaction — the transition? What mighty power imparts to those feeble limbs — which could not support the body a moment before — the strength of a maniac? What gives to that pallid, tear-bathed cheek the ruddy carnation-glow of health? What makes those dull, lustreless eyes, red with weeping bitter tears, flash with a light and a brilliancy that would shame the diamond's ray? What makes that wailing, moaning voice, scarcely audible a moment before, ring out clear as the trumpet's blast? Why, the same power that sent the thrill of joy through the North, when "Victory" flashed along the wires; that bowed down the agonized mother, when she heard that her son was dead; the power of a proposition brought to the heart, in each case, by faith.

But what did one of these mourners — B., for example — believe? What proposition contained so much joy, created

such indescribable delight? If we can tell what made him mourn, we can with the same certainty decide, and beforehand, what will remove their sorrow, and fill them with happiness. The mourner felt that he was a sinner; that he was condemned; and his sorrow arose from a conviction that he was unpardoned. It was not faith in Christ, as the Son of God, and the Mediator between God and man, that made him rejoice; for that faith, resulting in a knowledge of his sinful and condemned condition, took him to the mourning-bench. It was a belief that he had been pardoned. And the moment he believes, and supposes that he feels this, all the joy contained in the doctrine of pardon, of the forgiveness of sins, is realized. He might believe with all his heart all other propositions, and in all persons and things; but altogether could impart no ray of joy.

B. is thus brought through. Let us turn to poor C., who labors still to get through, and try to account for his failure. They went a certain distance together; for they had each the same faith in Christ; the same love for Christ; the same repentance; the same spirit of obedience, if going up to be prayed for be an act of obedience. Be that as it may, they have both done the same things, and for the same purpose. They are equally sincere, too, in themselves, praying for pardon, and in asking others to pray for it for them; and equally fervent and persevering. Perhaps the failing one was the more fervent; but both have obeyed all that was required of each, and yet the strange truth stares us in the face, that B. is through — a shouting convert — and C. is still a heartsick mourner. How do the friends of the system account for this? B. was the worse man; he did not agonize so long nor so earnestly, it may be, and yet he got through first. It is accounted for by saying that C. will not believe on Jesus the Christ. He is exhorted to believe on him, to

exercise a little more faith, just a little more; as though the poor, penitent, heart-broken sinner had not been believing on him all the time. They insult him by telling him to exercise more faith in Christ. They assume that he has not believed what the Gospel requires — supposing that they have preached the Gospel. They insult the Son of God by asking him to give the struggling mourner faith, when he has it already; and they mislead C. by teaching him that faith is a belief that he is pardoned, rather than a reliance upon and obedience to him in whom he already believes.

What a singular spectacle! God is willing to pardon the believing, penitent, obedient sinner; the preachers and the Christians pray for his pardon; he earnestly pleads for it himself; they have told him all they know; God has done all that can be done, in the relation in which the parties stand; the sinner has done all he can, so far as he knows; and, behold, a failure results from it all! Well may devils shout in hell, and infidels on earth be glad at these failures — and they are many. The advocates of this system can not account for them. A profound mystery rests upon them, and it becomes our duty to solve the riddle.

B. and C., it will be remembered, took several steps in common; they believed the same things; they repented; they loved; they prayed. But B. went a step beyond C.: he believed that he was pardoned, and hence his happy feelings. C. does not think he is pardoned, and still mourns. C. is trying to get the happy feelings, that he may believe himself to be pardoned; while B. first believed this, and then got the feeling. And just at this point, one of the strangest blunders is made that ever was made since Adam was young, and the world was a babe. Strange, because it subverts all psychological laws; strange, because graduates of colleges perpetrate it; men, also, who may be really great, practice it,

both on themselves and others; and stranger still, because it is neither taught, believed nor practiced — except by an occasional political demagogue — unless in religion. This is the delusion under which poor C. still struggles — that enwraps him all in its mantle. How strange that sane men should thus mistake an effect for a cause — even the cause of a cause. Joyous feelings are the effect of faith that they are pardoned; yet pardon, instead of faith, is made the cause of the feelings. This is as reasonable and as logical as it would be to rejoice, believing in the resurrection of the body; and then to regard that rejoicing as a proof of the resurrection.

One of two cases is certainly true: B.'s happy feelings arose either before he believed he was pardoned, or afterwards. If the former, it is a pity he was pardoned; for he may never again feel so happy — to say nothing of the silly conceit of a man's getting shoutingly happy while under condemnation. If the latter — if after he believed he was pardoned — how thoroughly absurd to consider the feeling a proof of that act of the Divine government which blotted out the past. A simpleton would blush to say that he believed he was pardoned, without any evidence of it. B.'s happiness is no proof of pardon; as already said, he can make nothing out of it but that he believes himself to have been pardoned; and he must cease to believe this when his feelings subside, or are replaced by others. It can not be shown that to believe we are pardoned, is the Divine condition of pardon. If to believe what may be doubted is injurious, it may be that B. is in a worse condition than C. He believed without proof, when he believed he had been pardoned, for he had not obeyed the Divine law of pardon; "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved" (pardoned).

Save in this single instance, we repeat, and not even then,

except in this particular way, will a Protestant reason so unreasonably. His convert would not exchange what he has felt, and what he now feels, for all the Bible truths that can be uttered; yet he will not accept the feelings of the Catholic dupe, which from penitence are transported into joy, under the cabalistic words of priestly absolution, as proof that he is truly pardoned by the priest! Is it believed that the priest really has pardoned this penitent? Are the happy feelings questioned when the penitent himself believes this? Certainly not. All that is necessary to account for his joy, is, that he believes that his sins have been remitted. The protestant convert acts just as reasonably when, because he thinks the great High Priest has pardoned him, and is happy — he insults common sense, the laws governing the emotions, and God's plan of giving evidence of pardon, when he offers his own feelings as that evidence. A Hindoo mother throws her babe into the Ganges to appease her gods, and to obtain their pardon. She goes away satisfied and happy. Does this prove that she is really pardoned? It proves her to be under the deadly influence of a galling superstition, but nothing more.

This evidence indeed is unsatisfactory to the great mass of those who are urged to accept it. It is well known that the system of the mourning bench is now more indebted for its life to the Methodists than to any other people, or even than to all others. In years past, more than at present, these enthusiasts taught that sanctification was to be obtained precisely in the same way as justification. A controversy existed between them as to whether the former was an instantaneous or a gradual work. The instantaneous theory was defended by Wesley — at least so far as that it might be, and in many cases had been, instantaneous. This second edition of justification was obtained precisely in the same

way, and depended upon precisely the same evidence, namely, the feelings, as the first. The candidate for sanctification went up to the altar, agonized, wept, groaned, sighed, and prayed, and preachers prayed as earnestly, devoutly, and vociferously for the entire sanctification of the Christian, as for the justification of the sinner. I have often seen preachers seeking sanctification, mixed up in the altar with sinners seeking justification, and the experiences were so similar as not to be distinguished. No man, when they all got through, could have told the difference. There was the same sudden transition of feeling, and the same bounding joy. The Christian, or the preacher himself, could point out no shade of difference between him and the new convert, either as to the agony before what was called "the witness of the Spirit" was obtained that they were sanctified, and that the other was pardoned, or the after joy.

The feelings being the same during the process, and the same at the end — the witness being the same, and giving testimony in the same way, it would appear impossible to question the genuineness of the work in either case — especially by one who had himself experienced it in its first edition. And yet not one-half the brethren of the sanctified preacher who witnessed his outcome believed one word of it. They regarded sanctification as a gradual process, not to be obtained in this way, and were therefore bound to reject this instantaneous work. Moreover, much the largest portion of these people do not receive the doctrine at all, as taught by their great Wesley, and the earlier Methodists; and with nearly all it is among the things that were.

How did the sanctified reach the transition of feeling they expressed? Exactly as the justified obtained theirs: in each case faith procured it. In the one, faith in pardon; in the other, faith in sanctification; in neither, faith in Christ. They

mourned that they were unsanctified, as they believed; and rejoiced believing they were. Does the joy prove that they were? Let the non-believers in the doctrine in their own church answer! Let all other churches, not believing it, answer! And yet, passing strange it is, that not one of the vast crowd of those who "get religion," has discovered that, in denying the sanctification of a Methodist, in this way, he rejects the only evidence he has of his own justification in the same way. The Baptist, the Cumberland, and all other getting-religion, or getting-pardon-in-this-way-folks, who doubt the sanctification of the Methodist, overturn the mighty fabric in which they have housed themselves, and what are they going to do? Let us hear from you on this point.

Another difficulty arises just here: Why do you not require of one who has fallen from grace, or has backslidden, that, when he desires to return, he shall undergo the same process in order to pardon? And again: Why not teach a Christian, who often needs pardon as much as a poor sinner, that, until he gets the "witness of the Spirit" in the same way, he has no evidence of pardon? You teach a sinner that he must comply with the conditions of pardon in order to obtain it; why not the Christian? But in each case you stultify yourselves; for, instead of making the fact that they have complied with these conditions, and can thus claim God's promise — an evidence of pardon, you teach them to rely on their feelings as the proof. Upon your principles, a mourning bench ought to be as regular an institution of God's house as either prayer or praise. A Christian needs it as much as any one, were you consistent.

But, let us ask, on what is a sinner to rely, according to the Scriptures? A knowledge that he has complied with

the conditions imposed upon him by Heaven alone; and upon the promise of God, sincerely believed, that upon this compliance he shall be pardoned. Now, did you teach thus, this would not have been written. But this you dare not do. You are afraid to tell your mourners what Peter told his. If the feelings obtained at the altar be the witness of the Spirit really, then a direct revelation is made to each individual receiving it; and a Divine revelation of this sort is of equal authority with any other. The Divine Volume is not superior to it; and, alas! with multitudes it is inferior. How many appeal to these feelings a hundred times, while they refer to the New Testament once. They have, indeed, little use for the written word, since they refuse to do what the Spirit there commands, and are governed by what they think that Spirit, without the word, made them feel, thus bringing the Divine Spirit into conflict with itself.

All this time, however, we forgot our mourning friend C., who is not yet through, and, perhaps, never will be. How happens it that B. believes himself to be pardoned, while C. does not? Perhaps he has more native credulity! Perhaps something was said to B. that was not said to C., or his mind may have received the same things differently. His own reflections on what he had done, or the teaching of the preacher, that he was just in the condition the Lord required in order to pardon, may have led his tempest-tossed soul to seize upon the promises something after this style: Christ says: "Ask and ye shall receive." I have asked. "Seek and you shall find." I have sought. "Knock and it will be opened unto you." I have knocked. "In the day that though seekest me with thy whole heart, I will be found of thee." With my whole heart I have sought. Therefore, having done this — having placed my-

self just in the condition in which Christ has promised pardon, he is as good as his word, and I am pardoned. Or some soul-cheering revival song, by a hundred voices sung, sending its rich melody deep down into his anguished heart, threw off by its more than magic power a portion of the depressions under which he labored. Seizing upon this slight exuberance of spirits as evidence of pardon, the soul mounts up "higher and higher, in a chariot of fire, till the world, it lies under his feet." But it matters not how B. gets to believe he is pardoned: believe it he does, and must, in order to get happy. Poor C. can not believe that he is pardoned, and must be damned. He ought not to believe it, yet he must be condemned according to this popular theory of pardon.

It may be of some comfort to all this class of mourners, to know that one humble heart deeply sympathizes with them — one brother to the whole race of fallen man; far away from home and loved ones, in his lonely study, at midnight's solemn hour, in sight of the judgment-seat, with all the fearful responsibilities of teaching falsely before him; in the face of the orthodox world, and the teachings and practices of the times, is making this effort for their benefit, that they may not be left to mourn through life in the hands of such comforters as Job's, and finally die without the knowledge of pardon, or in the possession of the unspeakable joys of the hope of the Gospel.

Suppose that C, just as he is, under the influence of faith and repentance, had arisen, as did Saul of Tarsus, and had obeyed the command of the Lord Jesus Christ, as B. did the directions of the preacher, and had been baptized, without the transition of feeling, called, for want of a Scriptural name, "getting religion;" or had he and B. been buried at the same time with the Lord in baptism, having confessed

Christ with their mouths, and believed in their hearts that God had raised him from the dead, who will say that C. is not as thoroughly a Christian as B., notwithstanding all the ado that was made over B.

Now, ye preachers! come up to the issue, and affirm that, in the light of the New Testament, their transition of feeling is essential to pardon — to a knowledge of pardon, or is an evidence of pardon, in whole or in part; and you unchristianize many of the best members in all your churches; for they cannot tell at what time, if ever, their sins were pardoned. We meet the issue boldly, moreover, and deny that conversion, in any Scriptural sense, takes place at that point of the process, except in the feelings — as from sorrow to joy — such a conversion as the Hindoo mother experiences, or the Catholic penitent, or the people in the North when the reported victory proved to have been a defeat. These feelings, of course, are more intense, on account of the difference of what is believed.

At that moment, we say, when the supposed transition occurs, conversion does not take place, either in heart, in life, in the state, in the mind, or in person. For the heart is changed by faith in Christ, and not by faith in pardon. The mourner believes in and loves Christ before he goes to the anxious seat. The life is converted by repentance — that is, a sorrow for sin, and a thorough turning away from it in heart; a death to sin. And was he not sorry for sin; did he not turn away from sin when he first went forward; and was he not then dead to sin, when he wept and mourned as a sinner? — when he made an effort, under false directions, to get rid of his sins? His life, moreover, was not changed at the transition of his feelings, but when he acted upon the invitation to go to the bench to get rid of his sins. And surely no man is so mad, theologically, as to affirm

that the state is changed at that moment; for all creeds, from proud, imperious Rome to Salt Lake City, hold and teach that baptism changes the state. The heart by faith, the life by repentance, the person by baptism, are consecrated to Christ; but neither at the point where it is preached, sung, and believed that a convert to God or Christ is made. Poor mourning C. was as fully converted in heart and life as was rejoicing B.; but neither of them had changed his state in Christ's appointed way. B. claimed all the promises outside of Christ's kingdom that were made to those within it. May we not hope that C.'s superior modesty had somewhat to do with his failure?

All denominations teach that baptism is the door into Christ's visible kingdom — that it is the initiatory rite by which his Church is entered. This is by many denied; but supposing it to be so, B. is in the kingdom of Satan, ruled over by the prince of the power of the air; and yet his glorious conversion — another wonder in this system of wonderful delusions — has taken place before he has entered that kingdom! He has not been "translated" — that is, borne over "into the kingdom of God's dear Son!"

What now are we taught that in this kingdom we may find? Pardon, peace, joy in the Holy Spirit, the Holy Spirit itself, justification, sanctification, adoption, redemption — all in Christ, and by Christ, are promised to those who obey him, and are baptized into him, together with eternal life to the faithful unto death.

But B. is taught and believes that pardon, peace, the Holy Spirit, and the promise of eternal life are his while yet in the kingdom of the "wicked one." Were this true, he was a great simpleton to leave that kingdom; and to invite him to enter another through the door of baptism is to insult his religious sense, assuming that he has any left after having

passed such an ordeal. Suppose him to say to these savans in divinity, when they urge him to be baptized into Christ's kingdom: "Brethren, what is there in that kingdom not already mine?" What could they reply? They enumerate the "spiritual blessings to be enjoyed in the heavenly places in Jesus Christ!" "Pardon," say they. "Why! I have this," he replies, "in what you say is the kingdom of the devil!" "Peace." "That's mine too." "Joy in the Holy Spirit!" "I have joy unspeakable and full of glory. Do you not remember my shouts of rejoicing when I was converted?" "Well!" says the perplexed divine, "it is a command, and you must obey it, whether you get any blessing by coming into the kingdom or not. Besides, it is to be done for 'the answer of a good conscience.'" "I already possess the answer of a good conscience," replies the convert — "I got religion," "Never mind," adds the preacher; "come along and submit to this initiatory rite; there are Christians in the Church." "So there are out of it — and all Christians were once outside of it; and had they had sense enough to remain in the kingdom where they became Christians we should not have been bothered with this kingdom of which you speak, and into which you seem so anxious that I shall enter. I thank you for your interest in me, but prefer remaining where I have done so well; and, as nothing is to be gained by entering it, it is not worth while to put myself to any trouble about it."

It is my unprejudiced judgment, after a large acquaintance with heathen ceremonies, and with the initiatory rites of human invention, that in neither, nor in all of them together, is there so poor, unmeaning, worthless, or pitiful a ceremony as baptism, as now taught and practiced by the sectarian schools, or one that promises so little to the initiated. It does not rise to the dignity of a poor bur-

lesque — a miserable farce, badly gotten up and worse played. After all the mock solemnity attending its administration, even among the Baptists, who immerse into the awful name of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, the baptized person is no wiser, no better, no happier, and has attained to nothing but to be denominated a Baptist. If this is all our Lord intended by this institution, a more signal failure never distinguished any system. Baptists ought to change their teachings on the design of baptism, or ought to quit baptizing — utterly ashamed of their folly. To make the manner essential, while the act itself is non-essential, is too bad.

But in considering briefly the evils attendant upon this human system I must close. And first: Let us look into the Churches. Here we find a large class halting and vacillating between hope and fear. Strangers are they to the steady flow of joy to which a Christian is entitled, and which he would realize if taught to rest on God's promise and his oath instead of his own feelings as evidence of pardon. They sing:

"'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I his or am I not?"

A man who has gone through a regular courtship, and has been long married to the wife of his choice, might as reasonably sing, instead of the last lines:

"Do I love my wife or no?
Am I hers or am I not?"

It is their privilege, if converted to Christ, to sing:

"How happy are they who their Savior obey."

Many hymns have been composed to meet the condition of these low-spirited people, as sad as refrains from the land of

death, and as discordant on the ears of well taught Christians as the raven's croak. They are locked up with John Bunyan in the castle of Giant Despair, or are floudering in the slough of despondency. Neither he nor they had any business there. Sorry lives these for Christians to lead! They deserve the warmest sympathy of the good.

Next: We enter the world.

How many thousands of the best persons here would yield hearty obedience to the Lord's will, but fear to trust his word, on account of the influence this pernicious system of conversion at the mourner's bench has exerted over them. They have too much sense to go there; and can go nowhere except to retired places in which the same great error reigns. Were they taught that they may find what they seek by coming to the places where God has recorded his name, and where he has promised to meet with them and to bless them, they need not live without religious hope, or die without spiritual joys. Who will answer for these precious souls; who for the large crop of infidelity annually grown from this hot-bed of delusion?

Next comes before us another class on whom its crushing weight falls fearfully: those who went with hoping hearts to weep and pray that joy to them might come; but as oft returned without comfort, till they gave up, fearing that they were reprobate, because they could not feel as others felt, and in the mantle of despair enwrapped themselves to await the final doom. God pity them! and pity those who thus delude them, for they are also blind.

Last of all, we enter houses built for those who have lost the path of mental light, and have wandered far into the black darkness. Seest thou that wreck of womanhood! Once she walked her father's halls with steps as lithe and light as the

wild gazelle's. Her form was perfect as was ever cast in human mold. From her large and lustrous orbs the light of reason flashed. Over her parian brow dark tresses twined like threads of clouds around a star. Her cheeks were tinged with the glow of health; her coral lips, half parted, as though they caught a smile from heaven. Oh! she was a child of flowers and of song, and gladdened every heart. Her doting father's pride, her mother's loving joy! But in an evil hour she, at this modern idol, bowed and wept, and prayed and sighed, for months — weary sorrowing months — until reason reeled and fell! High intellectual gifts were lost, and madness seized the brain which once had throbbed at the magic touch of genius. No joyous shout to heaven ascends, but, instead, a wail of anguished woe — a maniac's shriek — which makes the heart stand still, and turns the cheek of darkness pale. Look on her well! You did the work! In those eyes the fires of madness brightly burn; the cheeks are pale, and bathed in scalding tears; the step is languid, save when under delirium's power! You ran those great deep furrows across that throbbing brow with the plowshare of agony! Your system did it. One-half the insane in the asylums of our land are the victims of religious frenzy. Look on this dark but faithful picture, and repent! Banish your idol from God's temple, that you may be forgiven these fearful wrongs!

And now, dear reader, having shown that, without controversy, our feelings are no evidence of pardon, nothing remains but to place before you that on which you may rely with faith unshaken, a witness that always is truthful — God's holy word. But little need now be said to show how this divine evidence exerts its power. It may be remarked, however, that all agree that remission of sins is conditional.

What the conditions are is the point in dispute. Some affirm the condition to be infant baptism, which removes the effect of original sin — as though infants did not die! Others make faith the sole condition; and yet attribute justification to the "righteousness of Christ imputed," and of course not to faith. Others rely on penitence for forgiveness, while the New Testament ascribes it to, first, an unfeigned faith in the personal and official anointed one — the Lord Jesus Christ — manifested by a sincere repentance for a past faithless life; resulting in a turning from sin and ourselves to the Christ; a confession of this Christ before men, and the taking upon ourselves, in baptism, of that name through which alone remission is secured. "I write unto you, little children," says John, "because your sins are forgiven you on account of His name."

We may repeat: By faith we surrender our hearts to Christ, and receive Him in return. "I in you and you in me." By repentance our whole lives are changed. We become dead to sin and alive unto godliness. Our lives are given to God, since we were buried with Christ in baptism into death, and arose with Him therein to walk in a new life. Thus the entire man — inner and outer, body, soul, and spirit — is consecrated to Christ. This being the case, we have the word and the oath — "two immutable things in which it is impossible for God to lie, that we may have strong consolation who have fled for refuge" — not to the prescriptions of a preacher, but "to lay hold on the hope set before us" in the Gospel. In other words, we have the assurance that the truthful word of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit gives when it declares, in language that needs no interpretation: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." We take God at his word, obey His command and are happy "in the full assurance of faith."

Reader, have you believed, with all your heart, upon the "testimony that God has given of His Son" that "Jesus is the Christ the Son of the living God?" Have you sincerely acknowledged the sin committed in not having heretofore believed in Him? Have you confessed Him as the Christ before men? Have you been baptized in His name, and into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit? The Divine Government has extended its amnesty to you, or there is no truth in God's promise. In that case the Bible is a fable, religion is a dream, all is darkness; and man is "without hope and without God in the world."

I have not in this discourse questioned the sincerity, the devotion, the piety, much less the zeal, of such as "get religion," as they imagine, in the unhallowed and unscriptural way above animadverted on. But they are none the better for the process to which the "cunning craftiness" of those who ought to lead them more truthfully has subjected them — perhaps none the worse. They may, nevertheless, be prevented thus from "obeying the truth through the spirit," and an irreparable injury they thus must suffer. Not so much for those who have succeeded as for those who have failed, has the writer undertaken the task now brought to a close. These pages have been produced under the pressure of a solemn duty to the Church and the world; and may the Great Head of the Church attend this humble effort to establish truth and to dissipate error.

Should any preacher feel aggrieved by the manner in which his system has been handled, and has confidence in his ability to maintain its divine authority, or even its necessity as a means of converting men to Christ, he may choose his time and place to discuss the claims of the anx-

ious seat to public confidence. And that he may feel assured that the debate will be conducted in a pleasant and gentlemanly manner on my part, I need not say that I have engaged in public discussions, with some of the best minds of the day, extending through from four to seven days, and no unkind feelings have been, so far as known to me, engendered or retained on either side.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DIRECT AND THE INDIRECT.

THERE are, and have been for the last half century, two ideas struggling for supremacy in the religious world; two theories of spiritualistic influence in conviction and conversion. The one direct, and the other indirect; the abstract operation on the heart of the sinner without media; and the operation only through his Word. So much has been preached, argued in debate, and written on the subject, that the reader is ready to ask, Can anything more be said? Perhaps not! But it may be said in a different way. The subject may be looked at from standpoints not before assumed, and more light may be thrown upon it. There are several features of the subject that seem to have been entirely overlooked; or, if not overlooked, carelessly passed by. Those opposed to the popular theory of direct or abstract influence have failed to trace the idea to its origin; have taken it for granted that as it is a religious idea, if it is not taught in the Bible, it entered the mind of Bible readers and thinkers through *misunderstanding* what they read. This admission, tacitly granted, clothes the dogma with more respectability than it ever merited. It at least admits that there are some things said in the Bible susceptible of such a construction — something that suggested the thought that the influence was direct. Be not startled when I say, that after a patient study of the whole subject for more

than forty years, I am fully satisfied that had no other book been read, the idea would not have been in the world to-day. Had the religious world not dabbled in the muddy pools of heathen mythology, instead of bathing in the pure, clear waters of Bibliology, the church and world would have escaped this the bitterest and most withering curse. For, of all the false doctrines ever gotten up by men or devils for the work of destruction to the joy of God's people, for the prevention of sinners coming to Christ, for fostering and developing ignorance, superstition, bigotry, intolerance, and persecution, it stands unrivaled. This we shall see when we reach the chapter of evils. I mention a single one in passing. Let the most stupid member of the most stupid church get into his stupid head the notion that he has a direct spiritual impression in regard to any doctrine, fact, proposition, or thing, and all the philosophers, prophets, and apostles put together could not drive a different idea into his head edgeways in a thousand years. He is simply a hopeless fool on that subject, and there is no chance to convince him that he is mistaken, no more than there would be if his head were cut off and rolled ten feet from his body. If you can not chase that idea out, rout it, kill it, upset the whole theory of direct importation of ideas, you are wasting time and toil for nought. You might as well be trying to overturn the Rocky Mountains with a broken corn-stalk, capsize Gibraltar with a broom-straw, tie up a cyclone with a strand of a spider's web, as to try to teach him anything on that subject. And the reason why this is bound to be so lies right on the surface of the thing itself. It is simply a conflict between knowledge on his part and faith; and when these two are the champions in a conflict, it does not require the eye of a philosopher to see beforehand the result of the fight. Take the idea of a special call

to the ministry as a specimen. I may lay before one certain proof that he is mistaken; may bring prophetic and apostolic declarations that can not be misunderstood. But what would it all amount to? Nothing, of course, unless he believed it; and how can he believe it when he knows to the contrary? The impression the Holy Spirit is trying to make on his mind that he is not called, is indirect; the impression in his mind is direct. The witness testifying that he is not called, is outside of him; the witness testifying that he is called, is inside? He claims and stands by the affirmation of the direct.

Isaiah and Paul could claim no more. Suppose Paul says to him, substantially: "It has been revealed to me by the Holy Spirit that you are not called." "How was it revealed, Bro. Paul? By a direct impression, an abstract influence!" "Look, here, then, my dear old apostolic brother, don't you know that I received my call in precisely the same way, and by the same spirit? If I did not, then, I have egregiously fooled myself, the church, and the world. Even if I admit that you received it, as you claim, which I don't like to deny, since you are an apostle, are you not as likely to be mistaken as I? And if you did get the revelation, to you it was direct, while to me your revelation is indirect; it is through you; mine to me is direct; and how can I reject the direct, and receive the indirect? I could not if I would, and would not if I could. If I give up the direct testimony of the Spirit in reference to my call, then I will have to give it up in regard to the pardon of my sins — my getting religion and justification the moment I believed. In fact, it knocks the whole fabric, foundation and all, into infinitesimal fragments! Now, Bro. Paul, you are a profound logician, but I say to you as we say to these 'Campbellites,' who, I am sorry to say, are troubling us on

this subject, that I would not give what I feel in my heart for all your reasonings, all your Biblical deliverances. As well try to prove to us that we did not burn our finger, by arguing that fire is not hot, and that flesh will not burn! Why, what we know, we know." Such talk may be heard all over the orthodox world.

I repeat, that until the idea of direct impressions is abandoned — in part and as a whole — there is an insurmountable mental obstacle to hinder the entrance of truth. The man has as effectually closed up the avenue to understanding the subject as though he had annihilated his very power of thought. All proof that men or angels might bring could have no influence on his mind, until he drive the idea out, and send it back to the devil, whence it came. Perhaps, if we can follow this idea of direct impressions back as far as it can be traced in history, sacred and profane, some light may fall upon it.

In examining sacred history, I fail to find when the Holy Spirit ever promised to enlighten the mind, or to purify the heart by direct impressions; I fail to find a case in which it was done; I fail to find either the word or idea in all that the Spirit ever said or did; I fail to find any fact that impels to the conclusion that it was possibly or probably done in that way. The links in the chain of circumstantial evidence do not connect when you try to bind this doctrine by any given cases.

I am willing that the advocates of the theory may select their cases; and as there is no positive evidence, we will throw it on the facts in each case, the circumstances all connected with, entering into, and making up the case — from these we infer how it was done.

If you affirm that it was by direct impressions, the burden of proof is on your shoulders, and your proof must be such

as to preclude the possibility of any other hypothesis being true. There must be no room left for a reasonable doubt. It will not be sufficient to prove that it might or could have been done in that way. But your proof must show that it was so done. This can only be shown by clear demonstration that it could not have been done in any other way.

This is the rule of civil law, where life is in jeopardy! How much more important when spiritual and eternal life are involved! For if the doctrine be false, oh! how many have fallen over it to rise no more. How many millions in our Gospel-lighted land are dreaming over it now, and are waiting for those impressions, sung about, prayed for, preached, and promised.

Suppose you select your case, and let us see how far we can agree. First, we can agree as to time, place, and person; as to the person who is to communicate the idea or ideas; the person to whom the communication is made; what was communicated, and its design. There is but one other element entering into and making up the sum total of all cases; that is, How was it done? Here we part; you say it was by direct impression — I deny!

I admit that there are many cases about which nothing is said as to the how; but you have no more right to these than I; you have no more right to infer from the silence of the book than I have. Exceedingly liberal with you, I will not exclude you from the field of the miraculous; you may have the benefit of gleanings from all fields for your proof, ordinary and extraordinary, natural and supernatural. Now, will you select the case of a prophet who received ideas miraculously? I agree with you that he did, and that they were imparted by the Holy Spirit. But how? You affirm by direct impression. I deny it, and demand the proof! On what fact in the case do you rely to prove that it was

done in that way? No prophet ever said it was, nor even threw out a hint in that direction. And I can find no fact in any given case, either in time, place, persons, or surroundings, that would lead to any such conclusion. At this point, I suggest the following facts, which interpose themselves in the way of direct impressions: First. The five senses are the avenues through which the mind is reached. Through these thought is conveyed, and ideas are awakened. If it is claimed that power miraculous can act in contravention of said law, granted; but then it devolves upon those invoking that power to show that the ideas could not be communicated in harmony with the natural law; that necessity existed in the case for setting aside the law. Second. Man is so created in his mental organism that he thinks in words, or signs of ideas addressed to his senses, and he can no more think in any other way than he can suspend the law of gravitation. It requires no psychological argument to prove this. Each man can test its truth by experiment. The thought and word are simultaneously born in the mind. Please try to think a moment without words!

Ideas, truths, thoughts, are the elements of the Christian religion. If this law holds good, then all the ideas or thoughts in that religion must of necessity be conveyed to the mind through words or signs of ideas. For how else is it possible to get an idea into a mind that can not think except in words? Miraculous power could do it! But, in only one way, and that by the reconstruction of the mind; by a new mental creation. Add to this another fact, that since the Holy Spirit uttered its last word through the Apostle John on the Isle of Patmos, there has not been a single additional spiritual idea communicated to the world. To this add the undenied and the undeniable fact, that Spirit did make its revelations in this way; and if it made any in this

way, why not all? If you say the Spirit ever made communication in any other way, please point to the time, place, and person; and then we will have all the data from which to settle the question at issue. Let us now take a clear and well defined case of spiritual impartation of ideas. Such a case is that of the conversion of Cornelius. And first, God desires to get certain ideas into his mind. Now, had it been possible for God to have imparted to him the ideas in your way, what a saving of time, labor, and trouble there would have been! God could just have made the impression on his mind directly by the Holy Spirit that his prayers had been heard, and his alms were held in remembrance; could have impressed upon his mind what he was to believe and do in order to be saved. This would have obviated the necessity of the angel visitation. Then had he made the impression on the mind of him to whom the keys were given to go and unlock the doors of the kingdom and admit the Gentiles, it would have saved the journey of the messengers sent to Peter. But let us pass by these intermediate steps — simply stating the fact that the angel imparted the ideas which it brought down from heaven in words; that the message of Cornelius was delivered in words; and we hasten on to find the Apostle on the housetop. God first wanted to get the idea into Peter's Jewish head that he and his nation were no better than the despised Gentiles, and that the time had come for their salvation. How does he approach the mind of Peter? By direct impressions? No; by indirect. By trampling upon his own unchangeable laws of mind? No; but in perfect accord with them. First, by signs of ideas, addressed to his eyes, in the sheet let down from heaven. Second, by words, addressed to his ears: "Arise, Peter, slay and eat;" "What God hath cleansed call not thou common or unclean!" While Peter was pondering over the

vision, not yet comprehending what it all meant, the messengers arrive and discharge their duty; and still Peter doubts. And now comes the point that lays to rest the issue involved. Some banner, waving over this battle-field, goes down and trails in the dust, flaunts its folds no more in the breezes of heaven. For we have unmistakably *that which was done*, *who did it*, *where it was done*, *when it was done*, *on whom it was done*, *how it was done*, and why it was done. It was done by the Holy Spirit; an idea was revealed to the mind of Peter. How? By direct impression? No! a thousand times no! It was by words: "And the spirit bade me go with them, nothing doubting." Is there a thinker on this green carpeted earth that will try to construe this into a direct impression? That would be the pitiable assumption of helpless stupidity. One other thought and the case is fully developed — God wished to get another idea into Peter's mind, that the Gentiles were to be baptized into Christ. Peter tells how this truth was communicated. It came through his eyes and ears: "He gave the like gift that he gave to us at the beginning," a gift seen; and they heard them speak in tongues, and magnify God. Then said Peter: "Who can forbid water, that these should not be baptized." The question under consideration is not what God, Christ, and the Holy Spirit do; but *how it is done.* Is it direct or indirect? Is it without words, or signs of ideas; or is it through them? Can we not agree upon a rule of interpretation — by which the question can be fairly investigated, and a final and satisfactory conclusion reached. I suggest the following: That whenever the Bible says any thing was done by Father, Son or Holy Spirit, if it says it was direct, and you find a great number of things thus done, then, when things are said to be done, and no mention of how they were done — you have a just right to claim that they,

too, were done in that way. You have established the rule by an induction of cases; and then comes in the rule, universally adopted, that the doubtful must be made to conform to the certain, the obscure to the clear. If any plead an exception he must show something in the thing done that precludes the possibility of its having been done in the regular way. Are you willing to adopt the rule? If not, you are a coward, and are afraid of the light. If you adopt the rule, of course it must work both ways. If I, by an induction of things done, show that the word was used as the instrument, then all things said to be done, with nothing said as to the how, must be understood to have been done in that way — unless you can show from the nature of the case that it is impossible for it to be done in that way. I do not think an angel could submit a rule more fair by which to settle any question. If you dare adopt it, your Ism is settled forever; your whole orthodox hosts are put to ignominious flight without firing a gun; for you can not find one single thing said by the Book to have ever been done by either in that way; no effect produced; no result growing out of; no consequences flowing from; no ideas imparted to the mind; no purity engendered in the heart; no impression made on the world of mind by direct impression. But in all cases where the blessed Book tells us of the how it was done through the word. And is it not the most profoundly astonishing fact in all the history of time that a mere myth should have held sway over the world of thought for ages on ages — enslaving the great minds of the best of earth-born thinkers. A peculiar influence exerted of which the Bible says not a single word. Creation dawns upon us in its grand opening chapter, telling us what was done, who did it, and how. In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth — the Holy Spirit and the Word — which after-

wards became flesh and dwelt among us. How? "He spake and it was done." "He commanded and it stood fast." All things we are told were created by the word of his power. "The spirit moved upon the face of the deep; and God said Let there be light, and there was light!" His word was His own chosen instrumentality through which He put forth His power. And thus on, on through all the ages; all He did, in all departments of his worlds, mental, moral, and physical. No impression was ever made on either without His word. His wisdom, goodness, love, and power are put forth in His word. This doctrine of direct influence dishonors the Holy Spirit; converts it into a poor dumb thing; makes it not really an equal with the dumb, for they can convey their thoughts in signs of ideas. That it did impart its thoughts through signs and words is admitted by all. "God also bearing them witness, both in signs and wonders, and divers miracles, and gifts of the Holy Spirit — according to his own will." God sent out his word to accomplish that whereunto he sent it; so did the Son, and so did the Holy Spirit. God is not dishonored by being charged with doubting the potency and power of His own word; nor the Son. This is reserved for the Holy Spirit; so little faith has it in what it says. According to this doctrine it does not expect anybody to believe one word of all it has said or done unless it follows along after it, and applies it! Why apply this dishonoring thought to the Spirit and not to the Father and Son? And why not apply it to man; and after He sends His word by letter have him under necessity to accompany it in order to make it effectual! Or if He utters it and leaves it — it falls dead? From whence came such an absurd and ridiculous idea? It is unworthy of thoughtful men and women; it has no countenance in the Bible — the word of God.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DIRECT AND INDIRECT.

No. 2.

GO and ask the Christ how the Holy Spirit was to get ideas of himself into the minds of his disciples? He said to them: "He shall bring to your minds all things, whatsoever I have told you. He shall take of the things of the Father and of mine, and show the rest to you. He shall not speak of himself, but that which he heareth; he shall speak and show you things to come. Take no thought what ye shall say when ye are brought before rulers and magistrates. I will give you words in the self-same hour."

Is there any hint, promise, or intimation in all this that a single thought should be given to them by direct impression without words? Not one! They are communicated indirectly, not directly, through media, not without.

Go ask the prophets how the knowledge of the on coming grand events was imparted to them. The word of the Lord came to Jeremiah the prophet, saying: "Speak unto the children of Israel, THUS SAITH THE LORD!"

Visions grand, beautiful, and sublime, rolled up before the vision of the enrapt Ezekiel. He heard the whirlwind, and listened to the storm; he heard the still small voice, and understood what it said; he saw the fiery wheels within wheels.

Ask the beloved Daniel how so many great and imperishable ideas came trooping into his mind? and he will unfold

to you the dreams he had — the sights he saw — the words he heard. He will answer that the Great God, by his Holy Spirit, approached his mind through his own created avenues — in harmony with, and not in contravention of, his own immutable laws.

Go ask the beloved disciple John, who leaned his weary head on the Master's breast, and looked up into his godly face with loving, womanish eyes — how he gathered into his mind, on the lonely and desolate Isle of Patmos, those awful yet glorious thoughts of the church and the world, of heaven and hell, the destiny of the saved, the lost, of men and devils?

The scroll of time was unrolled, and the last word inscribed on its pages were read. Was there a single thought among them all, by direct impression made? No, not even the shadow of an idea! John heard; he saw. He saw the New Jerusalem come down from God out of heaven. He saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; heard the voice of the seven last thunders of the bolt that broke into fragments our old rock-framed world; the sound of the trump that waked up the sleeping dead came re-sounding across the vast expanse of waters; he saw the entrance of the redeemed hosts that had come up from the coral reefs of the deep sea, the once enshrouded and uncoffined dead — and from their graves all over the world of land; he saw them pass through the pearly gates into the city of God. Redemption's song was as distinctly heard by him as it will be when at last he joins his voice in the song and the chorus which shall fill the temple of the universe with sublimer music than that of the spheres — or the song of stars and shouts of the sons of God! He heard the wild wail of the lost, the cry for rocks and mountains to fall and hide them from the face of him who sat upon the throne. Having

now traced THE HOW of the Holy Spirit's communications from Genesis to Revelation, and found that in all cases, ordinary and extraordinary, natural or supernatural, without one exception, it has been by words or signs of ideas, or by something seen or heard. We find no loop-hole through which the advocates of the direct theory can possibly crawl out of their absurd position. They are compelled to throw their theory on those cases in which the Bible is profoundly silent as to the how, and go to guessing that it was by direct impressions, thus violating all recognized rules of interpretation. Having, as we think, driven it away from the Bible, and shown that the book could not have given birth to it, we are led by necessity to look elsewhere for its origin. To do this we will have to grope our way back into the mist and fog of heathen mythology — the birthplace of nine-tenths of the errors with which Rome, Protestantism, and the world have been and are now cursed. From their heathen origins they flow into Catholicism, spread into Protestantism; through them into the world, withering its brightest flowers, destroying its happiness, sowing broadcast the seeds of infidelity, dishonoring God, cursing man. We find this dogma originating in the unhallowed ambition of an abominable heathen priesthood. Looking around for means by which to lift themselves above their fellows, they seized upon the idea of direct impressions made upon their minds and hearts by their gods — direct revelations. This brought the whole world of worshipers to their feet. This gave them sanctity, influence, and power, such as is now acquired in part by those who can get a foolish church to believe that they are specially called and sent to preach by direct impression. The priesthood of Rome, seeing the power that was in it, grasped it with greed and delight, and made the Christian's God do for them as absurd and ridiculous a thing

as the gods of the heathen had done for their priests. The heathen priest only claimed direct impressions; while the Catholic priest claimed that his God had first made the impression through words, and then for fear that he might have made a mistake, or for some other reason, he makes it direct without words! If the direct is a duplicate of the indirect, it is a work of supererogation and an act of folly. If it differs from, or is in opposition to, then one or the other is false. One or the other must go under! Unfortunately, at all times, in all places, and with all persons, wherever and whenever the two come in conflict, as they often do, that which is said must yield to that which is felt. The indirect is compelled to submit to the direct!

At this period in the history of the development of this dogma, the laity, so-called, knew nothing about it — claimed no such impressions. They went to the priest to learn through his direct what God meant by the indirect. Finally it resulted in their giving up the indirect altogether and in being governed in faith and practice by the priests direct and alone!

So they sold out the right of private judgment — gave it up that they were a set of natural born and educated fools, graduates from the college of religious ignorance; that they could not understand anything that God had said of doctrine; would quit trying, and give up to the priests to do their thinking for them, and for which they would pay. Many of them know that they have twice as much sense on all other subjects as the narrow-minded priest; yet, this doctrine of direct impressions has so blinded their minds as to cause them to part with the highest privilege and richest blessing God has ever conferred on man. They claim no direct impressions, and in this particular, Protestants have got a little ahead of their mother. But a trouble arose

after this direct impression became the property of the priesthood. Their direct impressions began not only to differ widely from the indirect in God's Word, but to differ as widely from each other! An active warfare was begun among them over their direct impressions. This called together an "Ecumenical Council" — not to decide on anything that the Holy Spirit had said, but on their conflicting direct impressions. They found that the whole theory would have to be abandoned, or a compromise would have to be made; and this properly would have to pass from them and be concentrated, so that these conflicts could be avoided and the doctrine saved. The priests agreed on their part to relinquish all claim to direct impressions in interpreting the Scriptures in favor of the Pope; that there should be but one mind among them infallibly guided into all truth; that the Holy Spirit, by direct impression, should deal with one mind instead of many; and that they would humbly bow to his infallible decisions. The Pope, for and in consideration of this surrender of the claim on their part, agreed to confer upon them certain honors, dignities, privileges, and emoluments. The contract is signed, sealed, and delivered, and the work of infallibility is set afloat, and starts on its mission of persecution, crime, groans, tears, blood, and death.

The irrepressible conflict commences between the direct and the indirect. The indirect says: "Be pitiful, be kind, be courteous." The direct impresses upon mind and heart to be as pitiless, unkind, and cruel as the grave. But, to follow this docrine in all its devastation and wide-spreading ruin would be to unfold again the darkest, crime-covered pages in the history of this sin-stained and blood-dyed world of ours.

I know of no crime so horrid that has not been committed in the name of this dogma. Unfortunately it is not like

Madame Roland's crimes, which were committed in the name of Liberty, for which Freedom was not responsible. These crimes grew out of the doctrine and it is responsible for them.

I submit it as a universal truth, that whenever the direct and the indirect are brought into conflict, the banner of the indirect, with the influence of the Holy Spirit emblazoned on its folds, in the words of God, in letters that ought to brightly glow, cheer and warm into active emotion every heart, and control every thought and action — trails in the dust; while the banner with the single word "*Direct*" inscribed, proudly floats in victory's stirring breeze, and waves its folds over the very ramparts of Christianity.

What power was it that moved the hand which applied the torch to burning piles of wood, on whose ascending red flames the spirits of martyred thousands rose heavenward; built the gloomy walls of the Inquisition; set in motion its hellish machinery, and kept it running during the long, long, black years of heathen, Papal, and Protestant reign and persecution? It was the hand of direct impression. From whence came the idea that it was their duty to torture, slay, and kill? The Spirit tried to influence them to love, cherish, and protect. Did they not all persecute under the impression that it was their duty? Did not Calvin vote to put Servetus to death, believing that he was doing right? Where did he get the idea? Not through the indirect, but the direct. If it be denied that he had the impression, and acted upon it, then you brand him as a foul murderer; and all that ever shed blood on account of religious differences are branded with the same foul crime. Then they all stand before the world to-day as demons incarnate, as monsters — ruthless murderers. If you admit that these crimes were committed by poor, weak, erring men, laboring under the

influence of a false conception of duty, then you admit that the charge is true that direct influence shed every drop of martyred blood. Suppose no such an idea had been in the world, and all those popes and priests — those persecutors, papal or Protestant — had sought the guidance of the Spirit indirect through the Word. Would one drop of blood ever have been shed? Not one!

Without direct impression it is murder, and men do not commit that dark and damning deed without a shudder of horror thrilling their nerves. Good men can not. Such a man as the immortal Calvin, did he dream even that he had committed murder? He lived in the enjoyment of religion, as he understood it, died in faith; carried his direct impression of duty discharged in that act to his grave; never felt or expressed regret. This dogma in religion is what *higher law* is in law, or in the way of the enforcement of law; whenever "higher law" gets into politics, jurisprudence, or religion, the constitution containing the politics, the law books containing the law, and the Bible the religion, are as weak as a rope of sand, and will come no nearer binding a man to Constitution, Law, or Gospel than a gossamer thread would bind a steam engine!

But the reader may ask, What is "*higherlawism?*" I reply, It is a feeling! So is a direct impression. The Pope feels that there is a superior sanctity in virginity, feels that he is the religious and the political head, by divine right, of all out of doors, of the whole world, and the balance of mankind thrown in; feels that immaculate conception is a great truth, and is ready to damn any man, for time and eternity, who calls it in question; feels too that he ought to do it. That is, he has an impression that these things are all as true as Gospel. Direct impressions and feelings are synonymous. The Protestant preacher feels that he is called

to preach; that is, he had a direct impression. The Pope has as much right to his feelings as the preacher. The Pope beats the preacher in number and character of his impressions. Well, this is the preacher's own folly. Why don't he keep up with the Pope; why does he dwarf the doctrine and himself by confining it to the narrow limits of his pent up Utica? Why does he confine his direct impressions to the three little things claimed by him? He had a direct impression that he was a sinner, and another that his sins were pardoned, and another that he was called. Why did he not keep on, and catch up with the Pope? The first he could have gotten indirect from the Spirit through the word; the second he could have gotten in the same way; and if he could not have gotten the third without getting it direct, I doubt whether he has sense enough to do it at all. Had he only been clever as I am, and I assure him that would not be smart enough to hurt much, as I figured it out without any DIRECT about it.

The sinner has a direct impression that he is pardoned; the spirit tells him he is not, but he feels, hence believes that he is. The direct, of course, goes up, and the indirect goes down. In following the path of this monster delusion, I find nothing from the time of its origin in the mind of the heathen priesthood, on through the ages, in Rome, in Protestantism, in politics, in law, in religion, but an arid desert without a single oasis. Like some mighty avalanche it sweeps everything from its pathway. As a criminal lawyer, I have met its horrid form, and grappled with its full power, and witnessed its triumphs. I have seen the majesty of law trampled in the dust under its feet; evidence cast aside as a worthless thing. "A." kills "B." for ruining his wife; cooly, deliberately, with malice aforethought; after weeks, kills him. The law says it is murder in the first degree. A

jury is impanelled to try the case. They take a solemn oath to try it according to the law and the evidence, their hands upon the Holy Book, God called upon as witness to their sincerity, and as aid to them in the rendition of a true verdict, "so help me God!" is the language used by all. The evidence is conclusive; not the shadow of a doubt remains; indeed, the killing is not denied. The case is argued. The prosecution for the State, in eloquent words, dwells on the heinousness of the crime, on the majesty of law, the sacredness of their oath. He might as well have spent his time in whistling twenty verses of Old Hundred to a wrong tune. The jury retire, soon return, and amidst the silence of the vast assembly their verdict is rendered; the words, "not guilty!" fall upon the ear, while the applause of the crowd cannot be restrained by the court. Law, evidence, and oaths are all swept away as by the waive of a magician's wand. What power could have overturned, trampled on, swept away, leaving not even a shadow of Justice, law, evidence or oath? All summed up in one sentence, "I feel," — direct impression. The jury felt that the man ought not to hang, felt that they would have done the same thing under the same provocation, felt that he ought to go free!

The preacher felt he was called; the sinner felt that he was pardoned; the Pope felt that he was infallible. Direct impression, without words, and contrary to words.

I have now shown beyond the possibility of doubt, that neither law nor Gospel has the weight of a feather when put in the scales with direct impression.

On this feature of the subject, it only remains to show that the constitution, sealed with the blood of our heroic fathers, is as light as vanity in the hands of this Hydra-headed monster. In fact, you may combine them and put them all to-

gether, Bible, constitution and law, in one end of the scale, and the direct in the other, and they all go up in their end of the scale as easily as our world would hoist up a feather. One more thought, and I shall be done with this unpleasantness. A short time gone by a nation gathered at the grave of the slain great dead and wept. My tears freely mingled with theirs. I knew then and know now the hand that laid low his noble form in the dust. I felt then and feel now, as the blessed Savior did when he said to the weeping women, "weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children!" And, so I say, weep not for the fallen Garfield, but weep for yourselves; that you have nursed and cherished, given strength and power to this murderous fiend. Your dogma fired the fatal shot. The wretch got a direct impression that it was his duty to his nation to remove its President. He struggled against it, as men often struggle against their call to preach, but the struggle not only intensifies the feelings, but deepens the impression, until it becomes the absorbing, haunting thought by day, and the dream by night; volition loses the power to direct the thoughts into any other channel, or fix the mind on any other subject. It matters not whether the impression is in harmony with or contrary to the Bible, the more he thought the more intense the feeling grew, until his life became a burden, till the bloody deed was done. He was born and raised in the hot house of direct impressions; on this his imaginative nature fed; it was breathed from all the pulpits in the land; mingled in the songs they sung; the prayers they offered; it was baptized in orthodoxy. His spirit could find no rest; his sincerity stood the test of death, passed unscathed that ordeal. But that tests not the truth or falsity of that which is believed; only the honesty of him who be-

lieves it. He lived by it, and died with it in his heart, and on his lips. How many of the called and sent would stand the test of the scaffold and rope, a gaping rabble crowd, and a death of infamy? Poor Freeman and wife are but two more victims offered on the altar of this Moloch of ecclesiasticism. He and his wife both had an impression at the same time that it would be their duty to kill their only darling babe. They spent weary days and sleepless nights in agonizing prayer that this cup bitterer than death might pass from them. But no! The folds of this serpent was coiling around them. The weeks of struggle ended — ended in the death of the beautiful, the sinless, child. But, you say, such a man was a monomaniac! Of course he was, and so was she, and so was Guiteau. But what made them monomaniacs? Faith and truth? Then banish truth from the world. Faith in anything the Spirit of God ever said — faith in the indirect? No! Faith in the lie of lies — faith in the direct impressions. And as certain as faith in it produces sorrow, insanity, and death, so certain it is that it is a lie, and not the truth.

Suppose the doctrine had never been believed or preached, as it ought never to have been; suppose they had been taught to believe in and obey the indirect influence of the Spirit, and not the direct? Garfield would have lived; the babe would have lived; Servetus would have lived; all the martyred Catholics and Protestants would have lived; the church would have remained a unit; God would have been honored, and glorified; the church been sound and admired, instead of disgraced by divisions, crimes, and shed blood. All this harvest is reaped from the seed of direct impressions. We now post up and close the subject. An idea germinates in the mind of a heathen priest, is warmed into life by an un-

holy ambition, is communicated to others of his calling, Catholic priests adopt it, Protestants drink of the cup from polluted hands. It is interwoven into the warp and woof of their religions; the nations and the civilized world get their ideas from the pulpit; the idea becomes an all absorbing one. Infidelity, division, strife, blood, death, insanity, and all the evils and curses to which poor man is heir are piled up on him; culminates in the untimely death of the Christian statesman; and then the outraged nation avenges its outraged laws, for the loss of its head by hanging the victim of an outrageous lie — conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity. I thank the great and loving God, that he has permitted me to remain out of the grave, and on this side the river until I can enter this, my solemn protest, against this monstrous and deadly Dogma.

CHAPTER XXI.

SAVED BY GRACE.

"For by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God. Not of works, lest any man should boast. For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them. — *Ephes. ii: 8, 9, 10.*

OUR text contains four words to which we will do well to take heed, as to a light that shinneth in a dark place. For they and their results embrace the sum total of the Christian religion in its application both to saints and sinners. A correct definition of these words is all important to a right understanding of the subject. It is matter of profound astonishment that words are used by the teachers of Christianity through a long life of ministerial labors without being defined. Even to their own minds, the meaning of words used by them is unknown.

The first thing done by all other teachers is to teach pupils the meaning of terms peculiar to the science proposed. This is universally true, and applies to all things taught. No intelligent progress can be hoped for until this is done. All callings, professions, and trades abound in words peculiar to themselves; full of meaning to those who understand them, and unmeaning to those who do not. All sciences, arts, trades, and occupations in life abound in these. Take a specimen from "the art preservative of all arts," printing. You step into the office and hear the printers talk in words which to their minds are perfectly

clear and full of meaning; to your mind no idea is communicated; all is chaos — because you do not understand the terms used. They use the words "stick," "forms," "pi," and "devil," etc. You look around, and see nothing that you would think of calling a stick, a form, and certainly nothing in the form of pi that would tempt the appetite of a hungry man; especially you would see nothing like what you think a devil is. You find, on inquiry, that he is a chunk of a tow-headed boy; that the pi is made up of small pieces of metal, unbaked and unseasoned, called type; and when they are set up in the form, and some careless loafer runs against and upsets things, they say it is knocked into pi! The printer, the lawyer, the doctor, the mechanic, the agriculturist, poet, philosopher, warrior, and statesman, all first teach the meaning of words and clearly define their terms. Teachers of the science of Almighty God and of the art of living well and dying happy, reserve to themselves the right to teach their great schools of pupils — church and world — without defining one-half of the words used by them, perhaps assuming that their pupils understand better than they do the meaning of their words. For to my mind it is clear that they do not understand them themselves. Let us select a few words, some of which fall from the pulpits all over the land on every Sunday the year round — "Change of heart." If any one has ever heard or read the meaning the preacher attaches to it, he has been more fortunate than I have been. Can a definition of the word heart be found in any of the theological books of the age; in any of the books of sermons published? What is the Scriptural meaning of the word? Perhaps this rigmarole will get about as near as any of them get to it: "Change of heart means conversion, and conversion means regeneration, and that means the new birth." Putting them

all together, they mean getting religion, and that means a sudden transition of feeling from sorrow to joy, produced by believing that they are pardoned. They deceive themselves by thinking that the transition is produced by faith in Jesus; as we think we have conclusively shown in a sermon on getting religion in a previous part of this book.

Now, is not all this just as far beyond comprehension by any thinking mind as the untold dream of an idiot? Starting out with the mysterious and undefined term "heart," they simply confuse the mind by the multiplication of other non-explained and equally incomprehensible terms until it ends in the words, "getting religion" — not found in the Bible, in philosophy, or within the domain of reason, in common or uncommon sense. This brings us back to the first word in our text — "Grace." What is it and how does it come? The word is defined by lexicographers to mean *favor;* defined by preachers — the Lord knows how. It is with them among the undefined words. From what they sing, preach, and pray about it, I can gather no idea at all of what they think on the subject. And I am fully convinced, if they were asked, when they pray for grace to be sent into their hearts, what they mean, they would wake up to the fact that they had used a word to which they attached no meaning, or do they have an idea that it is a mysterious, abstract something that is fixed up in heaven and sent down by an incomprehensible, mysterious agent into an indifferent something called the heart, so that the recipient could not possibly know what he had got or how he got it, or what to do with it after he had got it. Suppose a preacher and I were sitting in my parlor talking — one of my neighbor's boys comes in and says, "Father says, 'please send him grace.'" I say, "My son, I don't know what your father means; I don't know what he wants; perhaps this

reverend gentleman can enlighten me, as that is the way he talked to the Lord in his prayer last Sunday." "Oh, yes," says he, "it is perfectly clear to my spiritually illuminated mind. I understand him, and the Lord understood me. He means favor, and that is what I meant; for grace means favor.

Yes, but I am just as much in the dark in regard to what the man wants as his mind was when he sent such a petition to me, or as you were when you sent yours to the Lord. I wonder if the idea does not begin to force itself into his mind that he asked for a mythical something which the good Lord never had nor promised to give; that he really had no idea in his mind and, of course, conveyed none to the mind of God.

We have strangely misapplied this metonymical form of speech, of which the Bible is full; and have confounded the name of things for the things themselves. Grace is the name and not a thing. It is one of the grandest words in all the Book of God; it covers time and eternity — grasps in its capacious folds all that God for man or angels ever did, or ever will do in this world, or the world to come. It comes in ten thousand varied forms; it comes to bless the world of mind, of morals and matter. But it always comes in an envelope properly labeled and named. Its name is *Grace*. Its envelopes are as varied as the gifts of God. It comes to us in the bright glancing sunbeams; light and heat are God's gifts; it comes in fertilizing showers and distilling dews, in the bread we eat, the water we drink, the air we breathe; it comes to mind and heart in the glorious truths by apostles and prophets revealed; in the person of the Holy Spirit, to dwell in our hearts; it came in the person of the blessed Christ, who is called by the apostle pre-eminently "the grace of God that bringeth salvation." Christ is the person given; Grace is the name of the gift.

It comes in the pardon of sins through His name; it will come at the close of life's fevered dream; and when the dead are raised, and we enter at last through the gates into the city, in the form of a crown of everlasting joy and gladness will it come. The grace of the church at Antioch came to the starving saints at Jerusalem in the form of money — Paul calls it grace. That was the name of the thing sent. The apostle understood what he talked about. Had my neighbor, of whom I spoke awhile ago, decided what it was he wanted, and had showed that he had any sense, and assumed that I had any, and sent word in what form he wanted my grace, then I might have granted his prayer and met his wants. As it was, I could do nothing but wonder at his stupidity. Had he said, "Father wants grace from you in the form of your horse and buggy to take a drive." "Certainly, it will afford me pleasure to grant your father this small favor." Grace is what God does for us that we may be saved. Faith and works are what we do to save ourselves. The grace of God saves no man without any faith on the part of the saved. It is by grace and through faith. It depends upon what use faith makes of grace, whether man is saved by grace or not. If faith receives and appreciates the grace, accepts and enjoys, then he will be saved by it. If he accepts the Christ, the spirit, pardon, peace and joy wrought out for him by grace, then all is well with him. If not, then all that God has done is worse than valueless to him. From this standpoint how puerile and pitiful the criticism appears which tries to make faith the gift of God. The moment the case is made out faith is slaughtered. By counting it into a gift it is no longer faith but grace. Whatever God gives is his grace; and you have but one thing, instead of two. It would be — By grace are ye saved through grace! Passing by the word

saved, and without drawing the distinction between the present and future salvation while the writer applies it to the salvation then enjoyed by them. The truths uttered by him and the principles enunciated, applies with equal force to the hoped for salvation as well as to the one enjoyed. Passing also the word faith, about which so much has been written and said, contenting ourselves with the simple distinction between the faith and works of the text — faith is mental and moral, works are physical. We believe with mind and heart and work with the body. We proceed to an examination of the last words, Good works, by which I understand work commended of God. Let us see if we can find their place in the place of redemption. Paul argues exhaustively and conclusively that we are not saved by them, and gives a reason that ought to have precluded all controversy. That it would reject salvation by grace, that is if justification is by or through faith; that it might be by grace, not by work; for if it were, man could boast that he had brought God under obligations to justify him. He could glory in self; he would release himself from all obligation to God. And had God placed it on the ground or basis of works, law, or gospel, he would have cut himself off from man's gratitude. But the question is so definitely and distinctly settled by the great apostle that we will not discuss it further; and humbly suggest that a great and all-pervading mistake has been made on both sides of this hotly contested question, and that extremes have been reached by both sides.

I hope it will not be regarded as presumptuous in the writer to attempt to throw light upon the subject, and thus place himself in conflict with the conclusions of the grandest minds that ever thought; with all the debaters who have stood against him in the fierce conflicts of forty years of

debating life. The extremes reached by the parties, and debated by us and them, are: They affirm that we are justified by faith only without work; and we affirm that we are justified by faith and works. *Neither is true!* as we shall be able to prove.

The faith alone party while believing, or professing to believe in faith alone, do harder work, and more of it than the Jews did, who believed in justification by works without faith. And one-half of those that do the hardest work and the most of it, do not get the promised justification. Is not coming to the anxious seat work? Is not praying work? Do you not work with might and main for them? Is not singing and talking work? It makes you perspire freely enough to be work, if it is not. But you say, "We do this work to get faith." I most respectfully suggest that you get the faith first, and perhaps the work will not be so hard. It is hard enough to work with faith, and must be awful to work without it. If all this work must to be done to get the faith, and faith can not be had without it, then the work is as essential as the faith. If it can be had without it, then don't do it!

I have been led off after the mourning bench, and left the other party standing on the platform of justification by faith and works. I now examine the strongest proof-texts relied on by both sides in their numerous debates. I shall notice only two, for, by these the question is settled. The fourth chapter of Romans is the magazine from which faith alone derives its munitions of war; and James II. furnishes the other side. The subject is fully discussed by these two apostles. In the justification of the model man of faith, the faithful one of all ages and of all times, is included the justification of all believers who have the faith of Abraham and walk in his steps. The *faith alone* side believing most devoutly and

earnestly, concluding that Abraham was justified by faith at the time he received and believed the promise made to him concerning the birth of Isaac; the others as devoutly believing and as earnestly concluding that Abraham was justified by works, when he offered Isaac on the altar. And now you are ready to jump to the conclusion that one or the other must be right and the other wrong. Please suspend your decision until the case is fully developed, and it may turn out that both are wrong. And two wrongs never made a right. All proof relied on to prove the truth of a given proposition; all texts quoted, must be used in harmony with the facts of the case as developed in the history of the same; or it is evidence of a perversion or misapplication of the proof.

Now let us get the facts in this case: The first fact is that Abraham was justified when he believed the promise concerning Isaac. The second is, that Abraham was justified when he offered up his son of promise on the mount. Thus, you say, there are two justifications, and on different conditions — the first by faith without works, and the second by faith and works! You are too hasty in reaching conclusions.

There is a third fact in the history of Abraham's case that has been unaccountably overlooked by both contending parties, which is the key-stone in the arch, and when placed in the building perfects and completes the beautiful superstructure — reconciling apparent contradictions — bringing together the extremes. Unfortunately these builders, in hunting among the rubbish of the ruined temple for material to rebuild, failed to find this stone, without which the temple can not be finished. This third fact will appear in due time; this key-stone will be brought forth and placed in the arch. And I pray God that it may cause as great rejoicing among these confused yet earnest builders as the finding of the lost key-stone did among the rebuilders of the old temple.

But how stands the case in hand. With the two facts already stated it stands thus: if Paul and James use the term justified in the same sense, and both use it in the sense of forgiveness of past sins, then the contradiction is not only apparent, but real, clear, and palpable, and all the logic this side of heaven will forever fail to harmonize them. There could not possibly be a more clear cut contradiction in stating the conditions of pardon than to first make one condition and then two, and differing as much as works differ from faith. If, as some contend, they use it in a different sense, that Paul uses it in the sense of pardon of past sins, and James in the sense of approval. If they are right they avoid the contradiction, and they sustain their doctrine of justification by faith alone, and before faith does anything. But it is not true that Paul uses it in one sense and James in another; and, differently, it is not true that either of them use it in the sense of pardon. This has been the fatal rock on which both have wrecked their ships. The work side admitting that Paul used it as a synonym of pardon and James used it in the same sense. I fearlessly assert that the pardon of Abraham's sins was not within a thousand miles of the mind of either of the writers, and submit the following facts in proof of the truth of the assertion. It contradicts all the facts in the history of his pardon: The land of Canaan is not the place where he was pardoned; when the promise of the birth of Isaac was made it was not the time when he was pardoned. Nor was faith in the promise of God the condition. Faith in a promise is never a condition of pardon,—but faith in a person. The same is true in regard to the offering of Isaac. Mount Moriah was not the place, and that was not the time, and, faith, not the condition. At this point we bring in the third fact in the history of the justification, or pardon of this wonderful man. And we find where he

was pardoned, when he was pardoned, and how he was pardoned. The place was in the land of Chaldees; the time was when God first called him; the condition was faith in God; and the pardon was where faith acted — when he went out in obedience to the command, to "get out of the land." Paul says that Abraham believed God and went out, not knowing whither he went; and Moses says, that this faith, he then and there had, was counted to him for righteousness. If justification is by faith alone before it works by love, then Abraham was pardoned the moment he believed. If he was not pardoned till he went out, then your doctrine that he was pardoned by faith alone is false. If pardoned when believing and going out, it would still be true that he was pardoned by faith; and the doctrine of pardon by faith and works is false. The how of pardon we regard as settled. *It is by faith.* And now the question of, when are we pardoned by faith as the condition? Are we pardoned as soon as we believe? I answer, No! Are we pardoned when faith stands alone and does nothing? Are we justified by works when the work is done? I answer, No! We are justified by the faith that does the work, and when the work is done, whatever the work be.

Abraham was justified by faith when he went out some twenty-three years before the promise made to him of a son. This is undenied and undeniable. Then how is it possible that Paul could mean that he was justified in the sense of pardon, when the promise of Isaac was made? That would be to pardon a pardoned man. It would have to be proven that the good old man had fallen from grace, and this would contradict all the facts in his history from the day he left Ur of the Chaldees up to the day when he received the blessed promise that gladdened his aged heart. All the facts show that he was a man of unfaltering faith

from the time he was justified in Ur up to the time of the promise. He was a devout worshiper, building altars, offering sacrifices, wrestling the angel. If James uses it in the sense of pardon, that makes the case still worse; for he has twice fallen: fell after pardon when he went out; pardoned again when the promise was made; fell again during the twelve years between the promise and the offering; pardoned again when he makes the offering. But the presumption would arise that he would not stay pardoned very long — that he would fall again the first chance he got; that he set up the habit — it had become chronic. This makes him get religion oftener than an average Methodist. If all this interpretation be true, what a burlesque of a model man is set up for us to follow. God approved the faith that Abraham brought with him from the land of the strangers, when it staggered not at the promise, but was strong, giving God the glory. Down falls your Gibraltar of *faith only;* your great gun is spiked. God approved the faith of his old and devoted servant and friend when he was ready to sacrifice that son; and down falls the citadel of works; the key-stone is placed in the arch.

My assertion is proven; Paul and James are in harmony. The extremes are brought together, and we stand on the solid rock of truth, that we are justified by faith when faith works. No case can be found where pardon is ascribed to faith till faith acts. From the justification of Abel on down through the ages all are pardoned through faith, and not through that which faith does. But the pardon is not granted until it is done. Abel by faith offered a more acceptable sacrifice than Cain. He had the faith when he caught the lamb, but it had not worked. Noah was saved by faith. He had the faith before he felled the first tree out of which the ark was built. He built by faith and was

saved when he built. Paul says the walls of Jericho fell by faith; but when? When faith existed? No; when it worked. We are justified by faith; but when? When we are baptized. Paul was pardoned through faith; when? When he arose and was baptized. He had faith for three days before. So of all the cases of pardon; and *we* will not waste time in piling them up. No case can be found since the commission was given of pardon claimed until the person was baptized in obedience to the faith of the Gospel.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN OLD PREACHER'S EXPERIENCE.

I.

Dear Brother Jones: In last number of the *Christian Unitist*, I noticed a call from the faithful and beloved Manire, indorsed by yourself, requesting me to furnish a series of articles for your pages in reference to the past of the churches in Mississippi, and my labors among them. Had the call come from any other source, it would have shared the fate of all similar ones — entire neglect; first, because I have, as you well know, a great aversion to writing; and, secondly, because I have a peculiar knack of doing injustice, both to my subject and to myself, with the pen. I am satisfied I was not born to write. Many brethren, for whose opinions I entertain a profound regard, have requested me to write a number of my discourses, and put them in book form. I would as soon think of building a railroad to the moon. But when the brethren of Mississippi want anything

in reason done, that I can do, they have but to make it known.

Mississippi has never called on me that I did not answer. On her altar I have offered *labor*, *life*, *and fortune*, and all were lost but life. She is bound to my heart by many a tie, by many a memory; some sad and mournful, others bright and sparkling as gems of night. Within her borders my earliest manhood days were spent. Among her hills and dales my ministerial life has measured out its length. Along her lonely roads, among her sighing pines, often too, when stars looked down from quiet skies, I arranged many of the best sermons I ever preached, or ever shall preach. Within her bosom sleeps the dust of those I loved and lost. My beauteous wife of almost boyhood days; my stalwart boy of man's estate, together with his brother dear who met untimely death; and the last little bud from the maternal stem of her who has borne, *and nobly borne*, with me the ills of life, are lying in the dust, nipped by untimely frost, but blooming bright in heaven. And last, but hardly least, the devoted slave, who for long and weary years, in her faithful arms, carried her own babes and ours, and nursed them both, sleeps quietly, not far from the other loved ones. I stood over her grave and wept. But she was a Christian, and lives above.

Poor Mississippi! You sit like a queen dethroned and uncrowned, by the side of the great father of waters, whose on-rolling waves lave your way-worn feet. Beneath your bright sky the notes of your native mocking-bird are heard, "from early morn till dewy eve," and through the starry watches of the night. Among your groves the magnolia and the orange bloom, the odors of which, when blended, surpass the richest perfume of the far-famed garden of pomegranates of Israel's wisest king.

State of my adoption! Thou sittest with tear-bathed face and pallid brow, sorrowing much and sad at heart, in mourning clad, because thy sons have perished from thy side, and thy daughters fair cease not to weep their fall and thy misfortune. But thou art still enshrined in many hearts, and *thou shall yet be great.*

A few more months at most, and my weary feet shall tread again thy soil, never to wander more till life's labor close; then on thy gentle bosom my head shall lie pillowed, and dust to dust shall turn.

But now to the subject; yet I hardly know where to commence, and am half inclined not to commence at all; for if a true and faithful tale is told I fear much more harm than good will flow therefrom. But this, like all things else, must take its chance.

I commenced preaching, — no, *trying to preach*, — in Claiborne County, in the year 1842. I was then working at my trade, and was very ignorant and very poor. Through the blessing of Providence, I held on to the former for many long years, and perhaps for the want of proper effort, have held on to the latter, up to the present writing. I worked at my trade — blacksmith — from daylight till nine o'clock at night, then studied English grammar, logic, rhetoric, natural, intellectual, and moral philosophy, read history, ancientandmode rn, and dabbled in poetry from nine to eleven, by a pine knot light, wife aiding me. Tried to preach on Lord's days. I was afterwards told I made a poor preach, and doubt not they told the truth. I replied it was poor pay, and I know I told the truth.

The first meeting of importance at which I assisted, more by way of exhortation than preaching, was at Battle Springs, near Jackson. The venerable Gen. Wm. Clark (and few better men have lived), the lamented Jefferson H. Johnson,

then of Utica, Hinds County, and the loved Wm. P. Chambers (I wot not what has become of him), were present. There were, I think, some thirty additions. I being but a short time from out the ranks of Methodism, had not yet forgotten the shibboleth of that denomination; and I remember well that our aged, and now sorely afflicted, but cheerful and happy brother, Jas. A. Baskin, Aquila-like, took me out to teach me the way of the Lord more perfectly. I had thrown out a scrap of sectarian theology, but I was not as teachable as Apollos, and like many young preachers, thought I knew it all, or if I did not, it was not worth knowing. He gave me till next morning to find proof that I was right. I spent a sleepless night, but did not find it, and have not found it yet. Publicly took it back next day, and came to the conclusion I was no Solomon, when a plain old farmer, then a private member of a little country church knew more than I. The truth is, I suppose I could not have found a disciple then, who had been in the church as long as he, who did not know more than I did. Those were the days WHEN TESTAMENTS WERE CARRIED IN POCKETS TO THE WORK-BENCHES AND THE FIELDS, and many a valiant circuit rider, and doughty local preacher, who shivered a lance against the great heresy, found himself completely routed by a homespun-shirted and copperas-breeched pine-woods plowman. In this respect we, as a people, are rapidly advancing backwards.

The following year I left my anvil to cool, and commenced traveling and preaching for the church at Battle Springs. I did not preach much there. I had to go where the people knew less. They promised me three hundred dollars, concluding with the poet, that "man wants but little here below;" and I was fearful that I might want that *long* before I would get it. I concluded, however, to risk it. They

paid me up promptly, as they did for many years after. They never promised very much. I think they had an idea that a preacher ought to be kept poor so as to keep him honest. A large number seem to have that idea yet. But, for the present, — enough. T. W. CASKEY.

PADUCAH, KY., August, 1870.

AN OLD PREACHER'S EXPERIENCE.

II.

I wish now that my first letter was where it came from, and that I had adhered to my determination so long kept, not to write, or promise to write for any periodicals. I am something like the old Hardshell Baptist, who said that when he felt like it it was as easy to preach as it was for the Tombeckbee River to run down stream; but when he did not, it was as hard as mauling rails out of black-gum. Now the truth is, I do not often feel like using the pen, and having been mixed up with the things of Cæsar for the last two months, I feel less like it than usual. But write I must or the editor of the *Unitist* will grumble, and perhaps, get that nameless imp, who dwells about printing offices and down below, after me, with a weapon longer and heavier, if not sharper and mightier than the pen. In 1844 I preached pretty much in the same field as in 1843, ranging from Battle Springs to Columbus, Mississippi, and including Benton, Lexington, Carrollton, Black Hawk, and many other places too numerous to mention, and some of them forgotten.

But I shall not soon forget Carrollton and Teoc. We had a considerable congregation at the former place, which was

at that time quite a flourishing village, fond of town fashions and putting on city airs. The church at Teoc numbered about thirty members who met in a pine woods school-house on a stream of the same name some ten miles west of Carrollton. The brethren here were poor, honest, pious, hard-working people, some of whom thought it all right and in good taste to shoulder their guns, whistle up their dogs, forget to put on their vests and coats, and in copperas pants and homespun shirts, minus the collar button, and brogan shoes, less what goes between the shoe and the foot, come to church on Saturday, hoping to add to their larder "a chunk of a deer" for a Sunday's dinner. I often wonder if any other preacher was ever fool enough to mix up at protracted meetings congregations so dissimilar in tastes, habits and feelings. If he did, I venture to say he never tried it a second time, or if he did it drove him crazy. I had to do more preaching to get the country members to throw the mantle of charity over the silks, ruffles, and furbelows of the town members, and to get the town members to do the same for the homespun garb and rusty manners of the country church than I had to do to get sinners to obey the gospel. I had two very successful meetings at Teoc in that year. Had to preach out of doors because no house could be found that could hold half the people.

The first week we put the women in the house, the men remaining in the yard, and I standing in the door. I now think that during the second week the house would not have held the children without their mothers; so we turned all out into the yard. It was a sight never to be forgotten, to stand in Bro. Ferguson's yard on an elevation surrounded by tall sighing pines, just after night's dark mantle had closed around, and stars had begun to look down from clear, blue skies, and, turn to the East, West, North, South, and all

intermediate points! Wherever you looked you saw fire-lights flashing from numberless hunting pans (as they are called in pioneer parlance), filled with resinous pine. These vivid torches, separated when first seen and each throwing out its own particular rays, as they all converged to a common center, and mingled their rays together, filled that center and its surroundings, with a flood of light, as though a new sun had risen at the close of day!

In the rear of each of these pan-lights born on the shoulders of father, brother, husband or lover, followed a train of the old, the middle aged, youths and children to say nothing of the ubiquitous dog, of which country people are proverbially fond, and with which they are always well supplied. Oh! there was beauty, sublimity, and poetry in the mingling and blending and harmonizing of lights and people — and music, too, including the dogs! The meetings were kept up fifteen nights embracing two Saturdays and Lord's days. I had no help until the last night, when after the discourse and invitation, fourteen came forward and made the good confession, among them a number of Brother Ferguson's relatives. He was one of the elders but not a teaching elder; for he was so timid we could not get him to pray in public, but that night while they were coming forward, I heard a voice break forth in exhortation, which for eloquence, pathos and power, would have done credit to a Maffit, a Bascom, or a Prentiss. I turned about and to my utter astonishment it was Brother Joe. Completely carried away by his feelings he had mounted the chair behind which I stood, and with form erect, flushed face, flashing eye and violent gesticulation — not such as is taught in the books and the schools, but such as nature prompts when man loses himself in his subject, was urging men to turn to God and live.

The moment he caught my wondering look he recollected himself and his tongue was still and as silent as if palsied in death! that exhortation came to a close in the middle of a sentence. It was the first and the last that Brother Joe ever made, as far as known. So much for excitement.

I closed the meeting that night; not because the people would not hear and confess and obey, but because there was too much excitement. So I then thought, but have since been led to doubt. The meeting closed with forty additions. Three weeks after, when the enthusiasm had cooled down somewhat, I went back again and baptized twenty others, among whom was old father Bradley in his ninty-fifth year. He said that he would have been a Christian all his life, if sectarian teaching, or rather false teaching had not cheated him out of all of life that is worth living for — religious enjoyment. Poor old man! I wish that he was the only one to utter the same sad truth. But adieu, for the present, to Teoc Church, and what is left of its old membership. T. W. Caskey.

Woodlawn Place, Miss., Jan., 1871.

AN OLD PREACHER'S EXPERIENCE.

III.

Brother Errett: I am thinking to-night of a request made by Brother Manire when last I saw him at his pleasant home in Winona, that I would resume my sketches of ministerial life in Mississippi, which was broken off by my going to the plow, and the unfortunate demise of the *Unitist*. I am somewhat in doubt whether they will result in good or ill. If I a truthful story tell, I fear me much that the

youths among us who are contemplating making preaching their life calling, may be prevented from entering upon the rough and rugged path that I have had to tread; but of this you must be the judge. Before, however, taking up the thread of the past, a word or two in regard to the present. I have just closed up my year's work with the churches for which I preached the present year, and will say for them that they have kept good faith, notwithstanding the money panic, Sardis, Antioch, Thyatira — and other places, have met their pledges as brethren always should. I deeply regret that duty compels me to turn them over into other hands.

I am now in Memphis "the Bluff Hill City." A few months since she was weeping over her dead; now you hear the joyous laugh from merry hearts. A few weeks since her streets were crowded with nought but faces sad, and mourning groups and black-plumed hearses, bearing the dead to their last resting place — now all is life, crowded streets, crowded stores, men, women and children hurrying hither and thither, as though their own life and the life of the rest of mankind depended on their reaching a given point in a given time. To see the activity, the hurry scurry, you would conclude that nobody had died here in the last half century and that no one had any notion of dying so long as they could see anybody else living. You are only reminded that the grim monster has been here by the numbers who are draped in somber colors, — a custom which, in my humble judgment, ought to be sent back to heathendom, with about one-half of modern theology, whence they came. Unmeasured must be the vitality of Memphis. It must be nearly equal to poor Burns' John Barleycorn. But if thus I ramble on, I shall not soon take up the broken link, where I left off, just where I do not now remember. As well as

memory serves, my last brought me up to the close, or near about, of 1844. In the spring of 1845, I met with the eccentric Jas. A. Butler, at the town of Columbus. He had a protracted meeting for Gainesville, Alabama, and wanted me to go with him to that place. Not knowing his peculiar talent for word-painting, I was lured by him, off my intended route. He drew a picture of Gainsville, and paradise, from which Adam was driven, was not a circumstance. The demi-gods of mythological lore, were not to be compared to the men at Gainsville, and as for the women, the beauty of Eve would pale before the ugliest daughter of woman born in all that latitude. We went, and though the place, the men, the women fell considerably below his picture drawn of them, I found them a good people. We had a good meeting — some twenty odd additions. Having about this time concluded that the Bible told the truth, when it said it was not good for man to be alone, and especially a preaching man, and as a prudent man ought, before taking unto himself a wife, a careful inventory take of all his worldly goods, and get the same from her whom he intends to wed, mine when counted up were; one horse, saddle and bridle, one cloth coat (price $16.00), one pair jeans pants (price $3.50), hat, boots, and a few other unmentionables, together with $8.00 in cash. Mrs. Caskey, that was to be, had herself and two boys aged ten and twelve, a negro woman and two chrildren, ages not remembered — and it makes no difference as they never made me anything and only cost me their raising. We in our wisdom concluded that this would do to start life with and so wedded. And thank God! neither of us have regretted the step taken, up to the present time. After marriage, to be in fashion, we started on a bridal tour, in the direction, however, of a string of appointments I had on hand. She dressed in calico, I as before stated. Horse worth seventy-five dollars,

($75.00) buggy $50.00, trunk $2.50, and contents, don't know how much — not much, though. But we drove on, dear wife and I, much happier I doubt not than many others with a more costly outfit, until we measured twenty miles or more. When we had passed a beautiful prairie decked in April flowers, and had entered a dreary swamp about two miles, I suddenly found myself measuring six feet three and a half on the ground towards sunset, wife setting in the old buggy holding on to the upper side with both hands rather poorly suppressing her mirth at seeing her new made liege lord sprawling in the mud, the axle had broken and had broken at the wheel on my side. And now in the swamp, in the mud, among the musquitoes, among the gnats, drizzling rain, and nearly night, and four miles from any place, I leave us for the present, as this will be too long, as well as dull. Where or when I will write again I know not.

T. W. CASKEY,

December 25, 1873.

AN OLD PREACHER'S EXPERIENCE.

IV.

BROTHER ERRETT: The church having failed, in part to comply with their promises, and wishing to give two of my sons a year's work on the farm before sending them to Lexington University I turned Cincinnatus and after following a long-eared son of Balaam from morn to dewy eve, I feel more like being wrapped in the embrace of Morpheus, than writing memories of the past. In looking over number two

I find that I had just bidden adieu to the pine hills and good brethren of Teoc; but memory calls up from her store-house one scene there that I cannot take my final leave of without an effort to recall and put it in print. The brethren had built a large house of split pine logs hewed. It was in an unfinished state; cracks unceiled; doors and windows unhung; no fire-place, for they had caught a little of the aristocratic feeling for which they abused the Carrollton Church, and decided to have a sure enough stove. Said stove arrived in due time, one cold snap in the month of March, minus the pipe. I accused them of not knowing the pipe was a necessary part of the stove, but they said it was an oversight on the part of the merchant from whom they purchased the stove.

Of course the question remains unsettled up to the present writing, but the after developments inclined me much then, and now, to think I was right. The stove was duly installed in the middle of the church on Sunday. I was to preach on Sunday. It was a cold blustering day. A large crowd, as usual, met — men, women and children — white and black — and the everlasting dog, without which, no country audience was complete. There were many wondering, childish eyes opened wide that day, for it was the first thing in that line they had ever looked upon, and it was not long before in their childish hearts, with big baby tears rolling down their faces, they wished that it might be the last. The deacons thinking a stove was made to heat up a big house — doors all open — windows ditto. Cracks that you might have thrown some of the small dogs through without touching either log; with a north March wind howling among the pines — *to heat up*, on this they were intent — pipe or no pipe; so before I reached the scene of action they had filled it full of black oak bark from the rails of a fence hard by, and fired up. Now

I have seen audiences weep at the close of a pathetic exhortation, but I never witnessed such universal and unrestrained weeping as before the preaching commenced when the pungent smoke from that bark got into the eyes, mouth, nose and throat. If it did not draw tears from the eyes of saint and sinner, more copious than an Apollos could have done with his loftiest flight of eloquence or his deepest toned pathos, then am I mistaken in regard to the tearful effects of smoke gotten up on the plan of those deacons. But I, being somewhat used to roughing it and not easily daunted by obstacles, entered the improvised pulpit to deliver a sort of dedication sermon. Brother W. P. Chambers, now of Arkansas, opened with prayer or, more correctly speaking, with clearing of the throat, coughing and prayers. I was much perplexed then, and am yet, to decide which predominated, as I am about — Romanism — three parts in each; throat clearing, coughing and prayer; Judaism, mythology, Christianity. Now why would not the thing work out even? Because I overlooked the largest element in the latter, and that is FOOLERY. After the good brother got through with whatever the conglomeration or agglomeration might be called, I commenced my discourse, and think yet I could have worried through after a fashion, notwithstanding there was a large window at the back of the pulpit, and cracks all around, and wherever a crack could be conveniently put. The wind blowing in through where the window shutter was to be, and through the cracks that were to be ceiled; babies crying, everybody coughing; some trying to keep from it but making a more disturbing noise than a good old honest healthy cough. Unfortunately though for poor me, who had just as much as I could bear, and a little more, the darkies got into a dispute outside the house as there was not room inside, as the whites, and the never-to-be-forgotten stove

filled up the inside, that is, the space inside not taken up by the smoke. They waxed warm and loud in their dispute over the stove — the absent pipe, politics or something else — I never did find out what it was. At this point in matters, I may say without exaggerating, that the situation was bordering upon the desperate. To cap the climax, the dogs got up an "Arkansaw" free fight. I have no idea how many dogs there were; perhaps Brother P. D. Robison, of Arkansas, can tell, as he was sent out by me to stop it, or take part in it. Perhaps thirty would not be over the mark. All went in except a half-grown hound pup. It was too much fight for his pluck, so he tucked his caudal appendage between his rear feet handles, and ran howling homeward. And now I confess, with some degree of mortified pride, that for once in life I was overcome and had to give up until Brothers Robison, Ferguson and others took out the (not the pipe), chased off the dogs with pine knots, cuffed the darkies and restored order. Past midnight! Good night readers till next service. T. W. Caskey.

Austin, Texas, February 20th.

AN OLD PREACHER'S EXPERIENCE.

LETTER V.

I guess, as a Yankee would say, it is about time I was picking wife and myself up from where I was spilled out in the swamp. She, however, did not have to pick herself up as she still was up in the buggy, enjoying a hearty laugh at my expense. "I guess" it would not have been a very healthy amusement for any one else to have indulged in at that par-

ticular time. But she looked so beautiful, perched on the upper side of the buggy, with sparkling eyes and flushing cheeks, while hearty laughter rippled from her parted lips — that I really enjoyed it and had some thought of just lying still and feasting my eyes on my beautiful treasure, while she enjoyed the not very dignified posture of her worse half. But more practical thoughts prevailed, for I was fast damaging my Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, sprawled out on the wet ground. So up I jumped, spoiling thereby both pictures; got a sapling that some wagoner had cut out of his way, to shun one of the numberless mud holes that were in the road. I took the lines from my horse and tied one end of the pole to the front axle and running it back under the hind axle, near the hub, tying it fast, we were again in traveling condition — that is, to travel foot back. Had it been in a fashionable parlor or in Court Square it would have been called a promenade; but as it was through the mud and among swarms of black gnats, (there would have been musquitoes too, but it was too early in the season), it degenerated into an unpleasant, old-fashioned walk or tramp. After the shades of night had gathered darkly round us, we reached the little log cabin we had passed so merrily that bright and beautiful evening, the sun's bright beams glinting and sparkling on the flower-decked prairies, brightness and gladness in our hearts. Wife bravely and merrily trudging along in front, I following, the horse following me, and the broken buggy following him. In this order we reached the aforesaid cabin. Had I followed wife as closely the balance of life's journey thus far, I would have been a wiser, better, wealthier, and happier man. The occupant of the cabin had a little wood-shop for the repair of the wood-work of wagons, as they were continually getting smashed up, going through that miserable boggy wallow, pine woods swamp. He could,

however, do nothing in iron work, and it took two doctors to heal the wounds my poor buggy had received. Here I learned, as I had often done before and oftener since, that it is not a *bad thing*, to be a *good black*smith, if a man is white. The kindhearted poor people did the best they could for our comfort, but I was satisfied then, and am yet, that our horse spent the most pleasant night of the three of us; and of another fact, that too much politeness as often brings discomfort as comfort. The cabin had less rooms than two, and they had less beds than two, but the good lady made two out of one; and here came in the politeness overdone that cheated me out of sweet dreams that night, and made me feel next morning like I had been run rather rapidly through a threshing machine. The bedding before it was divided consisted of a thin feather-bed and an equally thin cotton mattress. The lady said we must occupy the bedstead. Her politeness had taught her that that was the place of honor for her guests. I insisted on wife and I taking the floor. I have wished ever since that I had said nothing, and let wife and her settle the point in the code of etiquette, or that it had been raised by the man instead of the woman; for I am satisfied that I would have disputed the point with him till morning-light appeared, rather than try that thin cotton mattress on those rough slats. But what could I do with a woman in her own house, and she the hostess and I the guest? Why, as a matter of course, I came out second best and she had her way. But she kindly gave us the choice of the beds. I chose the mattress for I had a painful recollection of having tried a thin feather bed once on slats, and most solemnly vowed I would never try that peculiar way of chasing sleep far away any more, foolishly imagining in my ignorance, that nothing but a flax hackle could be worse. Cotton mattresses, after the present pattern

had not then been invented. The cotton, I presume, had once been soft, as nearly all cotton is, but that time, with it, was in the long, long, ago. It was, or had been, put in loose — no stitching through the ticking. It had managed to get into hard lumps, of all shape and sizes, some as big as a piece of chalk, some considerably bigger. But what surprised me most then, and that I don't yet fully understand, was that by some incomprehensible principle in the science of cottonology (to coin a word) no two or at most three, of these hard lumps got into a line or straight row. Trying to sleep on a crooked row of potato hills would have been fun to this experiment. I tried that bed all over, for my better half, being better acquainted with that sort of things than I, if I was a preacher, seemed to understand the status well, and so she rather shoved the edge of the mattrass over the rail next the wall, and quietly deposited herself along the rail, supported by the wall, and kept from falling out thereby. This left me the whole of that bed. I have always regretted that there was so much of it. Sleep on the front rail I could not, for fear of falling out; to sleep on the mattress was simply impossible, so I made a compromise, and did not sleep at all. Now, usually, I am not constitutionally opposed to the front rank, especially at the table. I have taken the front rank in marching, and in battle, but if ever I take the front on such another bed as that — well I won't — that's fixed. Next morning the man fixed the woodwork and I the iron. Mrs. C. and the lady got us a good breakfast — like the supper only the coffee was vastly improved, by Mrs. C. putting more coffee to the same quantity of water: this does improve the taste of the beverage wonderfully, a fact that many people never have learned. I put this in, for their special benefit. We then hitched up, after enjoying the delicious dainties of corn bread, STRAIGHT

coffee and PICKLED PORK. We had nearly three hundredmiles of a bridal tour before us, over as poor a country as a bird ever flew. From Gainsville, Alabama, to Brandon, Mississippi, there was nothing worth looking at all along our tedious way, among the interminable sighing pine forests, and so we looked at each other. I recollect nothing of particular interest occurring during the remainder of our bridal tour, save one which brought bitter, but short-lived sorrow to the heart of my bride. We wed as strangers, I being fully indorsed by documentary evidence and personally by the executive James A. Butler. Wife needed no indorsement. I won't tell how long it was after we saw each other till we were made one. She does not like me tell lest some might think she was very anxious to marry. Well, suffice to say, it was some longer than a stick — not much. I had forgotten to tell her that when I had high fever, that I went as crazy as a Bedlamite, and cussed as profusely as the soldiers in Flanders. Late one evening on our lonely way, I had a heavy chill. By midnight I was in the zenith of delirium. Half asleep, half awake, belching out oaths that doubtless would have startled any preacher or Christian conscience except one as deranged as mine was, I heard a smothered sob from a troubled heart; the great big glistening tears were flowing down her cheeks. Poor girl! She thought she had taken her ducks to a bad market, and sure enough she had; but not as bad as she then thought. The sight of her tears checked the flow of profanity, and the tide of delirium, for a few minutes. I explained to her this peculiarity of mine, which clings to me yet. She seemed to be satisfied; dried up her tears and wept no more — at least when I could see her. But during the remainder of the journey I could see the dark shadow of doubt steal over her face till we reached Brandon. When she saw the happy

welcome those good brethren gave to her and me, sunshine of joy illumined her face; and I thank God that few clouds have drifted over it since by acts of mine. I met, at this time and place, the venerated old Brother, Gen. William Clark, of Jackson, Mississipi. We held a meeting of ten days, and had, I think, twenty-seven additions. One incident occurred at this meeting bordering on the ludicrous. An old infirm man from North Carolinia, seventy years old, made the good confession, after spending twenty years of his life trying to GET RELIGION. He was about six feet six inches in height, tall and slender as a bean-pole; looked like he had stretched himself up all his life, after persimmons. Brother Clark was five feet eight inches; corpulent, old and crippled with rheumatism. The long old man seemed to have the idea in his head that the validity of baptism, to him at least, depended on the adminstrator having come from North Carolina. Brother Clark being from that State, he must baptize him. Nothing but an old-fashioned North Carolina baptism — administrator, actor, and subject — would satisfy his conscience. In vain we pointed out the difficulties in the watery pathway. He seemed determined to travel with Brother Clark, and no one else. We appointed the hour of ten on Lord's day morning and would go from the pool to church. The crowd was large, the morning was beautiful and bright. The scene was solemn as death, as these two old men with tottering forms and bleaching locks, slowly descended into the yielding bosom of the water. I was to preach at eleven and was dressed for church — boots black and shiny, my wedding jeans pants well dusted and well strapped down too with leather straps as wide as my hand and sewed to the pants as was the fashion. I was in a fix. No other boots or pants to put on in the event Brother Clark failed, as I was almost

certain he would. And fail he did; once, twice, and a third time. By this time they were so exhausted that neither of them could have got out of the pool without strong help. Brother Clark poor old man, looked up pitifully at me, and said, "Brother Caskey, you will have to baptize him; I can't." Down I stepped into the pool. Here I must stand until another moon. T. W. Caskey.

Fort Worth, Texas, April 7.

AN OLD PREACHER'S EXPERIENCE.

LETTER VI.

I believe in my last I left myself and my old North Carolina subject standing in the baptismal font. I "guess," as a Yankee would say, it is about time we were getting out of the water, as the old man has been in there an unreasonable length of time, owing to Brother C.'s two failures to get him under. I, being nearly as long for this world as he, had no difficulty in baptizing him. I never learned whether he considered it valid or not, as it was not administered by a North Carolinian. But now I was in a fix — wet at least up to the skirts of my coat, if not higher; no other boots or shoes; no other coat or pants — for I generally depended on the brethren furnishing me pants to baptize in, and I can safely say that, while they did very well for that, they would not have done well for anything else, without putting sugar in my boots to draw the legs downward. Preaching hour at hand, and I had to preach; marched up from the font to church, just as I came out of the water — boots not shining to do much good, and I much disposed to utter a clerical

malediction against all sectional foolery in religion. I preached though as best I could in this somewhat sorry plight, and presume, from the effect, that I preached a warm discourse, as I found when I closed that the warmth, either from the inside or outside, had dried my boots and breeches. We had a good meeting at this time and place. As I may not again revisit old Brandon soon, either in fact or fancy, I may as well state that during the years 1844–5–6–7 we built up a church of good material, to about 70 strong. But as I changed my field of labor and Brother Clark got borne down by the weight of years, Brother Estep, who united with us from the Baptists and preached among us, also moving off, and no other preachers to fill the vacant places, it only required years to pass and deplete by removal, death and apostasy this once popular and flourishing church. The war coming on put the finishing death touch to it, and now the Episcopal Church and dog-fennel reign supreme where once a Christian Church and Brandon Bank shinplasters were controlling influences. But I find many of my spiritual children of those years scattered over this and other States, pleasantly reminding me that my labor was not in vain in the Lord, and that the good seed of the kingdom sown there in weakness has developed in great power — these brethren and sisters scattering off into other States and becoming the nuclei around which others gather. Others of them have crossed over, and I fondly hope are resting under the shade of the tree of life. If faithful until death I shall see those loved and fondly remembered ones in the house of our Elder Brother.

Leaving Brandon, we went next to Jackson, the capital of the State, and the home of the venerable Brother Clark. I do not remember the result of that meeting — not much though, I am inclined to think, at this great dim dis-

tance from the past. We turned our faces homeward, via Benton, Carrollton, and Lexington, holding a meeting of a few nights in each of these country towns. I remember now no incidents of much interest in this our bridal tour, except some one or two, more amusing than instructive, which served to amuse us and while away the loneliness of a long trip through the sighing pine forests. Late one evening, after a long day's drive, we approached the sluggish, winding stream of Big Black. The swamp, about half a mile in width, had been ditched, so as to prevent the inundation of the road, and a RAIL road of the Davy Crockett type built thereon. Lest my readers may not understand what sort of a road this is, in Western and Southern parlance, I rise to explain, as the darky member of the Mississippi Legislature said. It is said of Col. Crockett, of Alamo memory, that when he first went to Congress from West Tennessee some member from the East introduced a railroad bill. Crockett immediately got the floor and urged the passage of the bill with all the warmth of his ardent temperament and backwoods eloquence; but suggested to the mover of the bill for charter, instead of laying the grade with iron bars, to lay with trees two feet through, split open in the middle, flat side down, oval side up. His theory of self-moving transportation was, that as the hind wheels of the wagon rolled down the oval of one log it would push the fore wheels up the oval of the log in front, and thus all animal power could be dispensed with and the wagon be made self-moving. Well, we rolled and bumped over that sort of road, though we found that a little horseflesh was a necessity in front of our wheels. I thought, though, that it was too bad to have to pay toll at the end of this Crockett road, that had jolted out about half the religion I started in with, and more than half the sense, to say nothing of physical damages sustained in sundry parts and

places. I began to cast about in my mind how I could get a little fun out of the keeper of the gate, to restore my lost humor — and to save my two "bits," knowing that the Legislature in chartering these pike roads, as they were called, had in many cases exempted the poor circuit rider from the greedy grasp of the toll-keeper. Having, however, some purse-pride in me, though goodness knows mine had nothing to excite that feeling except its emptiness, I concluded that I would make a joke out of it and save my dimes and my pride. Instead of seriously demanding to pass free of toll on my clerical rights I drove up to the gate. An ugly red-headed, freckled-faced, son of ugly parentage, who looked as if he had about three grains of uncommon sense, and no common sense at all, presented himself to collect the toll. I jocularly asked him if he charged preachers toll. He said, with, I thought, rather a mischevious twinkle in the corner of his off eye, that it depended on what sort they were. "Do you mean denominations?" "No," said he; "sensible preachers." "Well," said I, "I belong to that family." Said he: "If you do, you deceive your looks; and how am I to know whether you are or not?" "Well," said I, "you will have to take my word for it." "Nary once, Mr. Preacher." My prospect for saving my dimes was growing beautifully less, and my chance of being sold was on the increase. "How then," said I, "will you satisfy yourself?" "Seeing," said he, "is believing, but hearing is the naked truth; so just stand up in your buggy and give us a *sermont.*" It being nearly dark, I declined to convince red-head of my ability. I told him he was too sharp for me; come and get his money. After taking a good hard look at me, and another squint in his off eye, he replied: "Well, strange preacher, you can't get through on the preach, but you can pass on your good looks. You don't owe this consarn a

cent." Now this was the unkindest cut of all, as I had the reputation then of being the ugliest preacher, if not the ugliest man, in the State. And I had just been trying to convince my better-half that I was at least passably good-looking. I have held my own wonderfully well, so my friends tell me. I left him, wishing I had paid my money and said less. We drove on till dark. The toll-keeper had told us that two miles further on the road we would get a good place to stay all night. The prospect was for a dark night, and after leaving the swamps the roads began to get rough and broken, but with the promise of good cheer just ahead we merrily wended our weary way. Driving up to the gate of a good-looking, plantation house, and giving the usual hailing sign of hungry and weary travelers, a long, lank, slab-sided fellow made his appearance. I asked if we could get supper and lodging. He said he would see, and stepped back into the house. I said to wife: "That looks rather squally; I fear he is but the junior partner in that concern." I presume his wife was a little hard of hearing, and hope she was, and would not now put on mourning if I knew she could not hear at all. We heard him when he rather humbly asked her if we could stay. Her sharp "No" was distinctly heard by us at twenty paces from the house and she in the room. I knew it made him jump, and made me know as well then as now that it meant no, and that the poor fellow had long ago delivered up his unmentionables and his manhood. He came out and told four lies in less than a minute, as reasons why we could not stay, and no doubt would have told four more in less time had I not suddenly hit my horse a sharp cut and left him. Poor beast, he died in profound ignorance of the cause of that blow with the whip. If it had not been that I had recently married a beautiful woman I expect I would have said a hard thing about that particular feminine.

Driving off down a long hill from his house — it was so dark I could not see the road — the wheel on the upper side struck a stump and the buggy ran for ten feet on two wheels. Do you think it turned over? Bell has rung for church — must go. T. W. CASKEY.

AN OLD PREACHER'S EXPERIENCE.

VII.

I believe I left my buggy going at a rapid rate down hill, and on two wheels; and to make a bad matter worse, it was a down hill two ways. The way we were going, straight ahead, and the way we were likely to go, to the right. The hill was about as steep one way as it could be, and about as steep the other. Now, you may feel anxious to know whether the buggy went over, and down the hill, and we fell out, or otherwise. I am happy to say it did neither, for, by my throwing my long body (that is that portion of it that was above the buggy seat) out over the side, I succeeding in checking the turn-over tendency of things, and balanced it back on the other wheels that had been whizzing around on the axles and off the ground, rather more amusing than safe. Had I been put up after a different model, such for instance, as the editor of the *Standard*, I would not have had weight enough in the upper story to have turned the tide in affairs, and over and down we would have gone — wife and I — down, down; no telling how far we would have been hurled at the speed we were going. We would most inevitably have been hurled down the hill until we struck the ground or something else, for I confess I was driving just a little faster than I would have done had not that better half of the jun-

ior member of the firm matrimonial we had just passed, somewhat upset my Irish equilibrium, or in plain English, made me mad, by refusing to let us stay all night, when we offered to go supperless to bed and leave before breakfast in the morning. Had the vehicle turned over, as it came so near doing, I think that, perhaps, two lives lost would have been charged up to her account on the day of final reckoning. And while it remains true that we did not fall out and get killed, yet one of us, at least, came near falling from grace. We did not have as much left as the eccentric Peter Cartwright had when he replied to the bishop's question: "Brother C. are you growing in grace?" "In spots, bishop!" I don't think, just at that time, that it covered me even in spots. As soon as the wheels struck the ground, I reined my horse round and started back for the house, fully determined to remain there till morning light returned. But dear, good wife begged me out of my bad resolve, as she has out of a great many other meannesses, and would out of a great many more, had it not been for the mule that was and I fear is in my nature yet, that will not at all times yield to the right, even through the influence of her gentle persuasion. But I yielded at last, after a hard fight with self; turned about and drove sulkily along in the dark, over the stumps and in the gullies, for several weary miles. I did no more fast driving, I let my readers know; not that night. At length our eyes were greeted with the rays of light from the blazing pine-knots on the hearth of an humble log cabin. They came shimmering and shining through the vacant spaces between the logs. The hut was inhabited by two old people, who had passed their three score and ten; they were about retiring for the night, but on hearing how we had been treated, and that we had only lunched for dinner, the good old lady, true to her woman nature, would put on the skillet

and frying-pan and bake us some hoe-cake bread and fry some side meat and make a cup of good strong coffee. We made a feast with feelings that an epicure might have envied. We all slept in the same room, as there was but one. The good old man fed the last ear of corn he had and the last two bundles of oats he had, to my tired horse, and did not want to charge me a cent. Though my own purse was extremely lean, I forced on him more than the value of what we received. I uttered a heartfelt prayer that the good and great God would bless their declining years. They, I presume, have passed away, and though their names are forgotten by me, yet their aged forms and their noble charity to strangers, are as fresh in my memory as though I had seen them but yesterday. Their kindness will never pass from us till memory ceases to perform its functions. We reached home in safety without any other incidents by flood or field, now remembered by me. Thus ended our bridal tour. Amen.

Up to this time we had not set up housekeeping for ourselves, and did not for some months after. There were only two slight impediments that prevented us from setting up for ourselves immediately. The first was, we had no house to keep, and the second was we had nothing to keep it with. But in a few months — as I was to devote one week in the month to the newly organized church in Gainsville, and the remainder in other places in Alabama and Mississippi, — we concluded to obviate the little difficulties above mentioned by keeping some other person's house, or rather, let the owners thereof keep us. We, in accordance with this programme, after due consideration and consultation, decided to leave wife's two little boys (not mine, mind you) at their grandfather's to go to school, and we would take up our lodging at a private boarding-house, kept by a Sister Brown, in

Gainsville. Now, just think of it, you young preachers, who think you are badly treated because you can't get $1,-500 a year and board, with permission to stay with your new wives all the time. Think of poor me; salary $500, *perhaps*, wife and two children, remain with her one week in the month, unless she went with me, or stay with her all the time and starve, or loaf on her brothers or father. This last is but a modified form of stealing, whether done by preachers or members. Perhaps you are anxious to know how we managed to live. If so, please exercise your skill at guessing, for I am tired of writing. T. W. CASKEY.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, May 28.

AN OLD PREACHER'S EXPERIENCE.

VIII.

One month behind time! Having spent five months in Texas, preached 113 discourses, traveled 2,500 miles, debated eight days and nights, crossed the gulf from Galveston city to New Orleans, when the waves were running higher than they had for many months and even years, made sicker than I ever was or ever hope to be again, on reaching home I felt that I needed some rest and recreation after the long mental strain; so I went to walking after a son of Balaam in front of a plow; I fear some of my readers may think there was another at the rear; that is, if any of my readers are like the good sister in a certain city where I preached, who washed her clothing by moonshine in the back garden, to keep from disgracing herself in the estimation of

the upper-tendom, or a certain class of members of a church that failed to pay their quarterly dues; I tried for some weeks to get it, and failing, told them in the event of sickness, a funeral, or any case requiring a pastoral visit, they would find me, after the following Sunday, on the corner, sleeves rolled up and a leathern apron on, hammering iron, unless I was paid. I need hardly add that the money was forthcoming. Though I narrated this incident in lecturing the brethren of a certain church in Texas, and one of the elders said that had I been preaching for that church I could not have pleased them better, and that one-half the members would have been at the shop Monday morning, before breakfast, to get their horses shod on credit. But whither am I rambling? I believe I will leave my Yankee readers to exercise their gift at guessing how I made out to keep the souls and bodies of so many in family together, and all non-producers, on a salary of from $300 to $500, while I devote this letter to those who were my co-workers in those, the days that "tried men's souls"— at least preachers' souls. Churches few and far between, and though not wanting in ability, yet wanting in everything else needed to keep a preacher alive, laboring under the pleasing delusion — the dream of avarice, while sleeping in the cradle, rocked by the hands of some of our earlier preaching brethren — A FREE GOSPEL. Among the first of the noble spirits who sympathized with my ministerial weakness, when I first tried to preach, was Jefferson H. Johnson, of Utica, Hinds county, Mississippi, one of nature's noblemen; a ripe scholar, a good logician, with some pathos, of deep-toned piety, but of rather an ungainly figure. He was known all over the country by the rather unclassic cognomen of "Legs." He taught school, farmed, and preached; did much good, and aided

much in building up a number of churches in Hinds and adjoining counties. He moved to Missouri, I think, about 1844, and in a few years crossed over the death river.

Gen. William Clark, of Jackson. I preached more, perhaps, with him in those early days than any other. He was a man of wealth. As a business man, for self or the public, he had no superior. He served as State Treasurer for a number of years. A better officer the State never had. Extremely conscientious in regard to his business transactions, prompt to the very day in meeting his business liabilities; with him, for a man to give his note, payable the first day of July, and fail to pay on that day, it stood as a forfeiture of his word and a loss of confidence. In vain you might plead custom; he was as rigid as Shylock for the pound of flesh. I borrowed twenty dollars of him, gave my note payable on a certain day, forgot the whole thing. Some months after maturity he reminded me of my failure. I asked him if he had needed the money. He had not, and did not know that he ever would. "Then," said I, "no harm is done." But he contended that great harm was done — not to him, but to me. I hope no poor preacher will ever need such a lecture as I received from the good old man. He closed by begging me never to promise to pay unless I had the ability to comply, and then never to forget the day on which notes and accounts fell due. Happy would it have been for me if I had been governed by his advice. He spent a long and useful life, and was a first-class preacher. He died in 1859, in full assurance of faith. Connected with him officially and in the ministry was Brother James E. Mathews. He was Auditor at the same time that Brother Clark was Treasurer, a man of the Websterian order of mind — a giant either in the pulpit or on the rostrum. Unfortunately for his influence

in the former, he was too often on the latter, though no breath of suspicion was ever breathed against his morals, as a man, an officer, or a preacher. But party politics ran high, and there was strong prejudice against preachers holding office. He had a large family, and was never rich. If he could have devoted all his time to preaching, there would have been few that would have been his equals. He had, however, one failing — that was, he never reached the close of a subject. I have often heard him for three hours and he was not really half through. I have heard of preachers discussing subjects to exhaustion; he did not belong to that class. I preached his funeral in 1868. Dr. William E. Mathews was another Boanerges — no relation of James E. He was living in Wilkinson county, practicing his profession and preaching. He was the most successful preacher I ever knew, to have no passion. His logic was as sharp as a needle; keen, cutting sarcasm, withering, scathing. He never appealed to the sympathies, never touched the imagination, had naught to do with the emotional nature. Indeed, as far as his preaching was concerned, man might as well have been a bundle of thoughts and had no emotional nature at all; and yet few among us in his day, and with his surroundings, accomplished more than he. Many of the churches in the Southern portion of the State were built up and nursed by him as far back as 1830. He passed to his reward some years since. I do not recollect now the year of his departure for the better land. Brother C. O. Ferguson was among the seals to his ministry, with whom I labored in 1844–5, a young man of a high order of talent, trained up to the work of an evangelist by Brother Mathews, whom he always loved as a father. His sun of life went down before it reached meridian height, cut down in the morning of his manhood

by that fell destroyer, consumption. Peace to the sleeping dust of these my faithful co-workers in the vineyard.

T. W. Caskey.

Jackson, Miss., June 16.

AN OLD PREACHER'S EXPERIENCE.

IX.

[in mississippi from 1843.]

One more chapter devoted to the memory of my co-laborers in the days gone by and the years that come not again before I take up again the broken and tangled thread of my personal experience. As memory calls the roll of those heroes of the reformation in those pioneer days, when none but the brave and the true entered the lines to do battle in that part of the field, where friends were few and foes were many, my heart grows very, very sad that so few answer to their names. I fondly hope they will all respond with the victor's shout when the trumpet shall sound. Jas. A. Butler, lately deceased, came near being a great man — one little cog was wanting in his mental machinery, or got misplaced by his early unfortunate religious education. He worked for years in the galling gyves of Calvanism; looked at the great and loving God from their standpoint, decreeing the largest number of Adam's race to the rayless regions of endles woe for no fault of theirs — having His own Son put to death to appease his own consuming wrath — to save but the definite number that he could have saved as well without as with his death. Butler being of an impressive temperament, his creed infused its poison into his nature, drying up the fountain,

from whence flowed the milk of human kindness, giving a hard, stern, unyielding and sometimes vindictive cast to his feelings and style. Against those errors that came near wrecking his bark, his remorselessly severe sarcasm, ridicule, wit, argument, and eloquence were poured forth in torrents on almost all occasions. He never seemed to realize that these, his foes, were dead, but would, and did continue to thrust the sword of truth through and through their thrice dead bodies. In looking over his history as far as it fell under my observation, and that was for many years, he sacrificed more time, more talent, more feeling, more money and did less good than any preacher of any church I have ever known. And yet it was not his fault, for he was devoted to the cause, head, heart, purse and life — would have gone cheerfully to the stake for it. A striking contrast with Bro. Butler was Alexander Graham, of Marion, Ala. They were for many years co-workers together. Graham had the mind of a giant and the heart of a woman. The most profound logician I ever heard, and yet as tender in his feelings as John, the beloved disciple; a ripe scholar, and yet you might hear him preach for years and never learn from his preaching that he knew any other language than his mother tongue. With all his greatness he was as unassuming as a child, as near a faultless man as I ever knew. If he ever found out his own greatness, no one knew it. Of course such a man was a power for good in all the walks of life. He left the world without an enemy to leave behind him. Bro. Robert Usry, of Columbus, Miss., was, at the age of 40, a butcher and an infidel, without education or social culture. He had tried in his youth to get religion, had done all that the preacher told him, but failed. He then, as a matter of course, turned infidel, denounced all religion a humbug and a delusion. His associations in life were with the more igno-

rant and vicious portion of the town. At the age of 50 he was a workman that need not be ashamed. Under the preaching of the lamented Faning he obeyed the Gospel and soon began preparing for the ministry. He followed his calling, and at nights and odd times studied English grammar, logic, rhetoric, mental and moral philosophy, and acquired as much knowledge of Greek as many pedants who indulge in spouting that much-abused language in debate on the subject of baptism. He improved his mind more rapidly than any man I ever knew, and rapidly rose in the estimation of the church and world, yet he retained his humble-mindedness. He was the only strictly conscientious plagiarist I ever knew. When he first began to preach he would borrow some of my discourses that pleased him; having a good memory, and hearing them a few times, he could preach them better than I could, for he had more pathos. If he preached at a place where I had not, and preached one of my sermons, he would tell me and say: "Brother Tom, if you preach on that subject you must change it, unless you wish to be accused of stealing Bob Usry's thunder. I preached it just as I learned it from you." It was not long till he could walk erect without stilts borrowed from any man. Had he been cut loose from the care of a large family so he could have devoted his entire time to study and preaching he would have left a name long after he slept with his fathers. Noble, good old brother, memory calls up the many long rides we traveled together, and the meetings we held. He leaves a son to fill his place in the vacated pulpit. Of him I know but little, as we have never met; but this I know, that if he worthily fills his father's place, he will be a great and good man. There are others I would like to name, but forbear lest I grow tedious. T. W. Caskey.

Pelton, Texas, July 18.

AN OLD PREACHER'S EXPERIENCE.

LETTER X.

I fear that my Yankee readers will get tired "guessing" how I managed to live on $500 a year, with a wife and two little boys. I confess I have somewhat tried their patience at their favorite amusement, as I have left them at it for now more than two long months. I owe them an apology. I have been traveling in the backwoods of Texas, where paper is scarce, and of poor quality; where I felt like doing anything else except writing and stealing — may have had a slight inclination towards the latter. I rented a little farm and put the boys and negro woman to working it. Hired a negro man to help them, for which I paid $150 hire, fed and clothed him and paid his tax. The cotton worm struck my crop that year in August, and I made just enough, precisely, to pay his hire, minus fifty dollars. So, you see, that helped out my little salary wonderfully! Add to this I lost my saddle horse the same year. I was compelled, of course, to buy another, or stop circuit-riding, or undignify the calling by converting it into circuit-walking, which I had some idea of doing, and was only prevented by one thing — that is, I was most too lazy. So I purchased me a quadruped on the outside of which I could ride and fill my appointments. I was to pay for him $70 out of my next cotton crop that the worms eat up, or did not eat, just as it might happen. He was a fine horse, if I did get him for $70, for preachers were low-priced then and so were other animals. While my new horse was perfectly willing that I should sit on him as long as I pleased when he and I traveled alone, when I wanted to take my better half along then we got into

a muss. She could not ride behind as far as we wanted to travel. To this he did not object, as I had tried him short distances. The next best thing, I thought, was to put him in a pair of shafts with four wheels attached thereto. But I had cause to change my mind on that subject, for the ungallant rascal utterly refused to carry even a handsome lady in that fashion, and entered his protest by rearing up behind and throwing out his heels in all directions, and making things fly around rather lively for either comfort or amusement, smashing things up generally. Fortunately nothing got hurt much, except the old buggy and his rear legs. As I had always had such bad luck with horse flesh, and as he utterly refused to work in a buggy, and fearing that he would go as all the others had gone, either die, run off, get stolen, or kill himself, and not feeling able to lose so much, I decided to play Methodist cricuit-rider, and swap him off. A gentleman had a very large fine gray horse, that went blind, worked well in harness, held up his head, moved proudly, was really a fine, showy fellow. The owner gave me Blind Charlie and as much boot as my horse cost me, and I got rid of the anxiety and fear about losing my horse into the bargain. So off wife and I started for a trip of 200 miles, leaving the little boys at their grandfather's to go to school till time to pick cotton. We rolled ahead splendidly for three days. I was delighted with Blind Charlie. The fourth day we had to make some forty miles, to a relation of my wife's, who would be glad to see and entertain us, and I glad to avoid a hotel bill. The day was dark and misty, and my watch deceived me in regard to time. We rested longer at noon than we ought, thinking that we had plenty of time. Traveling through the piney woods, where there were no mile posts, I found, when dark began to creep through the

pines, we were six miles from our destination, and no house nearer. It began to — the Pedo mode of making infants members of their church — pretty lively. The night began to grow as dark as their theology, and as ugly as the mourning bench practice, and for the first time it struck my mind that, whatever else a blind horse may be good for, he is not the best in the world for driving black sheep of a dark night, nor pulling a buggy with all the wife a poor fellow has, through a dark piney woods with the road full of stumps, with an occasional gulley thrown in for good count. The woods and road being alike covered with the straw or leaves shed from the trees, forming a thick carpet, making it difficult to tell the road from the woods, even by feeling. Fortunately the lightning kept pretty constantly flashing and flapping its fiery wings about among the thick darkness. Nice predicament for a preacher paid the enormous sum of $500 (provided he got it), six miles from nowhere, blind horse, dark night, stumpy road, rickety old buggy, wife liable to be turned over and find herself gone dead, and raining at that. How would you have felt, you kid-gloved city clerical gentry, who can't walk two squares without your umbrellas spread over your brain pans? Being a preacher, you could not, or ought not curse, and then there was not much to bless. I expect you would have sat down and boo-hooed like you did when your fond mother gave you a lesson in Paley's moral philosophy on the chapter of evils — enjoyment by contrast — feeling good when it quits hurting. I confess I felt like doing that very same thing, and had I been alone, doubt not I would have done it. But there was dear wife sitting up in the buggy, cheerfully chatting away, not realizing the danger she was in, and I could not get my consent to play baby before her. So I choked back

the gathering tears and suppressed the bitter implication on the stinginess of churches, who would not pay enough to enable their preacher to own a horse that had eyes, and plodded on, feeling for the road and leading Charlie. I thought he tried how akwardly he could walk, too, for I could see no reason then, nor now, why a blind horse could not walk as well in the dark as in the light. He would occasionally step too far, or I did not step far enough, and he would tread on that part of my anatomical structure that the serpent was to bruise. Well, Charlie did it very effectually. You would not have made a preacher in those days, with that sort of schooling, would you? Don't ask me if I would if it were to go over again, for I won't tell. I got awfully tired, and the lightning getting tired, too, and stopping to rest, or from some other cause ceasing to light me on my weary way, I sat down on a stump to rest, and there I am determined to rest awhile. T. W. Caskey.

Sherman, Texas, August 25.

AN OLD PREACHER'S EXPERIENCE.

LETTER XI.

When I parted from my readers last, wife and I and blind Charlie were going down hill at a break-neck speed. It was in a lane quarter of a mile in length, considerably down hill. On either side was a high bank, through which the road had been cut. A deep ditch had been cut on either side, and the road made crowning in the middle. I promptly decided that the only way to save our necks was to break Charlie's; for of

all the fools that ever did get frightened and scared a blind horse is the biggest, except perhaps a blind mule. I never tried one of them, and don't intend to. I have tried them when they could see, and was fully satisfied with the experiment without going it blind. I decided to run Charlie's head against the perpendicular bank on my left. The leaps he was making I knew would carry him across the narrow ditch and butt his head squarely against the bank at locomotive velocity. So I told my wife to sit firm and hold fast, suddenly throwing all my weight and strength on the left rein, I turned his head bankward. Man proposes, Providence, or fate, or accident — I apprehend, too, God's fixed law — disposes. That is, God does it through law. For just as Charlie made the leap which I thought would carry him to a broken neck, the lines slipped through my hands, carrying some of the skin of my poor fingers on them, and making what was left feel uncomfortably hot. This sudden change of front threw him straight along the road again, and the buggy, on making the needed circle to follow the horse, found its axles on the edge of the ditch bank and both wheels spinning and whirling round, like the senses of a Methodist convert at a camp-meeting, not touching the ground any more than they do the borders of common or uncommon sense. So there we were, and as father Abraham the second said: "Nobody hurt, not even a string broke." But it gave us a pretty considerable jar, so we thought, as did the old woman the first railroad ride she took. The cars ran off, tumbling her heels over head. Gathering herself up, she quietly asked the conductor if he had not pulled up rather suddenly. We were prepared for a sudden pull up, but not exactly in that way. We soon got things to rights — but what was to be done? For us to think of sitting behind that

blind, scared fool and riding, I would as soon have tried a streak of lightning, if somebody could put it in harness. After consultation, we agreed that it was decidedly the safest for us both to foot it for a while and see if Charlie's big scare would not subside. For two miles we trudged along, I holding by the bit and gently leading blind Charlie in the way he ought to go. The sun getting hot, and wife's cheeks growing more flushed than comported with her style of beauty, and Charlie quieting down somewhat, I persuaded wife to get in and I would still lead. So for half that long, hot day I walked, and on good road I trotted some, so as to get him tired. About noon my wife begged me to get in the buggy and risk the chances, saying that we might as well be killed together as me to kill myself walking in the hot sun, and as I was about mad enough with stingy churches, blind horses and poor preachers not to care a great deal whether I lived or not, I jumped in. I guess for the balance of that day I made faster time than was ever made over that road by any horse, eyes or no eyes. We slept that night without rocking. I suppose I had as well dispose of Charlie and get to something else. A few years after I moved to Palo Alto, in Mississippi, still driving Charlie, and he still occasionally smashing things up. In the part of country in which I lived, near the village, it was prairie land. I owned at that time a chunk of an African by the name of James — for short we called him Jim — ten years old. If there ever was any more devilment wrapped up within the same quantity of hide — black or white — I had not met with it then, nor have I yet. Charlie was Jim's plow horse. We turned the horses out on the prairie at night. It was a part of Jim's duties to get them up in the morning, which he did by slipping up on Charlie's blind side and capturing him, and running the

others home. He was a fearless rider, and Charlie had the fleetest heels of any horse that grazed on the prairie. I can now see that little black imp as he fearlessly dashes across those rolling prairies like an Arab across the desert. One Sunday evening Jim came up on foot, Charlie's flanks flecked with foam, and looking as wild as a maniac, considering he had no eyes to look out of. I could not imagine what had gotten into the horse, and of course just then Jim was a first class know-nothing. Turning the horses into the lot, a board happened to rattle. Charlie had like to have jumped out of his hide, and up against the stable, nearly knocking out what little brains he had left. I caught an idea. By a somewhat vigorous application of a small piece of board to one end of Jim it developed, as I was certain it would, into the fact that Jim had tied some pieces of board to Charlie's rear appendage — known in vulgar parlance as a horse's tail. The man who would have trusted his life near that horse's tail with wheels behind him, or anything else that would have made a noise like the contact of two boards, would have been a greater dunce than I was, and I was right hard to beat. Charlie was effectually unnerved. Whatever became of him I am yet profoundly ignorant. He mysteriously disappeared, and was never seen or heard of in those parts again. This though was some two years after the board difficulty. He could still be plowed. Whether Jim tried the board programme over again and he is running yet, or whether he wandered off and fell into a ditch, the deponent saith not. He disappeared on Sunday, which has a slight squinting boardward. The last I heard of Jim he was in Minnesota. Hope the grasshoppers have not got him. The last I heard of Charlie — well I did not hear of him at all. Peace to his mane, and tail too. T. W. CASKEY.

AN OLD PREACHER'S EXPERIENCE.

LETTER XII.

From 1845 to 1849 I labored both in Alabama and Mississippi. In Alabama aided by Dr. Hooker, B. F. Hall, A. Graham, of Marion, Alabama. We built up churches at Clinton, Mount Hebron, Gainesville, and near Springfield. I believe I had the aid of the brethren mentioned only at one point, and that was at Clinton. James A. Butler aided at the first meeting at Gainesville. The church at Clinton, dead; at Gainesville, ditto; Mount Hebron still living and doing well, I believe. The next trip that looms up to memory's vision from the dim and distant past, that Bettie accompanied me, I borrowed a horse that had good eyes, from my father-in-law. We left our humble home. The morning was rather threatening for open-top buggy traveling. But my appointments would not wait. We had not gone more than six miles when it began to rain, and if it stopped long enough to get breath till next morning, I was not fortunate enough to find it out. We had a large umbrella, but after a while the wind arose and blew a young hurricane. One gust more fierce than any preceding one caught the umbrella and turned it completely wrong side out, and all my mechanical ingenuity never turned it back again. I don't believe that it is back yet, as we threw it out of the buggy into the slush. Twelve miles on we crossed the Scoobachs, two large creeks which run from some place into the Beckbee. I knew we could not recross them, had we been so disposed. Besides, it has always been an article in my creed never to turn. I did not, however, that time find it very full of comfort. At five o'clock we found ourselves in front of a brawling, rushing little creek, which was no creek at all, unless just after such a flood of rain as had poured

out on us all the day long. In the piney woods, hog-wallow land, nearly night, five miles from the nearest house ahead, no chance at all of getting backward, wet — well, that is hardly the word. I never felt the black gnats bite so viciously before nor since. Night coming on and no matches, I undressed in part and waded across the nasty, muddy brook, and the water was red and thick with piney woods clay. Then wife drove over, I walking by the buggy to keep the current from turning it upside down. Then we had five miles of the meanest mud that mortal man or beast ever traveled over. In the prairies you are down all the time; in this you are up on a pine root, then down in the glutinous red mud, that adheres as close as the sins of a hypocrite. Night came on long before we gained our resting-place. But a huge log fire and a good hot supper made us soon forget the toils of the day. The next morning the whole country was inundated. I made one comment at the close of that dark day, and that was, that a woman who would sit by a man through such a day and such a rain and not abuse him for traveling and preaching for $400 a year, deserved a better fate than to be tied to such a gump, and I think so yet. The large creek in front of us, running near DeKalb, name forgotten, had overflowed banks and bottoms, carried away the abutments of the bridge, so we had to take *roundance* on it *via* Summerville. Reaching a point between that town and Louisville, nothing but a sea of water could be seen from the bridge. I off with my toggery again, waded half a mile through the swamp, came back fixed up, waded ahead, wife driving, reached the first slough, water up to my chin, horse swimming, buggy afloat; but as it was back water, no danger, wife not scared. So for the present please let her float, while I wade and keep my mouth and nose above high water mark.

T. W. CASKEY.

AN OLD PREACHER'S EXPERIENCE.

XIII.

THE sound of the last cannon has died away in the distance. The smoke and dust of the battle have been wafted away by the flying winds of heaven. Victory has perched on the banner of the stars and stripes. And now, palsied be the hand that shall ever be upraised to pluck one of those stars from its place in the blue field of the glorious sisterhood. Long, long may those striped folds wave in peace triumphant over a united people, a nation blessed of God! The flag of the Confederacy is furled and folded; laid forever in the dust, where her heroic dead sleep. For four long years of the unequal internal conflict, their strong right hands vainly upheld it. The glad shouts of the victors and the groans of the vanquished together to heaven ascend! Angels, perhaps, rejoiced in the joyous shouts of the victors, but sighed for the sorrows of the vanquished. The dead, who periled all that man holds dear this side of heaven, quietly sleep side by side. "They sleep their last sleep. They have fought their last battle. No sound shall awake them to conflict again; and blistered be the tongue that utters one word of reproach, standing over the graves of our great-hearted dead who fell on either side; I mean those who went into the struggle on the great principles involved; who believed they were right. The mercenary hireling had my contempt in life, and no pity in his death. It was more honor than his worthless life deserved, to meet with and come to death at the hands of honest men on the battle-field. That

of the scaffold and a rope would have been the death he ought to have died.

With these introductory thoughts, "The Old Preacher" resumes his "Experience." In following him amidst the events and incidents of his eventful and checkered experience in the years following peace, the reader will find much that is as gloomy as the grave and sad as the wail of death; some things, bright as the glistening sunbeams, and as joyous as the song of birds. When the sound of the last bugle blast that called armed hosts to the feast of death was heard, the white-winged dove of peace spread its wings over a land drenched in blood. The Old Preacher found himself at Meridian, Miss., more than one hundred miles from his former home in Jackson, Miss. — alas, his no more, — with wife and four small children, two of his former slave women, now free, with three orphan darkey children, and one other child — all that had remained of his possessions! With fifteen dollars in gold that one of my step son's had given to his mother some time during the war, together *with one cow* — all that was left of my fine stock of cattle. I had taken two with me, but one of them killed herself eating a Yankee soldier's corn-meal, much to his regret, and mine too! The other cattle had gone into the stomachs of the Confederate soldiers, except what they allowed the Federals to capture. My two darkey women stuck to me like two — well, darkey women. They had been faithful among the faithless. One of them had a young babe; and she had nursed ours. The other was but a young girl, wholly incapable of taking care of herself. The orphans were the children of the best slave woman that ever lived, who had faithfully served her mistress from the time she was six years old until she was thirty-five, when she was laid to rest in the house of the dead, and the entire

household mourned and wept unselfish tears. She had been friend, companion and servant, and cheered many of the sad and lonely hours when my patient and long-suffering wife was waiting and watching for my delayed return to our humble home. In the days of our poverty, she had nursed our children, and they called her mamma. She lived a Christian life, and died in faith and hope. It makes my poor old heart inexpressibly sad after the lapse of all the passing years, thus to call up her memory, and I think it not unmanly to drop a tear on this page. Although her skin was black, her heart was white and pure.

I could not turn her children out to starve, although satisfied that they would leave me so soon as they would get to be any account, and I was not disappointed in the result; but I kept, fed and clothed them for years, until they got too big for any breeches that I could get for them, and then they walked off. Some of my former slaves came back and remained with me until I could feed them no longer — until they eat up all that I and they made — plantation stock and all!

I became disgusted with the whole outfit, and ran off to Texas, and left them much to their regret, for I had been a good nut for them to crack, and well had they done the job, extracting the last particle of meat that was in the shell; and, yet if an hour of want should ever come to any of the children of the mother dead — so sadly mourned by us — I would divide with them the last crust; but, I have anticipated and must turn back to Meridian, not as it now is, but as it then was; and when I say that it was the dirtiest, most filthy and villainous hole in all the Confederate States I do not use the language of exaggeration, but of simple truth. Nice people lived there, of course, but the general public part of it was abominable. The gathering place for the soldiers,

Confederate and Federal; the stockade for the poor prisoners; the crowded and badly-kept hotels for the traveling masses of soldiers and citizens who were able to pay for poor beef, badly cooked; a biscuit out of third-class flour, and any quantity of saleratus, bad lard, and half baked; with a dirty cup of a dirty slop, made of a quart of water, a few grains of rye, badly parched, and burned molasses; and then catch a few hours of restless sleep, provided you were so fortunate as to get to tumble into a bed, to which clean sheets were utter strangers, and which was yet warm from an occupant who had just tumbled out and was almost half way to the depot, to catch the up or down train. To give to the reader, unacquainted with the place and the time, some idea of the estimation in which the place was held by our soldiers, and the feeling was universal with them, although our hospitals were not really so very bad, but things suffered in their estimation from the general character of the place, so that the sick soldier dreaded the hospitals then little less than the cold grave; and if they could have had their own way many of them would have risked the grave to avoid the hospital. Just above Meridian is Lauderdale Springs, a cool, well shaded and finely watered village, a delightful place for hospitals, and they were well kept, which made them very popular. They would get crowded, and under a barbarous order of red tape, prohibiting letting the sick be sent except to the next nearest hospital. Lauderdale was daily sending her excess of sick down to Meridian. My health having failed, I had been transferred from field to post duty, and was then hospital chaplain. One morning I walked down to the depot with one of the surgeons, expecting as usual a lot of sick on the train. They were sent, as we expected, from Lauderdale. About an average lot of sick, some not much sick, and able to walk; others could walk with some help;

others on litters which had to be borne by men from depot to hospital. Among these there was a youth, perhaps twenty years old, who was very sick. He was beyond doubt the most ghostly, ghastly, haggard and emaciated specimen of a dirt and persimmon eating North Carolinian that ever left the tar-heel State for tented field. There was not much of him left except eyes and stomach, and these were out of all proportion to the rest of his fever-smitten body. A crowd gathered round his litter and showed their sympathy, while in pity they looked upon his skeleton form and pallid face. I thought I caught a slight gleam of humor twinkling in the corner of his enormously large eyes. The surgeon stepped up to the litter, and with considerable irritation in his voice, said, "In God's name, what could the surgeons have been thinking of to ship you down here? They are a disgrace to their profession." I give his reply in his own words, which showed his and the estimate of others in regard to the place. He spoke very low, for his voice was feeble. Very earnestly he said, "Don't blame the good doctors; they did it in kindness. They held a consultation on my case, and decided that I was bound to die, that in three days I was gwine ter leave these low grounds of sin and sorrer." Here he paused, apparently for want of breath. The surgeon said, "Why, then, did they send you?" He replied "They knew that when I died I was gwine straight to hell, and that three days in this cussed place would make me glad to scoop, and throw in my old clothes ter boot!" The crowd fairly yelled, while a grim smile played around the corners of his mouth. I said to the surgeon, "He is not going to die," and die he did not, but got well, and was quite a pet at the hospital; but he vowed that if neither the doctors or the disease, nor both together, could kill him, that he would make the swop, if he had to do it by suicide,

for in that place he would not stay. One more anecdote and I pass on to my own surroundings. Charles Clark was at the time governor of the State. The militia had been called out and put into camps and drill. This developed an amount of occult diseases among men who had been regarded as remarkably healthy. The examining surgeons had a good time of it. All sorts of new dodges and tricks were resorted to to escape enrollment. The Governor was a grim old warrior, and had but one guiding star, and that was duty. So he had but little sympathy or patience with those who were trying to shirk; and the boys said he was after the "malish" with a sharp stick. He had been almost fatally wounded in the fight at Baton Rouge, and doubtless would have died, had not his enemies generously allowed him to go to New Orleans, where, under the surgical skill of the justly celebrated Dr. Stone, he recovered. But he was a mere wreck of his former manly self — one leg several inches shorter than the other. He had a tap on the ball of his shoe-sole, and on the heel; walked on crutches; wore an old slouched white hat that flopped about his ears; dressed in an old suit of gray jeans, spun, wove, and made by the Mississippi Government — old Confederate uniform worn out. He came down to Meridian to visit the camps, and look after his special pets, and see how the M. D's. and the diseased were making it. Standing on the platform talking to other old friends, and self, I noticed a keen-eyed, sharp-faced, tow-headed urchin, about ten years old, that I had frequently seen poking about the headquarters of the examining surgeons, and seemed much interested in sharply scanning the numerous applicants for discharge. He was deliberately walking round his Excellency, and critically examining him from foot to head, and back again to foot. Finally, planting himself squarely in front of the Governor, and looking

up into his face, he said, "Old fellow, you are pretty sharp, pretty well fixed up, but it won't win; old Clark will have you in the 'malish,' and don't you forget it; you can bet your bottom dollar on it," and then coolly walked off, while the Governor and the crowd enjoyed a laugh such as does not come along every day in this world of tears. That boy some day will turn up in Congress, or in the penitentiary. But I have nearly forgotten my own troubles while calling up these amusing reminiscences — a passing comment on that order forbidding all furloughs except to next hospital, which cost us great demoralization in our patriotism, and many valuable lives. The order was conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity. It allowed the surgeon no discretionary power. The man might be his bosom friend, in whose honor he would trust his all; a man of culture, talent, true as steel; his home might be in half a mile of the hospital. He perils limb and life for country; is wounded in the fight; borne mangled to the hospital. His wife, with tear-bathed face, pleads with the eloquence of angels that she may take his bleeding body to his own pleasant room at home, and nurse him back to health again. But she pleads in vain; the surgeon is compelled to refuse, and does so with a sad heart, while a curse falls from his lips on the heartless order — while the wounded patriot says: "Is this the return a grateful country makes her sons, who bare their bosoms to the leaden storms of death!" He feels his love of country ebbing away with his blood; and a pain sharper than he feels from wounds tortures his heart; because he is classed with cowards and deserters! When the battle of Shiloh was fought I was hospital agent for my State, and was running the hospital at the State University at Oxford, Miss. Dr. Isom was the Confederate surgeon, and the only Confederate official. All others were State. Our capacity

was for a thousand men. He had been entreated often to let the sick be taken home and tenderly nursed; but he could not. After the fight was over they crowded the wounded on us — sent one morning a train with two hundred sick and wounded, after being informed that we were already full. The Doctor and I entered our protest against them being put off. They were not put off. The conductor switched off the train, and on he went. The perplexed M.D. did not know what to do. The order, "No furloughs," staring him in the face. He said: "What am I to do?" Said I: "You do nothing; it is my turn to do." I walked back to the hospital and issued an order to the surgeons to select from their respective wards two hundred patients who could be moved into the country. I sent out couriers to tell the people to bring in conveyances for their friends, many of whom lived in the country. Before the sun went down I had two hundred vacant beds filled with the suffering; had snapped the cord of red-tapism in twain. The next morning brought two hundred more. I went through the same programme. Told Dr. Isom to dispatch to Medical Director, Dr. Ford, to send on his whole army of sick and wounded, and when I filled up that county there were plenty of others. We never lost a single man by death or desertion. They recovered more rapidly than they did in the hospital. Fresh country air, kind friends, cheerful and smiling faces, was the medicine the poor fellows needed. We dealt with men and not with beasts. I have penned these lines in the interest of outraged humanity. And should the tocsin of war ever again be heard in this great and glorious country of ours (which God in his mercy forbid!) may no such brutal order again disgrace the pages of civilization; may no such cruel treatment be meted out to gentlemen soldiers. Pardon this long digression, and we return to my own unenviable experience just at that time.

I was somewhat in the condition, as regards the children depending on me, as the martyred woman of sanctified memory. Though it has been an unsettled question about the number she really had, whether the one at the breast was a part of the nine or was the tenth. I could count mine- Four white, and four not so.

The reflections that crowded upon my mind on that the gloomiest day in my life's history were not calculated to make a man shout as loud as a Methodist at a first-class camp meeting. County devastated; real estate all converted into Confederate bonds, and no Confederacy! Stock eat up; negroes fled; the toils and cares of two-thirds of a life's struggle with poverty — crowned at last with success — now, when the sun of life had passed its meridian height, and hastening on to its setting, all gone! and I standing amidst its blighted and pitiful wreck. All vanished like mist before the rising sun — flat broke; nothing to do; nothing to do it with, and an abundance of help to do it! Indeed, I might venture to say, without indulging in hyperbole, surplus help. Wife, two negro women, and eight children; and about everybody else; one bovine, and fifteen dollars; short inventory of available assets; not much trouble to count — no skill in book-keeping needed. Standing under the dark clouds, listening to the deep-toned, distant thunder, gazing on the streaked lightning flashes, the rush and roar of the howling storm as it whirled the debris of a wrecked fortune beyond the range of vision. I turned my disturbed thoughts for consolation to the part of a quarter of a century actively spent in trying to do good; preaching day and night, through sunshine and showers, calms and storms; laborious days, months and years of mental, moral and physical toil. I had, I trust, turned many from darkness to light. But the outlook was

gloom, darkness, tempest, and widespread desolation. Oh, how many of my fondly-loved spiritual children quietly slept, without coffins or shrouds, in far-distant and unvisited graves! How many had lost faith in God, when the cause which they believed was right, and which they fondly loved, went down in a sea of blood. Our chaplains prophesied success as among the certainties, since our cause was right, and God was on the side of right; therefore, the right was bound to triumph. I told them that they were sowing the seeds from which an abundant harvest of infidelity would be garnered in the event that our cause went under; that I did not believe that God had anything to do with the accursed thing from beginning to end on either side; that final victory would depend on courage, skill, numbers, and the heaviest guns best handled; that right and wrong would not weigh as much as a feather in the scale. It turned out as I knew it must, and many for whom I had toiled had been hopelessly demoralized by the influences thrown around them in camp and field, and for the time being were religious wrecks. The plow-share of ruin had run its furrows as deep in this field as the others, and as bitter a pang was felt as that produced by those was from the thought that the cause was lost — the cause I then believed to be right, and yet believe it; the cause on which I had periled all, and to which I had given the love of my heart, strong as the love of woman. All lost! What had I left to cheer my poor sad heart? Nothing but a consciousness of what to me was sacred — duty faithfully discharged. I had done the very best I could. During the whole struggle I had sang, prayed, preached, exhorted, and occasionally got pugnacious and shouldered a Colt's sixteen-shooter, and pitched into the fight; and now I am afraid somebody got hurt! This, an item of experi-

ence, not after but during the war, that I would gladly blot from memory's page, I hope with Uncle Toby, in "*Tristram Shandy*," that when the recording angel set down the charge against me he dropped a tear of pity on the page and blotted it out.

I had served the sick and wounded on both sides, protected prisoners from insult and wrong, administered to their wants, living, and dying so far as I could. I had saved thousands of the lives of our men by good nursing and the best of medical attention. My noble State furnished the money — one hundred thousand dollars; the aid societies poured in their thousands; patriotic men, who could not mingle in the strife, and who desired to aid their cause, flocked to the hospitals, of which I had four, and nursed day and night without money and without price. I had given the enemy the best fight I had on hand, and came out badly whipped, so badly that I have not felt like fighting since. If ever I fight any more it will be personal, and under protest at that, and with pretty near a certainty that I come out best. But I find I am rather inclined to advance backwards and linger over my experience during the war. Some forward movements are not as pleasant to take as backward ones; but pleasant or unpleasant I must leave Meridian, for a number of good and substantial reasons, only one of which need here be given, and that is I had nothing to stay there on, and could not find anybody in all the place whose heart and purse was sufficiently expanded to take us all in and take good care of us; so I sold my only cow, that gave an abundance of milk for her own calf, and for mine both white and black; gathered up what little household furniture we had brought from our country home on my partner's farm; borrowed a little money and took passage on a miserable poor car for Jackson. I believe the first relief

to my pent up feelings was experienced by getting up a big mad. It created a diversion, produced a sensation. I got gloriously mad; that is, if there is any such a mad as that. I got mad all over, inside and outside, right side and wrong side, top side and bottom side; had I been blind in one eye, I doubt not I would have been mad on the blind side and seeing side, too. Oh! I did get terribly mad; mad at every thing, and every body; mad at the Yankee Nation, and at every thing that began or ended with a "y," or even had a "y" in the middle; mad at our people who skulked in the hour of trial; mad at the poor dead Confederate Congress, because they did not do as I begged them to do — *set free! three hundred thousand of our slave men* in 1863, put guns in their hands, manly pride in their hearts and put them into the fight! Well, I could not think of anything but that it made me madder! I verily believe that if I had thought of the angel Gabriel, I would have gotten mad at the length of his wings. I am glad I did not; and right here I am going to stop for fear the old mad come back again! Poor, stumbling, foolish mortal; God help, guide and save us all!

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